AMERICAN HISTORY IN MINIATURE.
JULY, 1902.
Lax Rec. 1902 Sent for
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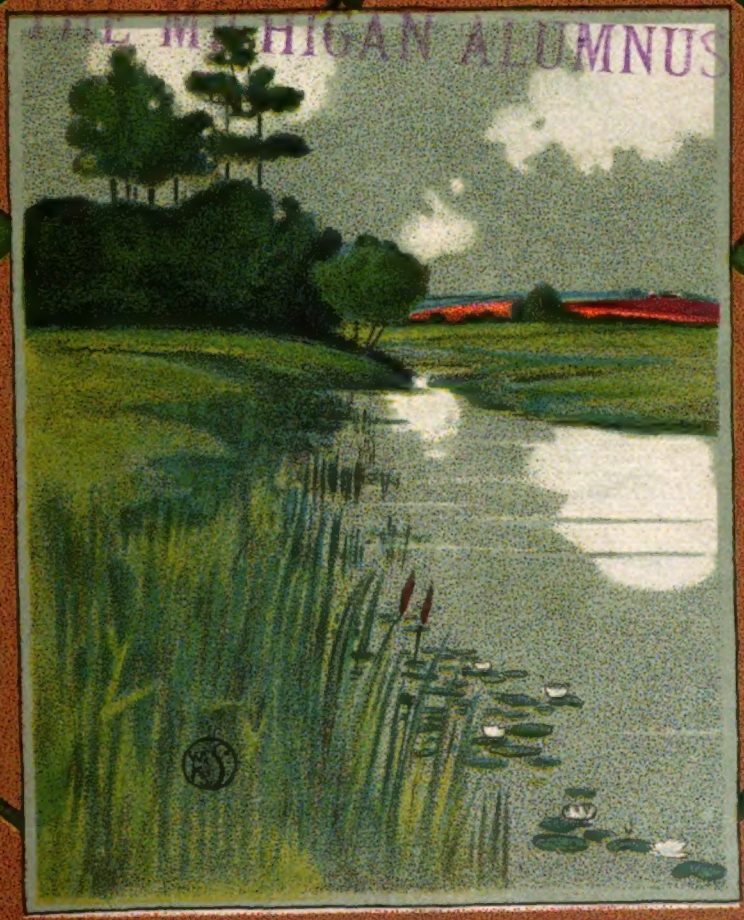
Everybody's Magazine



John Wanamaker Publisher

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RUBIFOAM
It's Time to Care
for the second teeth long before they come. Parents should realize that the first teeth are sponsors for the second set, which come while the first are yet in the mouth.
RUBIFOAM
keeps the early teeth at their best and the gums healthy, so that the second set may come sound and regular. Early beginners get the best results.
25 Cents a bottle everywhere.
Sample for a 2-cent stamp.
E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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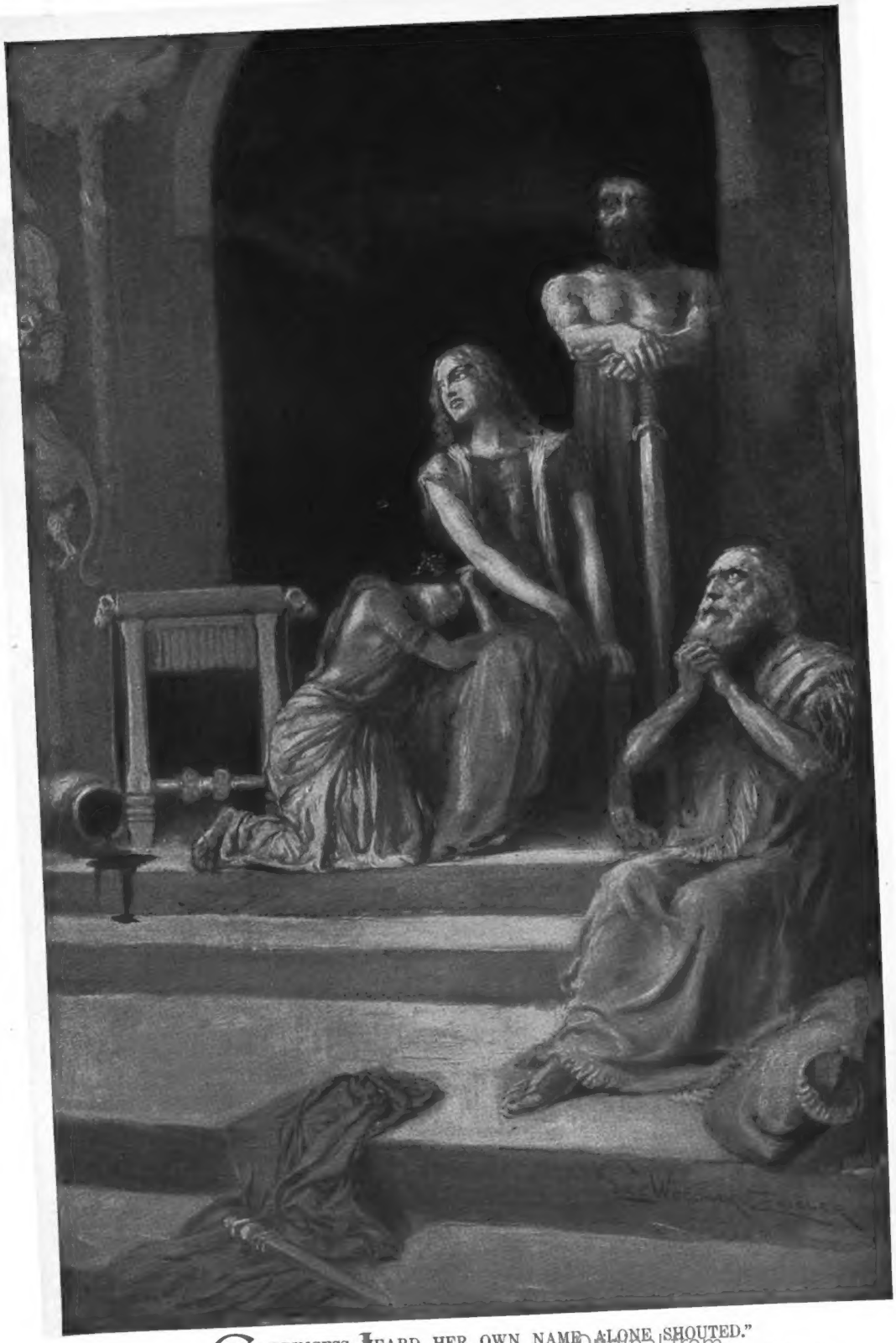

"THE PRINCESS HEARD HER OWN NAME ALONE SHOUTED."
Illustrating "Belshazzar."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VII. JULY, 1902. No. 1.

A Lost Art Revived

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES ILLUMINATED BY NESTORE LEONI.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE origin of the art of Illumination merges in the dim past of Egypt, who bequeathed the art to the Asiatic peoples, as well as to the Greeks and Romans. When the seat of the Empire had been transferred from Rome to Constantinople, and Justinian began building St. Sophia, the temple of the Divine Wisdom, among the artists whom he welcomed from the Orient were Illuminators. Under their influence Byzantine illumination developed separate characteristics from that of the Western Empire. While the latter, in its miniatures, inclined toward symbolical subjects, the former was realistic, and shared the sumptuousness of other Byzantine art, staining the parchment purple, and inscribing in letters of gold and silver, and using gold in plenty for the background.

Simultaneously an independent branch of the art arose in Ireland, reaching its perfection, so far as we know, in *The Book of Kells*. Its special characteristics were the patterns of interlaced lines, the coiling of slender, spiral lines one within the other, and the introduction of attenuated lizard-like creatures or of birds, with their tails and tongues curiously twining. The monks of the Church of Ireland carried their Celtic ornament over seas. It took root in England, whither St. Augustine also brought specimens of the Roman art. At this time the great centres of production were Byzantium, Ravenna, Rome, Paris, Tours, Cologne, Worms, Treves, Canterbury, Winchester, York, Durham, Lindisfarne, and Peterborough.

The art dwindled in Italy until it was scarcely recognized; but at the early part of the fourteenth century Franco, a contemporary of Giotto, revived its glory, and it became one of the vigorous branches of the Renaissance. The Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his son, Leo X., especially fostered it; and the libraries of Florence, Sienna, Ferrara, and Perugia are rich in examples of the art, which reached its climax in the fifteenth century, by which time the invention of printing gradually relegated it to the position of a lost art.

It was the examination of these latest examples that fired Leoni with the longing to revive the art. Encouraged by Baron Podesta, the curator of the manuscripts in the National Library at Florence, and by the Abate Anziani, of the Laurenziani Library in the same city, he began his studies, which extended over ten years. His first work was the illumination on parchment of the six strophes of the "Canzone di Cina da Pistoia," for presentation to Queen Margherita by a group of Florentine ladies. Subsequently he executed many illuminations.

Then he commenced the illumination of the Constitution of the United States of America, a work which occupied him ten years. It has been recognized by the highest authorities as combining with extraordinary success the rich color and perfect craftsmanship of the old work with the spirit of modern art.

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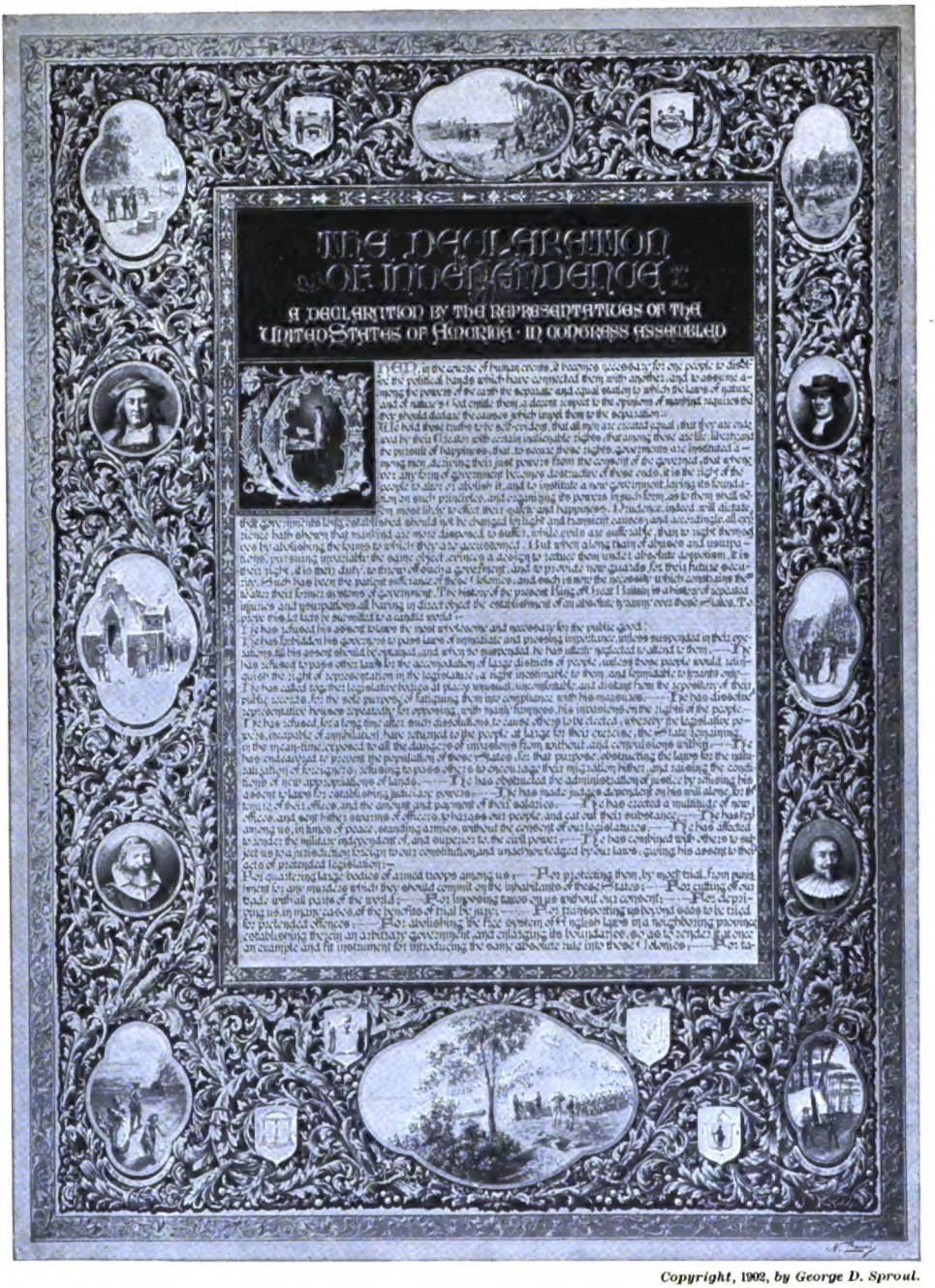
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA · IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Done on parchment by Nestore Leoni. These thirteen parchments, each 31 inches high and 23 inches wide, symbolize the thirteen original States of the Union. After an extensive appreciation in Europe, they were brought to this country from Italy not long since, and exhibited in New York and Boston.

COLORING.—Background, black. Title lettering in raised gold, with flat gold initial. There is gold, also, on the borders. Shields colored as are those of the first thirteen States. The miniatures are in the natural colors. General effect subdued and sombre. Style, eighteenth century.

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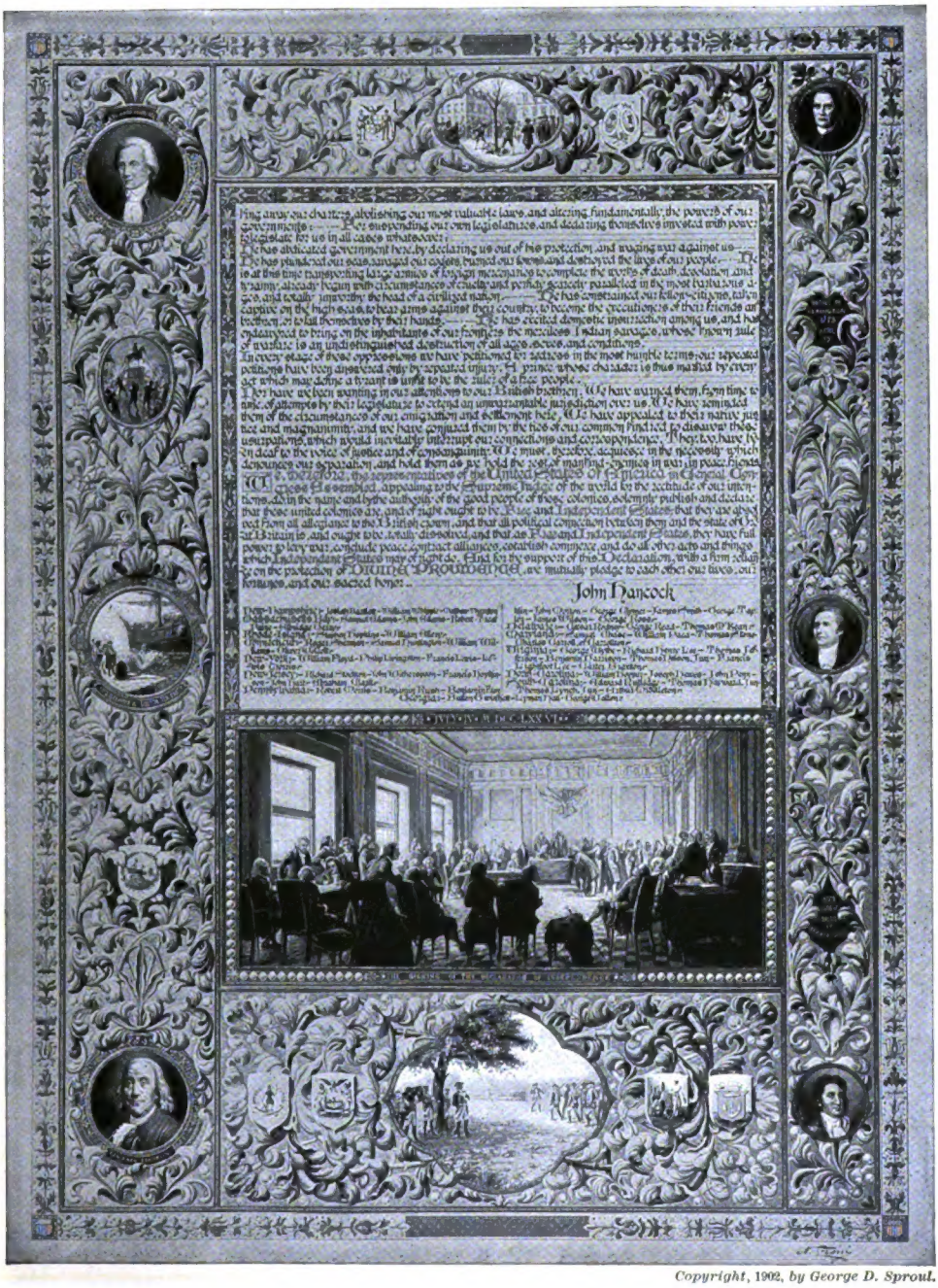

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, gold. Dominating colors, blue and red. Two outside borders, blue, red, and gold. Signatures in red ink. Miniatures in natural colors. Style, pure Italian, fifteenth century.

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CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES
WE the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.
ARTICLE I
SECTION I: All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.
SECTION II: The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States, and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislature.
No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen.
Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative; and until such enumeration shall be made the State of New Hampshire shall be entitled to choose three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations one, Connecticut five, New York six, New Jersey four, Pennsylvania eight, Delaware one, Maryland six, Virginia ten, North Carolina five, South Carolina five, and Georgia three.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Done on parchment by Nestore Leoni.

COLORING.—Background of the title, new blue, with the design worked out in lighter and darker shades of same, with touches of gold. Title lettering and lettering to the end of Section I., in gold relief. Initial in raised gold and pearls. Miniatures in natural colors. Dominating colors, red, blue, and gold. Style, sixteenth century.

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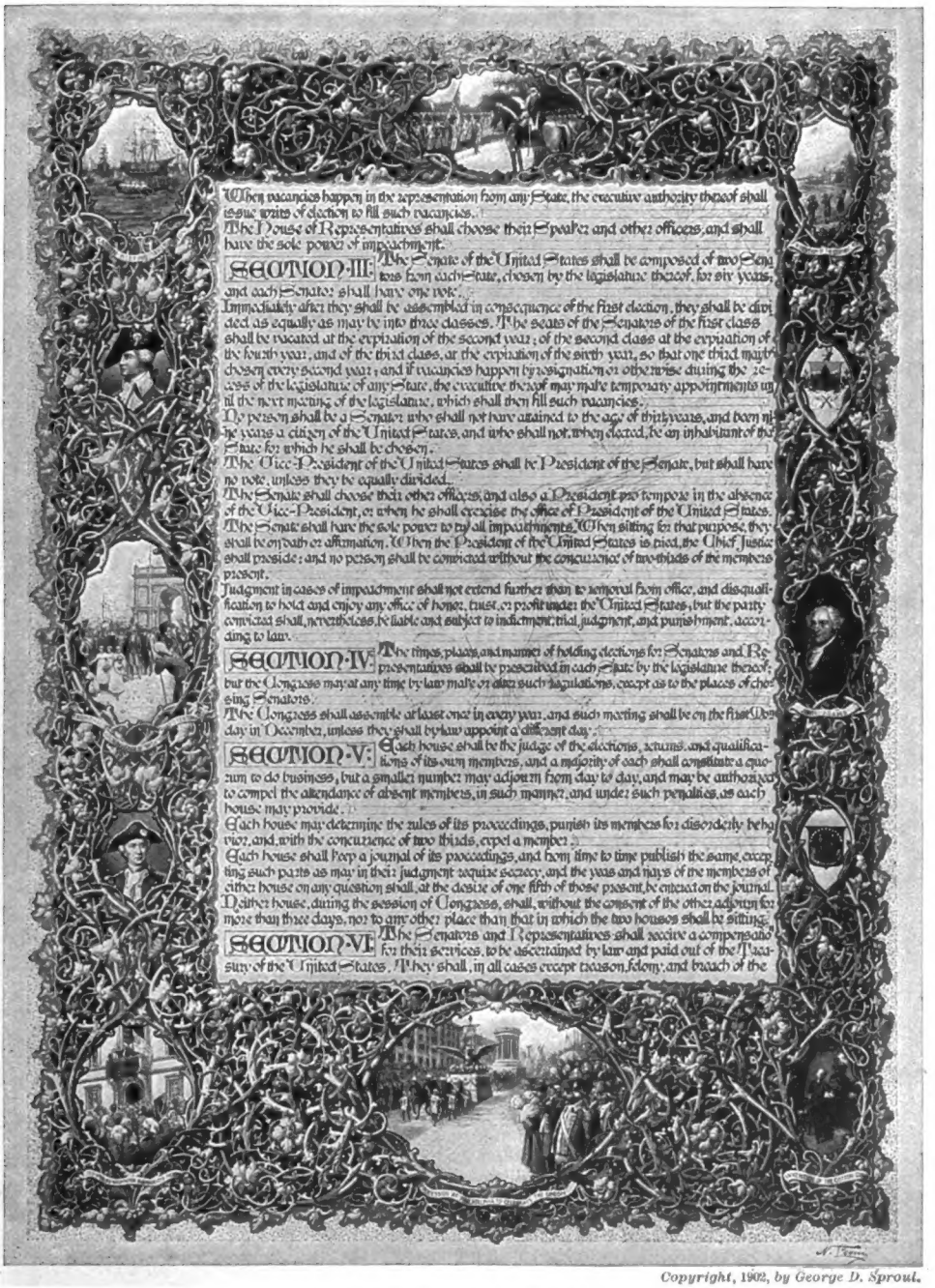
When vacancies happen in the representation from any State, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.
The House of Representatives shall choose their Speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.
SECTION·III·
The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years, and each Senator shall have one vote.
Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year; of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class, at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen by resignation or otherwise during the recess of the legislature of any State, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.
No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen.
The Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.
The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a President pro tempore in the absence of the Vice-President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.
The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice shall preside: and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.
Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States, but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law.
SECTION·IV·
The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of chusing Senators.
The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.
SECTION·V·
Each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business, but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner, and under such penalties as each house may provide.
Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and, with the concurrence of two thirds, expel a member.
Each house shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy, and the yeas and nays of the members of either house on any question shall, at the desire of one fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.
Neither house, during the session of Congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting.
SECTION·VI·
The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. They shall, in all cases except treason, felony and breach of the

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

The portraits are all painted with the minutest care and faithfulness—each one representing at least one month of study and execution. The eagle, which may be seen in the original of the first parchment like a faint water-mark over the centre, in the reproduction of this parchment becomes visible for the first time.

Coloring.—Background, very dark, pointed with gold. The general effect is subdued. The eagle is a light brown.

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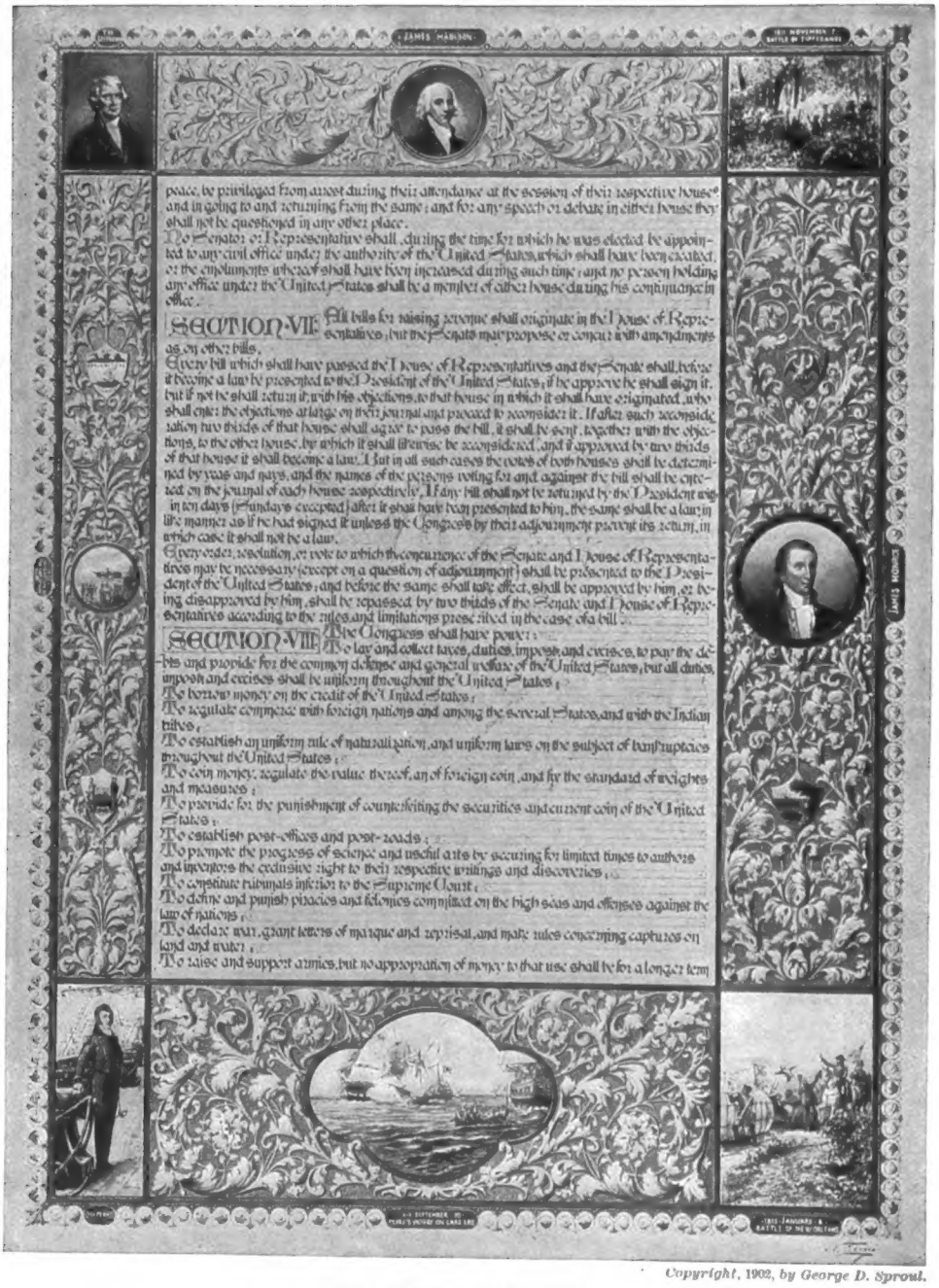
JAMES MADISON
peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house they shall not be questioned in any other place.
No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office.
SECTION VII. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.
Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration two thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that house it shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.
Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.
SECTION VIII. The Congress shall have power:
To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States, but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;
To borrow money on the credit of the United States;
To regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes;
To establish an uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States;
To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures;
To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States;
To establish post-offices and post-roads;
To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries;
To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court;
To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas and offenses against the law of nations;
To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water;
To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, gold mosaic. Arabesques, white.

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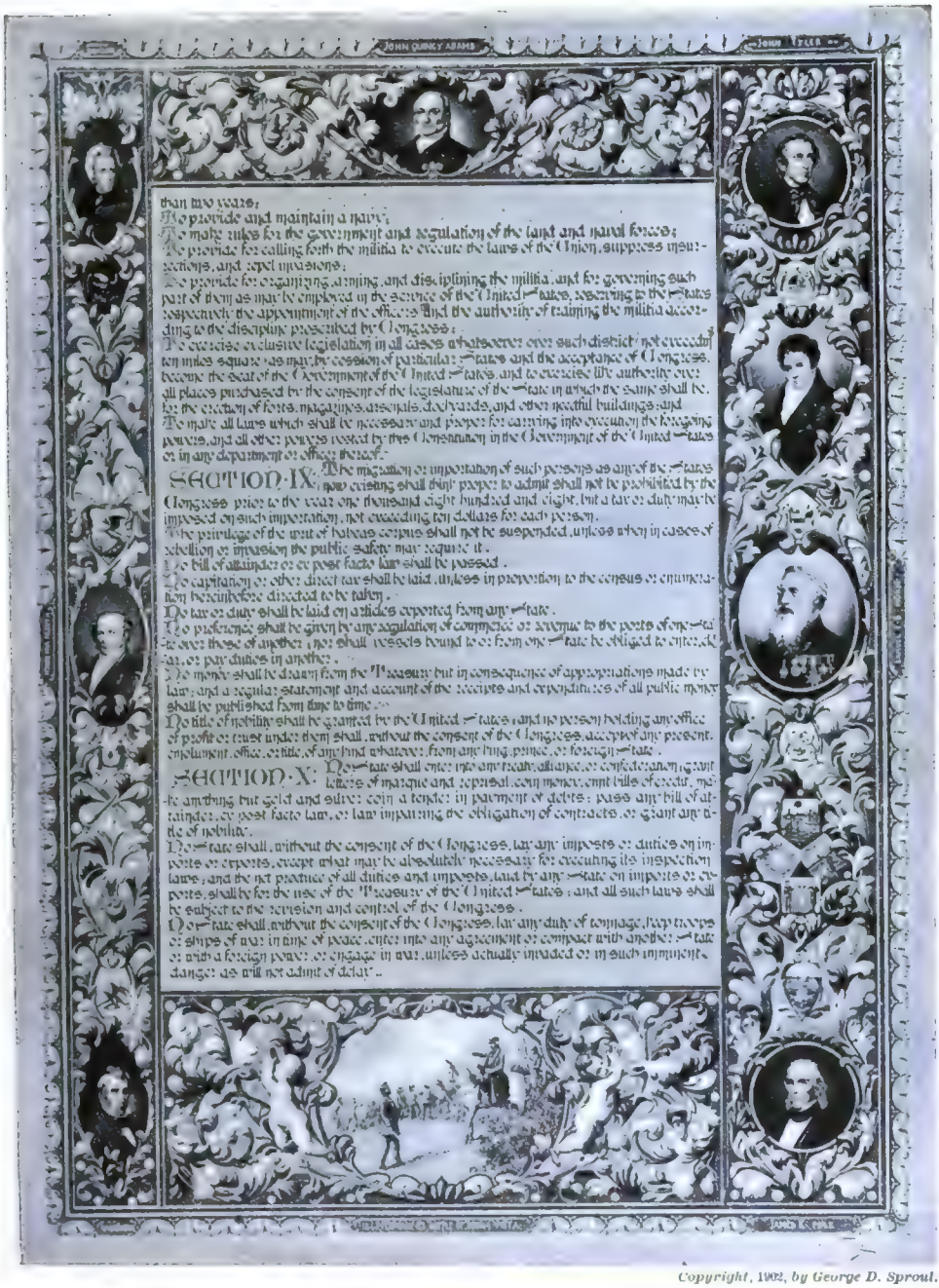
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS
JOHN TYLER
than two years;
To provide and maintain a navy;
To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces;
To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions;
To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress;
To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings; and
To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.
SECTION IX. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.
The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.
No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed.
No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration herein before directed to be taken.
No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.
No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one State be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.
No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.
No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States: and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State.
SECTION X. No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.
No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress.
No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, black, dotted with gold. Dominant colors, shades of blue and red, with more of the former. Pearls, white; cupids, flesh tints.

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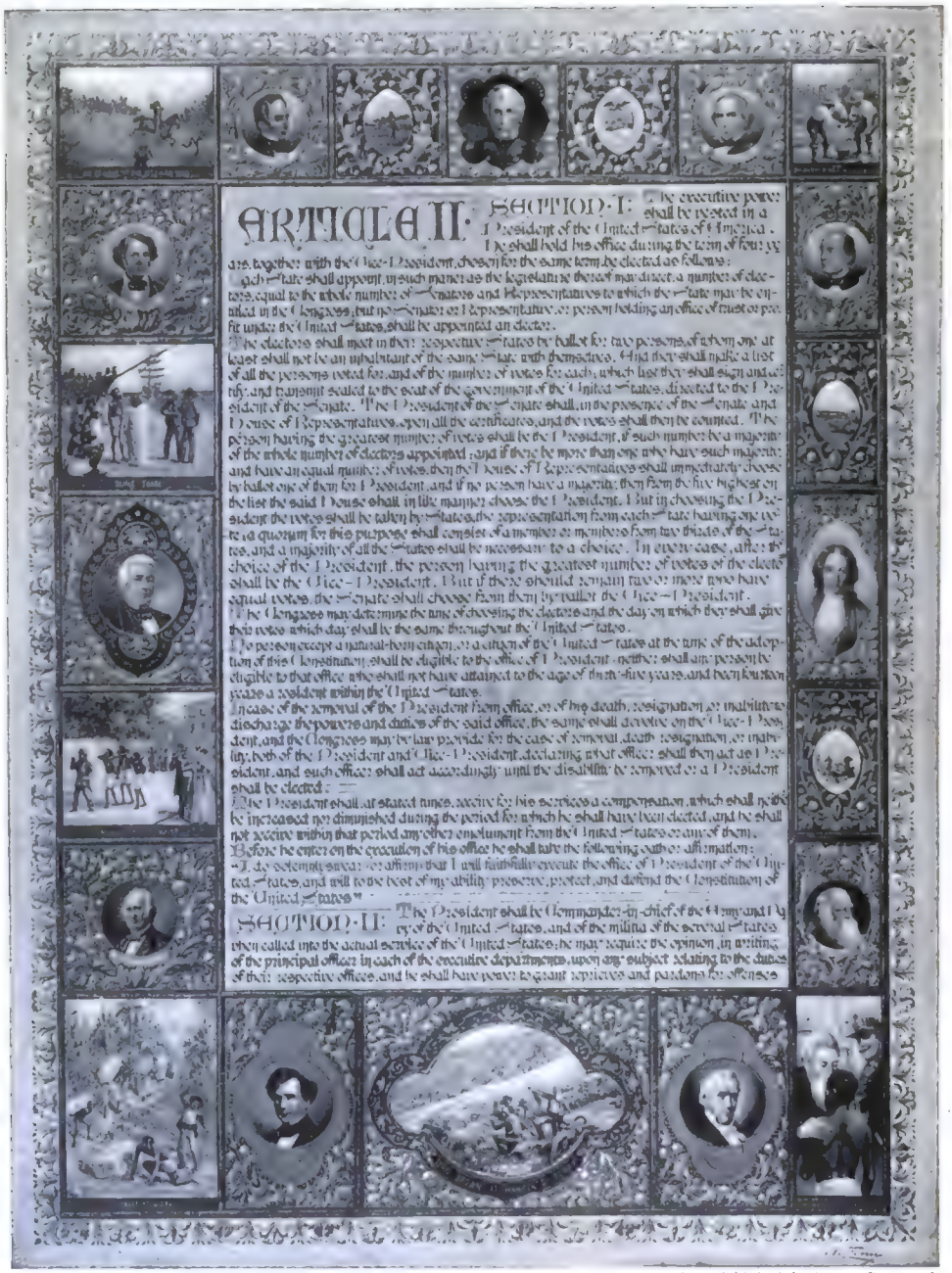
ARTICLE II.
SECTION I.
The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows:
Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.
The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the five highest on the list the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice-President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice-President.
The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.
No person except a natural-born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.
In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected.
The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States or any of them.
Before he enter on the execution of his office he shall take the following oath or affirmation:
"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."
SECTION II.
The President shall be Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, light, with a very bright general effect. Dominant colors, red and light blue. Designs on raised gold. Pearls, white. Although in the style of the sixteenth century, the treatment of this parchment is quite modern. In fact, all thirteen parchments are thoroughly American in feeling.

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against the United States except in cases of impeachment.
He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.
The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.
SECTION III. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them, and in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.
SECTION IV. The President, Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.
ARTICLE III.
SECTION I. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.
SECTION II. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to controversies between two or more States; between a State and citizens of another State; between citizens of different States; between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens or subjects; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party.
In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.
The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the State where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any State, the trial shall be at such place or places as the Congress may by law have directed.
SECTION III. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.
The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted.

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, light. Pearls in the border, black; around the portraits, white. Design, gold and blue and red. Portraits on black ground.

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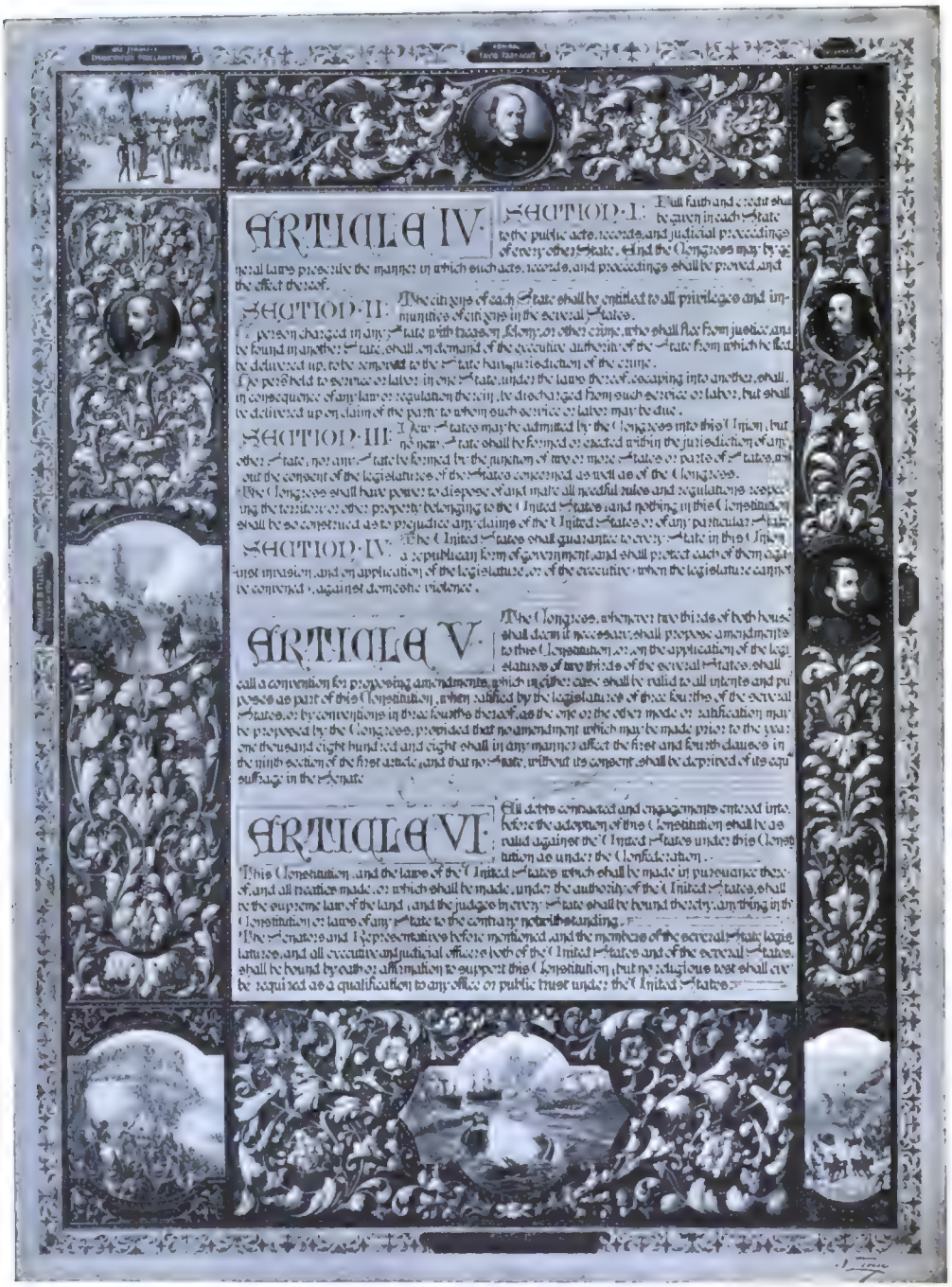

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Dominating colors, various shades of blue, and a little red. Some gold in outlines. Lettering on the border, gold with blue ground. Style, early sixteenth century.

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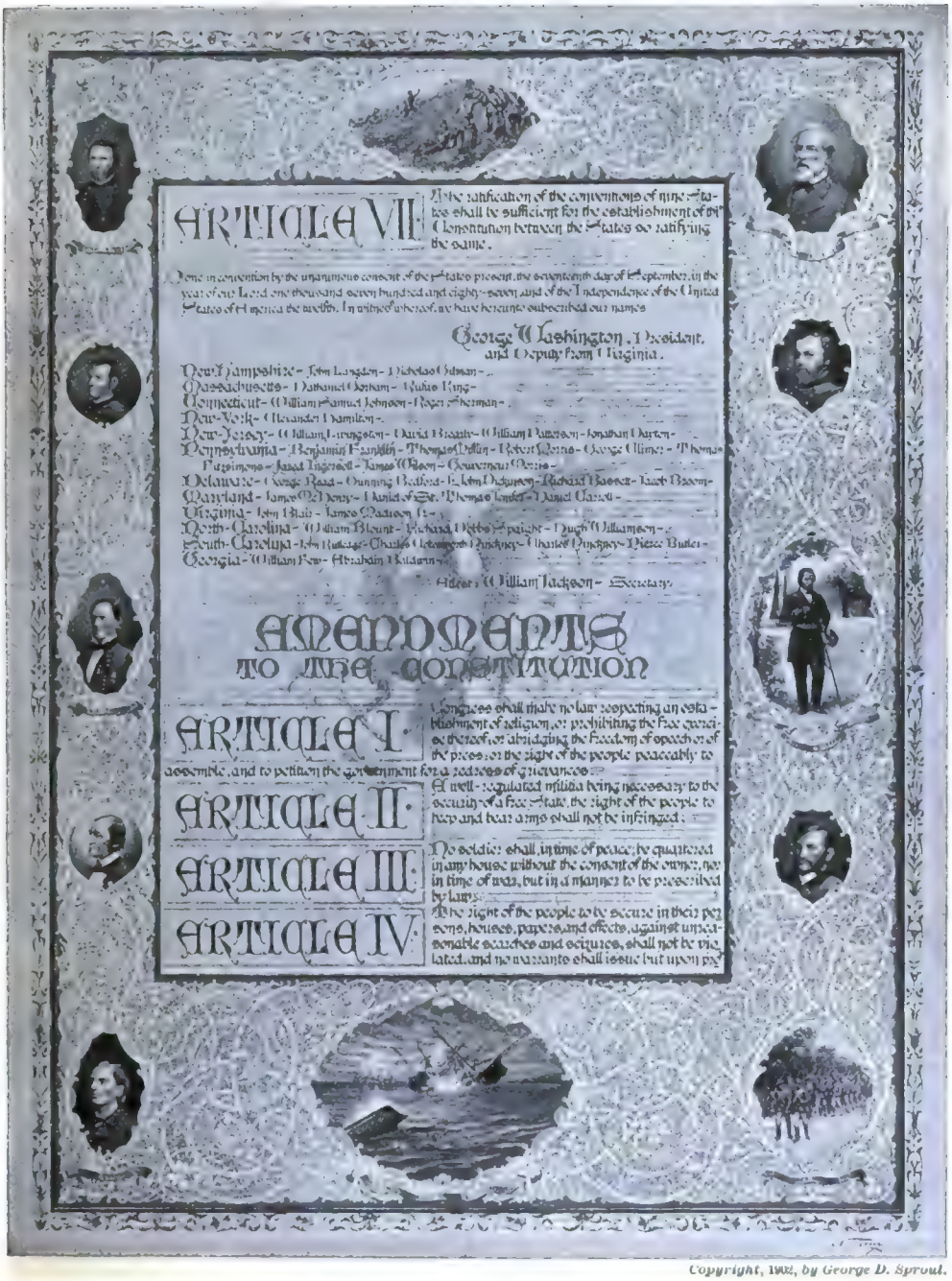
ARTICLE VII.
The ratification of the conventions of nine states shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.
George Washington, President, and Deputy from Virginia.
AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION
ARTICLE I.
ARTICLE II.
ARTICLE III.
ARTICLE IV.

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Dominating colors, green, gold, and red. General effect, light and oriental. Arabesques all outlined in green, gold, and other light colors. Exceedingly delicate.

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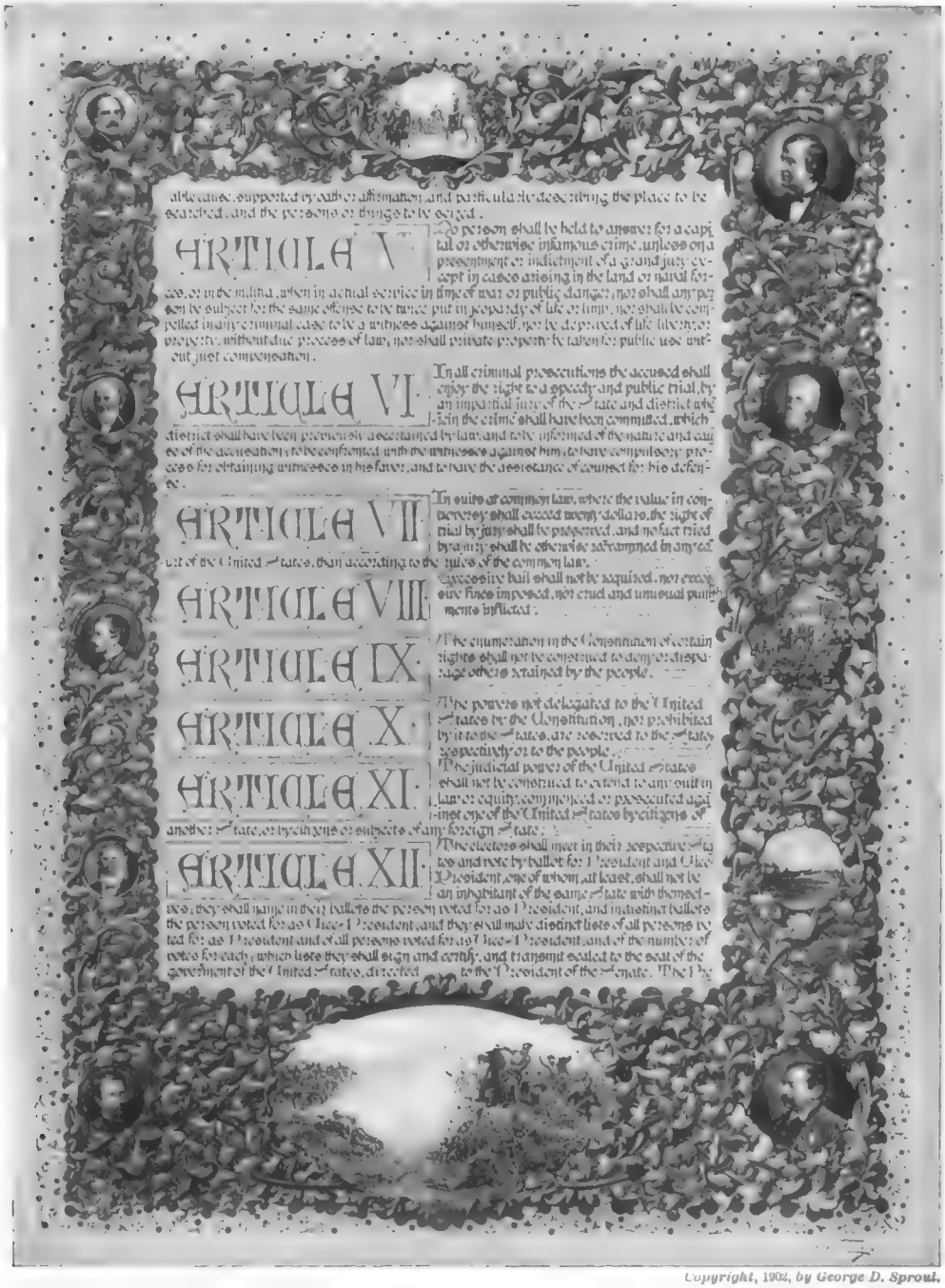
ARTICLE V
No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.
ARTICLE VI
In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.
ARTICLE VII
In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise reëxamined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.
ARTICLE VIII
Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.
ARTICLE IX
The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.
ARTICLE X
The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.
ARTICLE XI
The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State.
ARTICLE XII
The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The Pre

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background, blue, with mosaic design. Around the border, the pearls are black; also the tracery. The design in the inner border is in gold.

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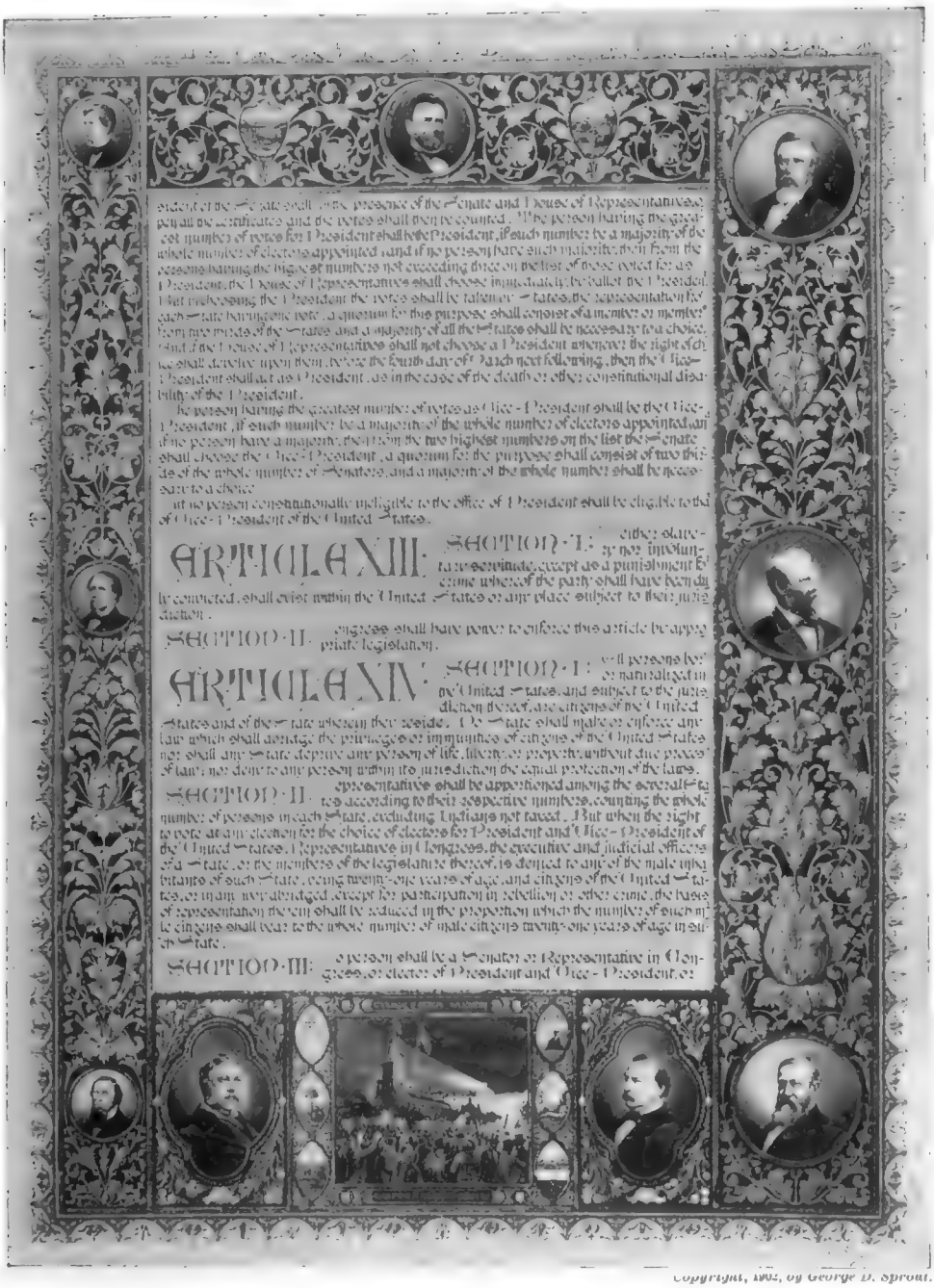

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THE CONSTITUTION (*continued*).

COLORING.—Background and design of subdued shades of green and red, merging into brown. Outlines, gold. General effect very simple and dignified.

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hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two thirds of each house, remove such disability.
SECTION·IV·
the validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.
SECTION·V·
The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.
ARTICLE XV·
SECTION·I·
The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.
SECTION·II·
The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

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THE CONSTITUTION (*concluded*).

The eagle, now as firm in treatment as the rest of the illumination, symbolizes the steady growth of the nation. This completes the series of 83 miniatures.

COLORING.—Background, light. Outlines, blue, red, and gold. Heavy lines, solid raised gold. Cupids in flesh tints. General effect very bright. Each of the thirteen parchments has a color scheme of its own, the dominant tones being meshed in the decorative scroll-work joining the pictures. In general the coloring is rich in mass and exceedingly delicate in detail, the pictures soft in tone and as exquisite in detail and finish as a miniature, not a stroke of the brush being visible anywhere.

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF MR. HASTINGS.

A SHORT PLAY FOR AMATEURS.

By Caroline Duer.

Illustrated By Penrhyn Stanlaws.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Augustus Hastings (Frances)	*Aged nineteen.*
Mr. Augustus Hastings (her husband) . .	*Aged twenty-one.*
Time	*The present.*
Scene	*New York.*

Scene. *The dressing-room of* Mrs. Augustus Hastings. *At the back of the stage, between two pink-and-white-curtained windows, stands a pink-and-white-frilled dressing-table. On the right, near the window, a small, exceedingly unpractical writing-desk; nearer the front of the stage, a mantelpiece. On the left, near the window, a closet door; pulled half in front of it, a long chintz-covered sofa, with a small table beside it; nearer the front of the stage, the door leading to the hall. Chairs in front of the dressing-table, and desk.*

Mrs. Augustus Hastings, *in a pink dressing-sacque and a pink silk petticoat, flounced and ruched and ruffled like a lamp-shade, is sitting at the writing-desk, scribbling a letter. Her hair is elaborately and ceremoniously dressed, if she is not. In the ardor of composition she has kicked off one of her little pink bedroom slippers. She signs her name with a flourish.*

Mrs. Hastings (*addressing an envelope*). There! I hardly supposed I'd have time to write to mamma to-day.

(*She feels about for her slipper, finds it, and thrusts her foot into it.*)

I hope I have not misspelled many words in *this* letter.

(*Rises and walks to the mantelpiece with it, reading as she goes*):

"Dearest Mamma: Three weeks of matrimony have not entirely reconciled me to the loss of my old home and your dear companionship, though Augustus is all the fondest heart could wish in the way of a husband. Somebody says there are a great many kinds of men, and only one kind of husband—whatever *that* kind is, Augustus isn't in the *least* like it! He's a dear, and since we've been back from our honeymoon and have begun to go out—as we do now almost every evening—I've felt it more than *ever!* There's only one thing, so far, about which we disagree. His mother—no, I don't mean that we disagree about *her*. She's a nice, prim old lady, and I like her immensely——"

(*Speaks.*)

I wonder if there are two m's in immensely?

(*Reads.*)

"Well, his mother, rich as she is, never had a maid, and he can't see why I need one, and he thinks Annette flirts with the men-servants and makes trouble for everybody. So she does—for everybody but me!

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I am perfectly helpless without her, as you know. You never brought me up to dress myself, and I can't do it. Of course his mother does not need a maid! Who would, to keep black bombazine in order! but I can't tell him *that*. So I said I'd send Annette away—you think I'm right, don't you, to yield a little? But I mean to get some one else in her place—for I mustn't yield altogether! I have let her go to the theatre to-night, so he won't be reminded of our discussion, and I'm going to get him to help me into my ball-dress. I hope you commend me as a model wife and a wise woman. Good night, dear mamma. Yours affectionately, Frances Hastings." That seems to be all right.

(*Puts letter in envelope and throws it on desk.*)

Dear Gus! (*Sighs.*) (*There is a knock at the door.*) Come in.

MR. HASTINGS *enters. He has on a short dinner-jacket, but in regard to white tie, pumps, etc., is dressed for the ball.*

MR. HASTINGS. I say, Fanny, have you any gray envelopes here? There's not one left in my room, and I want to direct this letter to my mother.

MRS. HASTINGS. Dear me! Were *you* writing to *your* mother? Yes, of course there are envelopes in my desk. How careless of Overlook not to have seen to yours.

MR. HASTINGS (*sitting at desk and upsetting pen-tray*). Oh, I don't know; he's had a deuce of a lot to do for the last few days getting us settled. By the way, dinner was awfully late to-night.

MRS. HASTINGS (*confidentially, sitting on sofa*). Do you know, I can't help thinking Overlook would be a better butler if he wasn't such a good valet.

(MR. HASTINGS, *who has been stooping to pick up the pens, suddenly straightens himself.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*struck by the idea*). I daresay you are right, Fanny. I never thought of that. Of course *I* kept him. But I won't do it again. What do you and I need of maids and valets? It's absurd, the bondage one is in to such people. We'll be independent—you and I.

MRS. HASTINGS (*agreeably*). Of course we will. At least—*you'll* be independent, and I'll get you to help me till *I* am independent

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too. And that reminds me, dear, you won't mind lacing my dress for me to-night, will you? I let Annette go out. You know, if I'm to get on without her, I can't begin too soon.

MR. HASTINGS (*uneasily, upsetting portfolio as he turns*). Wo—wouldn't the housemaid do it better? I'm awfully awkward.

MRS. HASTINGS (*rising*). Her fingers are so rough I can't endure hearing them scrape over the satin. It's not her fault, of course—my fingers would be rough, too, if I did her work—but it's maddening to listen to. You'll manage all right.

MR. HASTINGS (*stooping to pick up the portfolio*). Where are you going, Fanny?

MRS. HASTINGS. I'm going to get my gown. It's standing all by itself in the spare bedroom closet like a princess. (*She goes out.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*directing letter*). Curious idea Fanny has of the habits of princesses! How on earth can she write at this idiotic table? Why, if you put your hand on it it totters. There goes something else!

(MRS. HASTINGS'S *letter falls. He picks it up.*)

H'm! So Fanny is writing to *her* mother. None of my business, but we seem to be struck by the same duty at the same minute. I wonder what she wanted. *I* wanted advice.

(*Unfolds his letter and reads.*)

"MY DEAR OLD LADY:—I don't know whether I am a brute or not, and I'd like your opinion. Fanny—she's very well, and sends you her love—Fanny's got a little fiend of a maid who is turning the house upside down; was I wrong to suggest sending her away? (I don't mean Fanny.) I've a theory that we should get on better without so many people to wait upon us. My father never had a valet, why should I? You never had a maid, why should Fanny? She's the dearest little creature in the world, and has yielded at once to my suggestion. (I do mean Fanny this time.) But am I mistaken to insist upon trying an experiment which may give her trouble? Tell me, won't you?

"Ever yours,

"A. HASTINGS."

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(*Putting letter in envelope, which he throws on desk.*)

Dear Fanny! (*Sighs.*)

MRS. HASTINGS (*coming in with a pink ball-dress in her arms*). Here I am. Isn't it lovely! (*She spreads it out for him to look at.*) And so simple!

MR. HASTINGS (*examining it with awe*). Simple! Most complicated I call it! How do you get into it?

MRS. HASTINGS. You hold it out, and I slip my head through. But you must hold it so that I shan't muss my hair, and yet you must not crumple it. It's very easy.

MR. HASTINGS (*sarcastically*). It sounds so.

MRS. HASTINGS (*giving him the skirt*). Here, this way.

(MR. HASTINGS *tries his best to imitate her. After several unsuccessful attempts and false starts, she gets her head in—and her hair caught on a hook.*)

MR. HASTINGS. Oh, I beg your pardon. I *am* clumsy. Did I ruin your topknot?

MRS. HASTINGS (*disentangling herself*). No, not at all—I'll put it right in a minute. There's no harm done. (*Pats and smooths it in front of the glass.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*still holding out dress*). I'm glad to hear that. Shall we try again?

MRS. HASTINGS (*abstractedly, looking at her feet*). Yes—no. Let's rest a minute. I'm not quite sure, Gus, whether my stockings match my gown. Would you mind—you're taller than I am—putting your hand up to the top shelf of that closet (*waves her hand toward door back of sofa*), and bringing me down a box you'll find there? Oh, you might put down the dress, please.

(MR. HASTINGS, *who has been somewhat embarrassed with it, joyfully complies.*)

Thank you. You are better than the best maid.

MR. HASTINGS (*behind the half-opened closet door*). Top shelf, you said, Fanny? Oh, confound it! (*The clatter of a falling box is heard.* MR. HASTINGS *appears with unrolled stockings hanging all over him.*)

MRS. HASTINGS. Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid *your* topknot is mussed this time.

MR. HASTINGS (*trying to be good-humored*). Never mind. Take your choice. Is it any of these?

MRS. HASTINGS. No, I'm afraid it isn't. I can't think where Annette can have put my other pink ones. Oh, well, I'll keep on these. It doesn't matter. Now for my slippers.

MR. HASTINGS (*helplessly*). What am I to do with these stockings?

MRS. HASTINGS (*taking them from him and bundling them together*). There! Throw them in the box. We can roll them up neatly afterward.

MR. HASTINGS (*aghast*). All of them?

MRS. HASTINGS (*virtuously*). Why, I'm afraid we must. It wouldn't be tidy to put them away like that. Will you get me my slippers, Gus? Annette left them out, I know; they must have got pushed under the dressing-table.

MR. HASTINGS (*stooping to feel under the dressing-table*). Certainly—but—they aren't there, Fanny.

MRS. HASTINGS (*sitting placidly on the sofa*). My dear, they *must* be. Make a wider sweep.

MR. HASTINGS (*getting down on his hands and knees*). Oh! (*Puts his hand to his back.*) I thought so! I knew that button wouldn't stand any strain! I told Overlook so yesterday. Infernal nuisance!

MRS. HASTINGS (*all sympathy*). So it is, and all my fault, too. I *am* sorry. And I do believe the slippers are under the sofa all the time. Yes. (*Puts her foot under the chintz flounce.*) There they are. Give me the shoe horn, dear. (*She kicks a pair of pink satin slippers into view.*)

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MR. HASTINGS (*kneels down and puts on her slippers*). Thank heaven, nothing more gave way. Now, what next?

MRS. HASTINGS. Well, now, if you wouldn't mind standing on the table, I think you could slip my dress over my head better.

(MR. HASTINGS *mounts on the table. She gives him the dress.*)

MRS. HASTINGS (*warningly*). Now don't drop it till I say so! (*She begins to get under it; the table totters, and* MR. HASTINGS *is obliged to jump to save himself from falling.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*indignantly*). Good gracious, Fanny! I nearly broke my neck.

MRS. HASTINGS (*penitently*). I ought to have told you to stand in the very middle. It's apt to tip. I think the leg is loose. Shall we try again?

MR. HASTINGS. I'll get a chair. (*He pulls out a chair and stands on it. This time, he succeeds in getting the skirt dropped over her head as she gives the word.*) Anything else?

MRS. HASTINGS. Now, Augustus, do you know how to lace a waist? Here, I'll give you a lesson. (*Takes the sofa-cushion.*) We'll just suppose I'm in the dress. (*She doubles up the sofa-cushion, and, thrusting it inside the waist, fastens the waistband.*) Now I'll hold it on my knee, and you begin.

MR. HASTINGS (*putting the lacer in as if he were stabbing an enemy, and pulling it out as if he were playing a fish*). How's that?

MRS. HASTINGS. Capital! When you get to the end, you do like this (*she makes a chain of running knots*), and tuck it up, so. And *then* you take *this* piece of trimming and loop it up across *that* shoulder; and there is the hook to fasten it to, hidden in this bow. Then you put a pin in the *middle*, here, to hold it, and then——

MR. HASTINGS (*coming out of a profound revery*). Fanny, I'm afraid I was a little hasty about Annette. She is undoubtedly a good, faithful woman. Is she in the house now?

MRS. HASTINGS (*glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece*). She ought to be; it is after eleven. Shall I ring for her?

MR. HASTINGS (*with a sigh of relief*). Do.

(*The bell is near the door, and while* MRS. HASTINGS *crosses the room,* MR. HASTINGS *darts to the desk. He seizes his letter to his mother, and flings it into the fire.* MRS. HASTINGS *turns. He affects to be observing the time.*)

MR. HASTINGS. It *is* getting late. I'd better be off to change my coat.

(*As soon as he is gone,* MRS. HASTINGS *dances to the desk. She seizes her letter to her mother, and pirouettes back to the fireplace. She tears the letter and burns it piece by piece, smiling mischievously.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*returning, coatless and irritated*). Confound Overlook! He's forgotten to leave out my white waistcoat, and I don't know where he keeps my gloves (*ringing*).

(*A pause. No one comes.*)

MRS. HASTINGS. You—you'll let him valet you still, won't you, Gus? (*She smiles.*)

MR. HASTINGS (*smiling*). Hm! Yes, if you keep Annette.

THE HOUSEMAID (*appearing, breathless, at the door*). Did you ring, Madame?

MRS. HASTINGS. Yes. I wanted Annette. Hasn't she come in?

MR. HASTINGS. And I want Overlook at once.

THE HOUSEMAID. If you please, Madame, Annette's brother has just came, and brought word that she's gone off and married Mr. Overlook.

CURTAIN.

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Fishing a Salmon Pool on Laval

The Delights of Salmon-Fishing

By Charles Hallock

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The lamented Francis Francis, whilom angling editor of the London *Field*, and author of many delightful angling books, in his inimitable "Sporting Sketches," seems quite as alive to the spirit of the occasion as if he were in lusty manhood instead of seventy years of age.

The good man departed this life at the close of the century with a chirrup on his lips; and by the same token we find the veterans who are still fishing in the same mood. There is Walter Brackett, of Boston, who never misses a season on the St. Marguerite, and he is seventy-nine. Joe Jefferson, at the same age, had rather play a cast on a salmon river than to cast a play. Charles E. Whitehead, Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of the President, and Harry Venning, of New Brunswick Province, are all game, at the same age. In 1867, Venning wrote for *Stewart's Quarterly* the best treatise ever printed on the technology of salmon-fishing. The late General Wade Hampton, at eighty-four, with one leg shy, was in evidence at the opening of every season. Dr. Clerke and his brother Andrew, quandom tackle dealer in Maiden Lane, and Charles Lanman, Japanese Consul at Washington, all threshed salmon pools at the verge of eighty years. E. G. Spinner, ex-United States Treasurer, whose flamboyant signature was exploited on all the anti-Reconstruction greenbacks, died in his fishing boat on the Indian River in Florida at the age of eighty-seven. Samuel C. Clarke and Isaac McClellan, cousins, of equal age, and born in the same town of Newton, Mass., lived to the great age of ninety-two, and still reeled off

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apostrophes in prose and verse to the delights of the inland streams. And old John Gomez, whom every visitor to west Florida has known within the memory of man, died on the Gulf side at the age of 126, while beaching his skiff at the water's edge.

So, then, turn out, ye wielders of the two-handed wand! holders of rod-privileges, and lessees and owners of rivers ; pack your wading trousers, oil up your lines, and let us go fishing ! For the time is at hand.

Anglers of modest aspirations and moderate purse may satisfy their quest on Maine waters, which have happily been rehabilitated by the provident State Fish Commission, say, at the Dennys River or Grand Lake Stream, where Walter Brackett and Dr. Bethune were content to fish a half-century ago; or on the Wassatoonock, the Mattawamkeag, and the outlets of Sebago Lake and Weld's Pond; or even at the Aroostook River, or at the Norcross and Caribou pools. At the Bangor or St. Croix pools they can walk or ride to the riverside from their hotel and fish in dress suits. But if the salmon angler really wants "ginger" in his, and to shoot rapids, peg up streams, camp under a tilt or canoe turned over, stand in a smudge, eat dirt, and enjoy the real tepee smell, he will have to go to some part of Canada, where he can find all requisites in juxtaposition. For, although Maine is wild enough, and simon-pure aborigines are there *en grand tenue*, they live for the most part about tidewater in snug frame cottages ; and one cannot always tell a Penobscot or a Passamaquoddy Indian in his Sunday garb from a Jim Crow dandy. This Canadian Utopia, however—that is, these far-off Laurentides, are so isolated that they are accessible only at great expense by special steamer or chartered chaloupe from Quebec or the Gulf ports.* They seem to be a forest preserve exclusively for the *jeunesse dorée* and multi-millionaires of the period, who have leisure as well as coin; because it is not within the means, nor within the time limit, of any one else to fish or reach them.

*The facilities for reaching the north side of the St. Lawrence will be greatly increased the coming season. The Holiday Bros., of Quebec, are to put a new steamer on for an initial trip on May 1st, to sail fortnightly. This line, with Frasee's mail line and two other new boats, one running around to Gaspé, and another for hire to special parties, will make the service very satisfactory.

ON THE LAVAL, ST. LAWRENCE.

Poling up heavy rapids in a canoe. Photograph by J. H. Woodward.

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Very few yachtsmen make the tour of the lower St. Lawrence, though its salmon rivers are numerous. The distance is great, the channel intricate and beset with shoals, the scenery monotonous and depressing, and, as I have said, the expenses heavy. Only at a few eligible locations along shore are any signs of human life—here a fisherman's cabin and there a solitary post of the Hudson Bay Company. The north coast especially is for the most part bleak and forbidding desolation for hundreds of miles, and the only creatures that exist there are the weird birds which love the crags and the storm, the tumbling porpoises, and the mysterious seals. From the abutting promontory which forms Cape Diamond at Quebec to the castellated rocks at Henley Harbor, near the eastern entrance of Belle-Isle Strait, there is an almost unbroken wall of granite, except where it is slashed by the impetuous streams which have found or made a passage through its perpendicular face. Some of these rivers, like the Montmorency, near Quebec, pitch over perpendicular escarpments a hundred feet high or more, so that the up-bound salmon cannot ascend farther. Others tumble to the sea in a series of falls and cascades, set back in the rocky cañons, which are overtopped by forested mountains from which they emerge in varying moods of froth and eddy. Others, again, make their exit by an almost continuous rapid, like a sluice-way. A few, like the Moisie, Grand Cascapediac, Restigouche, and the Miramichi in New Brunswisk, are large, long, broad streams, and the noblest salmon rivers in the world. Of course, such as present a continuous rapid, while they are most accessible to salmon, are utterly impracticable for the angler, and a succession of pools and rapids, either for a limited distance or throughout their whole length, is appreciably rare. The Godbout and Wacheeshoo are perhaps the best of them all for scenic attractions and a stated supply of fish. The Gaspé Peninsula is a delightful fishing ground convenient to civilization. Few visit there.

The rivers of New Brunswick have been well advertised and well occupied. The best of them are: the noble Restigouche (with sixty miles of fishing on the main river), and its four great tributaries, the Upsalquitch, the Patapedia, the Metapedia, and Tom Kedgewick (vernacular, Quatawahtamkedgewick), on which the most extensive artificial propagating works of the Dominion are located; the Miramichi and its several great branches; the Nepissiguit, Tabusintac, Charlo, and Jaquet; the Kouchibouquac, the St. John, and its great tributary, the Tobique.

Now, I do not think that a good salmon fisher can be really social and catch many fish. It is always pleasant, of course, to meet fellow-sportsmen on their chosen stamping grounds. It is like falling in with a fellow-countryman in a foreign land. A sympathetic chord is struck at sight, and the impulse of *camaraderie* is engendered forthwith. There is a certain etiquette of the woods, always observed by true sportsmen, which is mutually enjoyable. It throws light upon the camp when the day is damp and murky, and sheds a genial warmth through a chilly atmosphere. But, brethren, it is not wise to be too much in company. *Bonhomie* should step back when salmon take precedence. A sportsman needs room beyond the mere sweep of his casting-line. For this reason, I have always preferred to cruise and jaunt alone. It is not wise to cross lines on a salmon stream.

The rivers of Nova Scotia are short, seldom exceeding fifteen miles in length. The fish are of good size and well conditioned. Kelts are seldom seen. There are comparatively few flies, punkies, or gnats to torment one, and the variety of food and landscape gives spice to the appetite and joy to the soul. The fishing, too, is inexpensive, and in going to the province the course is short and direct. Direct steamers now run from New York and Boston to St. John, Halifax, Digby, and Yarmouth, and besides these there are the railroads. Within a radius of twenty miles around Halifax, trout and salmon-fishing can be enjoyed in every phase which the gentle art is capable of assuming. The angler can go forth arrayed in the full panoply of the aristocratic sportsman and cast his lines in pleasant places, where he can have the assiduous attention of well-trained servants at table and in the field, with all the tidbits of the season provided; or, he can don an ordinary service suit and take pot-luck at wayside farmhouses; or, he can eschew all comforts, and rough it in the bush, sleeping with his back to the sod and his face to the stars, and regaling himself on hardtack, fish, and frizzled pork. It is a matter of taste as to which affords the greater delights.

The principal rivers of Nova Scotia lie in

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From a photograph by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

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ATLANTIC SALMON.

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A TYPICAL CLUB-HOUSE ON THE MOISIE.

the southwestern counties, and are the Gordon, Liverpool, Port Medway, La Have, Gold, East, and Middle rivers. July is late for these rivers, as the season opens in February. Farther east, nearly at the land's end in Cape Breton, is that famous salmon stream, the Margarie. There are no salmon on Prince Edward Island. In Newfoundland are the River of Exploits, the Humber, Gander, Castor, and a half-dozen more good salmon rivers accessible by bi-weekly steamer from Halifax to St. Johns, and thence by steam tug or chaloupe. On Bay Chaleur and other New Brunswick streams, the fish strike in toward the end of May. On the upper St. Lawrence rivers fly-fishing is three weeks later, and on the Godbout and other rivers below, July 8th is not late.

Having now enumerated the best of the Atlantic coast rivers, and given my readers their selection—although I dare say the owners and lessees will feel as if they were entitled to have something to say about this—suppose we mount to a near-by head-

SCENE ON THE RIVER MOISIE, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

land to see if the fish are not coming in? Ah! there they are now, already at the tide-water pool. See that jump? Another! Two, three, half a dozen together! That settles it, the fish are here. We will get the punts out on the upper pools to-night, set up our rods, and try the water to-morrow. "What makes 'em jump?" Why, simply joy, my boy. What *Salmo Salar*, or any other sailor, wouldn't turn flip-flops to find himself at home again in his native river, secure from dolphins, sharks, seals, porpoises, and other predaceous creatures which infest the estuaries. After the salmon have recovered from their first surprise they will settle to the bottom and wave their fins with an expression of satisfaction not known outside of Finland. Then, with a far-away look up-stream they will start together for their *ultima thule*—and by the grace that is given us, we will meet them *en route* early in the day.

Choice of flies, did you ask? Well, it's a gamble. Favorite flies are more apt to be favorites of the anglers than of the fish. The truth is, if the salmon are in a taking mood, they will take most anything that offers. This is your axiom: large flies for heavy and deep water, and small ones for shallow and quiet water. On many days one kind of fly will kill when another will not. If another angler on the same water is getting good sport, it is better to find out what fly he is using. At evening, when the light goes off the water, large flies and gaudy colors are best. On early rivers, notably in Nova Scotia, use large flies of yellow mohair and golden pheasant make-up. In mid-season Jock Scott, silver doctor, turkey-wing, and black doe are leaders. In latter years I learned from Allan Gilmore, that most skilful of Canadian experts, to use double hooks. They swim better and are more likely to fasten to a fish.

As to rods: Thirty odd years ago I would have thought an 18-feet rod too long for a man of ordinary strength to handle; but since our American makers fashion rods so light I am inclined to return to the old English standard of length. The advantage of length of rod in delivering a heavy line, as well as in lifting it over mid-channel obstructions, is manifest. The fact is, that any rod, of whatever length, which is too cumbrous to be wielded with the two hands without the adjuncts of waist-belt and thimble should be discarded. Many old

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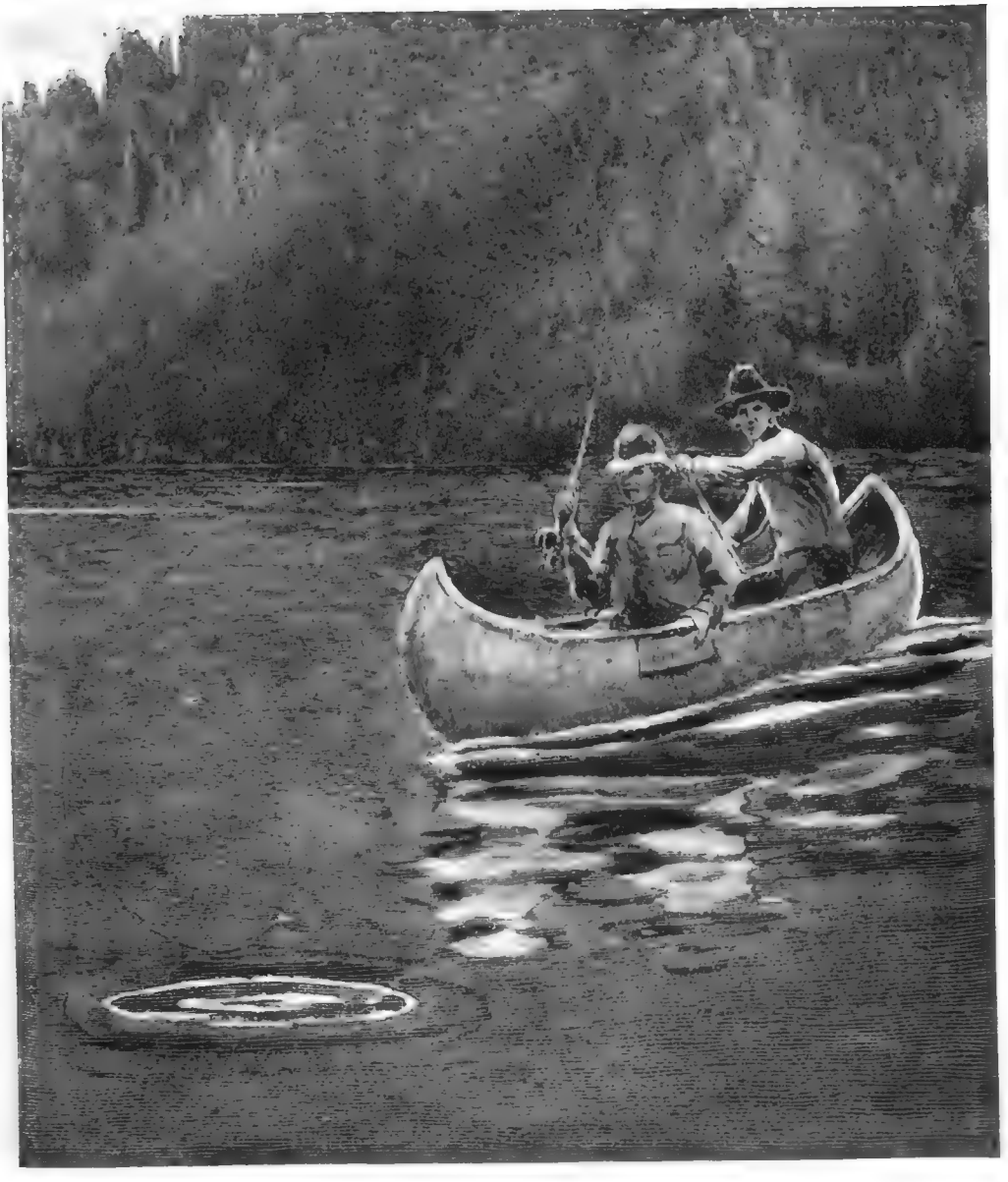

A MISS.

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salmon anglers have a second rod of less weight and length, which is better adapted for "switching" when casting room is restricted and for use in calm days and quiet waters. Whenever conditions favor the use of this lighter rod, the climax of pleasure is reached. The heavier rod is for heroic work in heavy waters, with stiff wind blowing, perhaps, when the effort may be called taxing. Mind this! and don't let the hasty reader charge me with advocating heavy 18-feet rods as a steady everyday implement. As to material, I make no choice between the best wooden rods of William Mitchell and the split-bamboo of Leonard, except that the life of the wooden rod is the longest. There are few wooden rods, indeed, which are equal to the best split-bamboo, and for these all greenheart, or ash with lancewood tips, are preferred. Scribner rods (greenheart) have been favorites for half a century.

For fittings I would have standing guides and a pivoted eyelet for the tip. For reel I use the combination rubber and nickel, with flange enclosing the crank. I recommend this on account of its lightness, though a reel should always be of a proper weight to balance the rod. As to line, one hundred yards of oiled silk or braided linen are enough, unless your fish gets into a long rapid, and then you want a thousand if you cannot follow. A gaff and gaffer are indispensable. Some experienced anglers have justly declared that a first-class salmon line is the most difficult article of an outfit to procure; but no one save an experienced angler can appreciate its value. A thoroughly good line should be perfectly pliable, and yet have the substance in it to make it feel quite solid. A line that is light for its bulk is of little use in casting against the wind, and one that is hard and stiff is too long in running out straight in the water. A line should be heavy and not thick. It should be thoroughly waterproofed so as not to rot, and so play false when you least expect it, and it should taper for seven to eight yards at the end. A bully line shows too much in the water. It is a good rule to fish with as thin a line as one can possibly make good casting with.

And now, good friends, having been carefully equipped and assigned to our respective stands (we will say that there are four fair pools in the river, and each rod has a pool), you won't mind a friendly suggestion or two from an old sport who has flailed salmon rivers for half a century? We may be fishing from a punt or from the bank; it is all the same. Keep your whole body flexible when swinging a rod. Rigidity is as fatal to successful manipulation as it is to comfortable horseback riding. Engage the wrist, arms, legs, and whole body. Don't waste time in aimless casts, or skitter your fly about as you do to coax a trout; but, as a general rule, cast directly at the tail of the pool, just above where the curl of the wave plays at the head of the riff, and put out no longer line than is necessary. Fifty feet will do, counting the length of the rod. Let the fly sink a foot if it will, with the point of the rod nearly touching the water. The cast being made, pump as you draw line across the pool, to give the lure the action of a swimming frog, moving the rod laterally three or four feet every two seconds. As a rule, salmon roll up sluggishly, gulp the fly and drop back so quietly that only the practised eye can detect the boil or bulge. Don't strike as you would at a trout. Give the salmon time. As he goes down, we instinctively tauten the line, and that fleshes the hook. He will not make much fuss until he begins to realize what pricks him. Then his genius develops. If a salmon rises once to a fly and misses, cast elsewhere at once, and let a full minute elapse before you cast again over the spot where he broke. When you are sure that the fish is fast, raise the rod to a perpendicular, and keep it up, unless the salmon leaps from the water. Then drop the tip deferentially. The obeisance will cost nothing, and may save your tackle. Once on the Godbout I had a lively fish come out eleven times in quick succession, and every time he went up my rod went down. Then he shot up a rapid, taking all the line I could spare, and when he was snubbed, leaped a boulder three feet high and ran back to the pool he started from. It was lucky that he did not loop that rock, as I suppose he intended to do; for these wide-awake fishes are like foxes when hounds are in chase: they formulate expedients on the jump. It is the angler's study to counteract them. It is a study on both sides. I very much doubt if any precept or example can impart the genius necessary to bring a fish successfully to gaff. Usually when a fish has been fastened, there is a twenty or thirty yards' run for a start; then around, head to current, boring

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From a photograph.

SALMON JUMPING A FALLS.

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against it hither and thither; then a circuit of observation around the perimeter of the pool; then another short run; then around head to stream again, and at last, perchance, a bore to the bottom where he "sulks."

Now it is a matter of wait! We adopt all manner of expedients to stir him up, even to throwing in rocks where he is. Sometimes a smart rap on the butt of the rod will start him. At any rate, one grows tired of this dilly-dallying, and just as the fish lets go his hold on the bottom, the angler puts on a strong pull and slues him in toward shore where the gaffer stands knee-deep in the water, ready to clip him. There the idiot just clips at him as he wallops past, misses him, and there you are! good for another ten minutes' boring, perhaps, the fish meanwhile showing great breadth of tail and no mettle.

Photograph by J. H. Woodward.

ONE DAY ON LAVAL.

But this is not salmon-fishing, *par excellence*. If a good, fresh-run, lively, twenty-five-pound salmon once gets out of the pool into the rapids, no matter whether you are in a boat or in wading, there is nothing to do but follow him down the bank and over the slippery rocks, into the water and out of the water, shoe-deep or waist-deep, lifting your line over obstructing boulders in the channels, watching out for projecting ledges or alder brush, keeping your weather eye always on the fish, as good old Francis Francis expresses it, and looking ahead for the best footing, holding your rod up and never permitting slack even though you stumble full length over the rocks; not minding thumps or bruises, but keeping your wind and saving your fish, no matter if you break your neck. And you keep this up one hour, perhaps, giving as little line as possible, until finally you are so limp and blown that you couldn't puff out a candle with your breath, and about as exhausted as the salmon itself, which, by this time, has haply turned up his silvery side at the foot of the rapid, convenient for the clip of your exultant and admiring gaffer. Then you ease up your brave rod and sit down.

Manœuvres and strategies of salmon are as various as the moods and temper of their rivers. There is no end to fluvial phases, and, consequently, no end to the artifices and expedients of the angler. So, you see, reader, what I dare say the tarpon-fisher and the rock-fisher have never thought of before; it is their intensely specific characteristics which make salmon-fishing transcendent, and of all piscatory accomplishments the most difficult, both to diagnose and master.

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From photographs by Buck, Bangor, Maine.

LANDING A SALMON.

Verily it is a high art! Hence the salmon-fisher can only become an adept by the widest practical experience. The "Delights of Salmon Angling" are in its study.

Many are the midsummer weeks which I have passed on these changeful rivers, in company with my faithful Indians, Micmac or Iroquois, with no other shelter from the dew or drenching showers than the birch canoe turned over on the river bank and propped by the paddles against the gunwale, with the setting poles tilted over all and covered with waterproofs or bark. Stretched out on a dry mackintosh or peeling of birch, and looking into the rosy heart of a brisk log fire when the night was dark and the weather chilly, one would be apt to forget that there were other conditions and duties of life which were more exacting.

Envious am I, right now, of the "noonings" we had beside the mouths of the cold brooks which flowed into the main river, where a mug of cooled Alsop tasted never so good, or a homely lunch so appetizing. Watch Larry and Catpat now, after a rest, stemming the rapids which almost bear them down, traversing long reaches of quick water where to miss a stroke is to lose a rod, climbing actual falls, say two feet high, holding fast and gaining ground inch by inch until the canoe poises on the curve with her prow at an angle of forty-five, and then by a vigorous shove of both poles together, is shot over into smooth water above. The river gurgles in lugubrious undertone along the bank, where a big bull moose stands waist-deep, motionless, to get relief from the gnats. Presently the listless passenger on the midship bottom of the birch dozes, and blessed sleep becomes an anodyne.

Photograph by T. F. Granam.

THE MOUTH OF THE GODBOUT RIVER, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.
The best of all rivers for scenic attractions and a stated supply of fish.

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MILLER HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEERFIELD BLUE AND WHITE NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY

A REVIVAL OF FEMININE HANDICRAFTS.

By Minnie J. Reynolds.

AN AGED BASKET-MAKER

It is evident to the close observer that a revival of handicrafts, mainly in textiles, and therefore mainly feminine, is in progress in the United States.

It began in Deerfield, that historic Massachusetts town, so incontinent an Indian fighter in its strenuous youth, and in its venerable and beautiful old age the centre of a revival of colonial industries. The "Blue and White Needlework" was the first product of this renaissance. Deerfield has an old academy, a very famous institution in early days,—but that's another story. In it is housed a collection of relics of pioneer days in the Pocomtuck valley, and among them certain old pieces of embroidery, done by the skilful needles of Colonial women. In spite of glass coverings and almost reverential care, stout homespun foundation and imperishable indigo dye, these rare bits of needlework were fading and falling to dust. It was a feeling of patriotic affection that first led Miss Margaret Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller to copy them, so that the work of the Deerfield foremothers should not perish from the earth. The admiration aroused by these copies resulted in the formation of the "Society of Blue and White Needlework," whose little "D," inside its spinning wheel, has within six years become known in every State in the Union.

Miss Whiting and Miss Miller have always furnished the designs, copied or adapted from the old embroideries, which bore an individuality as truly characteristic of the race that produced them, as the potteries of the

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DEERFIELD REED AND PALM BASKETS.

Southwest do of the woman of the Pueblo. Colonial rooms in country mansions receive their finishing touch from the Blue and White Needlework. Tables of millionaires are furnished with it. Four-post Colonial beds are again dressed in curtains and bedspreads like those which "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," loved to see in their blue and white immaculateness. Once more the home-made indigo dye, one of the most imperishable of all dye-stuffs, was produced in Deerfield. Pinks and greens, also, the Deerfield women use, but the distinctively Colonial blue and white has remained the favorite.

The business side of the enterprise is not less interesting than the artistic. There is no "employer," no "commission." Three-tenths of the actual selling price of the article must be kept out to pay the current expenses of the business: postage, express, laundrying and the like. Two-tenths go to the designer, and five-tenths to the needlewoman. These Deerfield women have put in practice one of the finest little coöperative schemes known, and the volume of business transacted by its simple machinery is surprising.

Another group of women workers in Deerfield is making baskets, and still another rag-rugs, woven on a hand-loom. Inspired by the success of the women, some of the

A GROUP OF DEERFIELD BASKET-MAKERS.

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men of Deerfield are now producing some excellent hand-work in wood and brass. There is a "Village Room" in Deerfield, a club room established in memory of a much loved Deerfield woman, Martha Gould Pratt; and here the Deerfield handicraftsmen hold an exhibit each Summer which is attended by lovers of the arts and crafts from far and near.

The most recent of all developments of the handicraft movement is the Cranberry Rug Industry. Southwest of Mt. Desert lie two rocky little islets, the Cranberry Islands. Some New York women, spending last summer in that vicinity, took note of the "hooked rugs," made by the women of the little fishing villages there. An association was formed, of which Mrs. Seth Low is treasurer, to promote the "Cranberry Rug Industry." Miss Amy Hicks, a New York artist, and a most clever craftsman, was engaged to supervise and direct the work, and the village women are now making rugs from her designs. Some of the rugs displayed at the recent exhibit of the Arts and Crafts guild in New York were most interesting. The worker takes burlap for her foundation; cuts her rags—which are new—into tiny strips, one-fourth of an inch wide, and pulls them through the mesh with her hook. No knot is used, the rug being firm and close enough without. The design is painted on the foundation with bluing or dyestuff, and the surface of the completed rug clipped with shears. Dyeing of the rags with vegetable dyes is an important part of the work, as in all handicrafts. Miss Hicks has in mind certain conventionalized designs adapted from the natural scenery of the region—waves, pine-trees, and rocky shores—which will give the work individuality.

WEAVING A SABATOS RUG FOUNDATION.

In the Cranberry Industry, one-third of the selling price goes to the designer, one-third to the craftsman, and one-third to the expense account. The Cranberry rug sells for forty cents a square foot. It is quite similar to the now famous Abnakee rug, which Mrs. Helen R. Albee developed in the same way,—by the supplying of artistic models and the securing of a market—out of the old-fashioned "Pulled Rug" of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire coast.

Up in Centre Lovell, Maine, Mr. Douglas Volk, the New York artist, and his family have discovered a mine of interest in the development of the native handicrafts which they found surviving in the region round about their country home. The development of the Sabatos rug, from one made in the neighborhood, has been the particular work and pride of Mrs. Volk. It is a pulled rug, but made of yarn, not rags. The yarn is pulled through a firm foundation woven by the women, and then knotted, like Oriental rugs. Indigo blue and dull madders are favorite colors for the body of the rugs, with the designs worked in fawn or dove shades. The Sabatos resembles a Kurdish rug, and, to the eye of the layman, seems as beautiful in coloring, texture and workmanship, as the Oriental product. Mr. Volk has been supplying the designs, mainly conventionalized Indian motives. A Sabatos rug, three by five feet, will sell for $25, and more orders are now going into the little Maine village than can be filled. Centre

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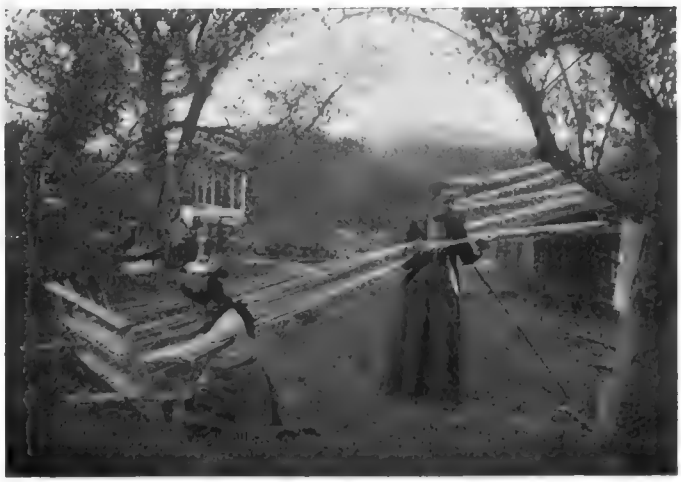


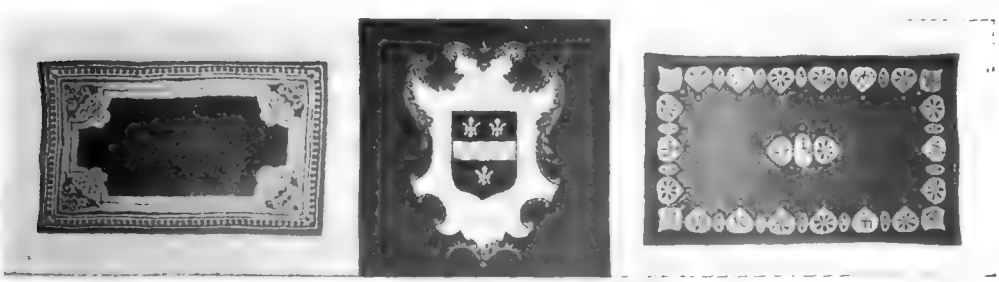
WARPING THE WEB FOR A SABATOS RUG BEFORE HARNESSING IT TO THE LOOM.

Lovell women are also weaving and selling woollen and linen fabrics, suitable for curtains, portieres, draperies, coverings for couches, tables, and the like; and they are experimenting now on a woollen dress material which will cost $1.50 or $2.00 a yard. Their decorative materials cost $2.50 a yard, making the selling price of portieres $15 a pair. These fabrics attract artists, a number of whom have ordered them for house and studio furnishings; and as they are particularly suitable for Summer cottages, many wealthy people have bought them for that purpose. The people who are engaged in this work are an intelligent and well-to-do farming class, and the women are using yarn made from the wool raised on their own farms.

Besides this textile work, two men are making attractive baskets; another carves paper knives from apple wood most cleverly; and a farmer blacksmith is turning out ornamental brass hinges and the like at his forge. The little exhibit held by the Centre Lovell craftsmen last August, although their first attempt, was attended by about three hundred people from various points, interested in arts and crafts; and an annual exhibit and a crafts house are in contemplation.

Mr. Volk insists that, quality for quality, goods can be produced more cheaply by hand than by machine, provided you deal with the workman direct, eliminating the profits of several middlemen.

A "Tapestry Settlement" is one of the interesting developments of the near future in the American handicrafts movement. It will be organized by a firm which has recently opened a store on Fortieth Street, in New York, in which they carry only hand-made goods. For the location, they desire a place where wool is raised, and where there are women who still spin and weave. Such a place they can find in both Ohio and West Virginia, and they will locate during the coming Summer in one of those States. They will offer a price for certain fabrics, woven according to their requirements, which will make a better market for the wool than the farmers are now obtaining. Then they will send an instructor among the weavers, to furnish designs and improve methods. This instructor they have already secured, in the person of a woman who has made a study of tapestry in Europe. They will seek to produce all kinds of textiles but the crown of the industry will be the tapestry, for the promoters hope to establish here an industry in which American craftswomen shall rival in time the products of Gobelin, Beauvais and Abusson. The



SABATOS RUGS, DESIGNED AND MADE IN CENTRE LOVELL, MAINE.

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same methods, of course, will be followed, as there is but one way of making tapestry. No European designs will be followed; American life, scenery and history will be used.

To produce the quality in a hand-made thing which makes it different from anything a machine can produce,—the quality which appeals to the cultivated and wealthy patron,—a different kind of workman is required. The machine worker is part of the machine, spending his life in the fearful monotony of making one small portion of an article. The craftsman makes the entire thing, and in so doing has a conception of it as a whole, and embodies in it something of his own individuality. When he is an art craftsman, you get those marvels of wood carving and pottery, textiles and embroideries, which take their place as veritable works of art.

The machine must, of course, always supply the masses with the thousands of things in daily use. But side by side with the machine, there seems to exist a rich market for the artistic hand-made thing; in the making of which women, so largely the craftsmen of the primitive world, may find a necessary increase of income without resigning that home life which is so fearfully sacrificed by the woman in the business world, and without adding further to the millions who flock to the cities.

HERSELF AND HIMSELF.

By William Bulfin ("Che Buono").

Illustrated by J. B. Grafe.

He sat down under the shade of the verandah and taking off his soft felt hat, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand, and then ran his fingers vigorously through his grey hair, combing it against the grain. His face told you many things, amongst others the following: that he was over fifty years of age; that he was of the Irish race; and there was grit in him; that he was flurried and in a bad humour; that something of an unpleasant and exasperating nature was crossing his mind, causing him to frown and scowl in a way that was not at all encouraging. While one of the darkest frowns was on his brow, a figure came into the open door of the dining-room, in front of which he was sitting. A solid, matronly figure it was, of a woman still lingering in the Autumn of middle age, but with many a silver streak in her thick, brown hair. There were lines across the white brow and a look of pain in the kindly hazel eyes, and on the sweet though homely face lay the shadow of sorrow. There they remained for full two minutes, neither of them speaking, Herself and Himself, man and wife, the partners of more than half a lifetime, sharers in the weal or woe which had come to them, sharers now, to all appearances, in a common misfortune.

"Were you far?" asked Herself at length.

Himself frowned a dark and sullen frown and mumbled something about having been "far enough." It was not polite, but Herself did not show any sign of resentment. She meekly and silently turned away and went indoors.

Himself remained sitting under the verandah, evidently a prey to unhappy meditations. Through the rifts in the leafy screen of the aromas and eucalyptus groves he could see broad stretches of the level camp beyond. Through the long vistas of the peach orchard behind him the camp breezes came in from the South and fanned him. In the branches of the tall poplars near by the doves were cooing the soft, low, flute-like coos which always seem to be a prelude to some sweet dirge for a love that is lost. There was no other intrusion on the silence. Quiet, warm Summer quiet, lay all around. The distant corrals, the large *galpones* (wool sheds) the wing of the buildings where the men ate and slept, all were steeped in sun-glare and silence. The dogs slept peacefully under the verandah, the fowls lay quietly in their cool nest of clay under the peach trees, the stately chief of the turkey family was off duty and lay dreamily on his side amongst his people, solemnly holding his tongue, and, for the moment, troubling no one but himself with

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the conception of his individual importance. It was a scene good to look at. It spoke of comfort, order, industry, thrift and prosperity. But Himself, as he contemplated it, showed no sign of appreciation although he was the lord of all he surveyed: it was all of his own making. He had found it years ago a gentle sloping swell of the bosom of the Pampa, treeless, houseless, bare of all save the grasses; and now, after all the years, amidst all the fruits of his endeavor, he sat there brooding in sullen anger.

At length turning his head an inch or two towards the open door, he asked:

"Are you there?"

"I am," came back the answer from Herself in even, quiet tones as she came forth from the house. Himself now put his elbows on his knees and looking away into the distance, he said:

"I'm goin' to put a stop to this nonsense once for all. I'll fix them scamps before they know where they are. They think they can defy me, because the law of the land, bad luck to it, gives them the right to squander a certain share of what we made by the sweat of our brows, you and me, but I'll go to a country where the law lets a man do what he likes with his own."

He paused, but Herself said nothing, although the pensive melancholy on her face grew visibly more intense.

"Yes," went on Himself presently, "you and me—we slaved, year in, year out, to get the price of a bit of land together, and if we prospered we deserved it."

"God was very good to us," said Herself. "We thought more about His goodness them times than we did after. Maybe that's the reason——"

"No it isn't," broke in Himself, glaring round at her. "You are comin' over what the priest hinted at the other day. Don't be a parrot, woman. I think meself just as good a man now, that I own four leagues of land, as I was when I only owned half a flock of sheep. It's the divilment that is in the country-borns that's changed things, and not us that's changed."

"God knows!" said Herself sighing.

"I know," insisted Himself. "Dang well I know where the trouble is. It's the curse that's on the country and everything born in it is cursed. We'll leave it. I'm not goin' to wait to be bullied by the sons we reared and brought to law by the scamps that have turned on me now like over-fed dogs. I'll sell out and go home, and then let them bully me if they dare. I'll give them a come-up before they feel."

Herself only sighed, and supporting her chin with her right hand looked sorrowfully at the ground.

"I'm not goin' to stand it any longer," continued Himself doggedly, looking at his toes and harping back to the same idea. There's the sons we reared goin' to the dogs. The three girls married to please themselves and you more than me. I told you so at the time. Give in to them now, says I, and they'll walk on you by and by. And they are tryin' to do it."

"Did he think I was goin' to stand that from him before his blackguard companions?"

"Indeed they're not," remonstrated Herself. "They have their own share of trouble, have the girls, one and all of them, without makin' it for us."

"Then why are they takin' sides with the boys against me?"

"They are not sidin' with the boys—what can they do, if the boys go to them?—sure they can't turn them out?" said Herself, with a break in her voice and tearless agony twitching her strong, brave face.

"That's right," growled Himself, "stand up for them. They'll stand up for you, will they? A nice way they're doin' it. Here we are in our old days with an empty house—

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without one of them we reared to stay in it and do their duty. Tell me, how long ago is it since Tom was here last?"

"He left last Tuesday was five weeks," replied Herself, covering her face with her hands and leaning against one of the pillars of the verandah.

"He did, and ever since he's been spongin' from Bridget's to Mary's and from Mary's to Ellen's. James left here two days ago because I called him a lazy good-for-nothing, to be lyin' in bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' and—and never a foot he'll put across that door again while I own it!" said Himself, raising his voice and stamping his foot.

"The shock drove the anger out of his heart."

Herself shivered and moaned as she leaned against the pillar, her head turned away from him.

"I know where he was more or less," went on Himself, the hot anger which stormed in his heart showing itself in every line of his stern face and ringing in every tone of his voice. "I knew where to find him and I followed him today after breakfast. 'It's the first time he done this,' I said to myself, 'and I'll not have it happen again.' In a month or two more Frankey will be comin' home from school and he'll be led astray with bad example, unless I regulate, right off the reel, with this brat——"

"Oh, Jim, Jim," pleaded Herself, "don't call the boy out of his name, don't. I can't bear it."

"Can't you! Well, you'll have to bear worse than that. Wait a minnit until you hear about your promising pet. I found him, where I looked for him, down at Dunlen's playing cards with a crew of blackguards from the *pulperia*.* I told him to get up at once and come home with me and he refused. He said a word to me, the hound! that he'll remember to his dyin' day."

"Oh, me boy! me boy!" sobbed Herself, the big tears coming through her fingers. "Oh, Mary Mother, strengthen us!"

"No man livin' will put shame upon me before others and get off scot-free. The sneakin', cat-faced coward! did he think he could tell me to go behanged and let him alone—his very words? Did he think I was goin' to stand that from him before his buck-toe and other blackguard companions? If he did, he made a big mistake. I just stepped across the floor of the ranch and measured him with my whip handle—once, twice, left and right, a slash over each impudent eye——"

"Oh, Jim—Jim—I'm dyin'!" gasped Herself, as she threw her arms about her husband's neck and fell senseless on his knees. She would have fallen like a log at his feet on the hard tiles, were it not that his strong embrace held her. He was dumbfounded—utterly stupefied—for the moment, and it was only by instinct he held her. The shock drove the anger out of his heart and when it beat again it was with mingled throbs of love and fear and despair. Himself had never suspected, because he had been too passionate to notice it, that his words were wounding her to the very soul. And now, gazing on her still face, he thought she was dead. Herself had never fainted before and that is why Himself believed the worst. He did not with all his knowledge of Herself realize the patient, silent, uncomplaining heroism which she had shown in suffering heartache from day to day and trying to conceal it to the very last. So Himself could not see the collapse in any other light than that of death. Dead! Limp, and white, and dead! Herself lying there in his arms, but, at the same time, gone away from him! gone away while he was cursing the children she had borne him—gone without a word of farewell, leaving him all alone to go through the rest of his life without her. It was a horrible thought; and Himself cried out hoarsely in terror and pain as it stabbed at his stubborn breast. His cries brought assistance. Soon there were a dozen people about him. They woke him from his stupor and persuaded him to let them carry Herself inside. The only women folk there were Magdalena, the cook, her daughter, and the wife of the cart-man; but they knew what to do, and brought Herself back to life.

**Pulperia* is a camp store, a mixture of grocery, drapery, hardware shop, post-office, drinking saloon, etc., etc.

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When she opened her eyes, Himself was standing over her and called to her by name and caught her right hand in both his own. But she knew him not, and the words she spoke were these:

"Are the children all asleep? Cover them up snug for the night is cold. It's freezin'."

"Bridget, Bridget, don't you know me?" said Himself, stooping over her and speaking in a frightened half-whisper. "It's me, Bridget. Don't you know me? Don't you know who's in it?"

"Whist!" she said. "Is that little Jamsey that's awake? I think I hear him cryin'. It is him, the poor little thing! He must be sick;" and she tried feebly to rise from off the bed in which they had laid her. The effort exhausted her and she closed her eyes again and lay back with a piteous moan.

Himself stared aghast at the faces of those about him in the mute instinctive appeal for aid or hope which a stricken spirit makes in its despair. Owney, the *galpon* man and *estancia* butcher, who was in the room by right of his twenty years' connection with the family, tip-toed in his ponderous and blood-stained top-boots across the room to a corner and imperiously beckoned to Himself to come to him. Owney had known Himself at home in Ireland as a boy and man, had been a neighbor of his when Himself first went to herd sheep in the old pioneer days of the West, and had been more or less in touch with him ever since. Owney could have been rich also if he had the knack of getting on. As it was, however, he was poor and only a peon, one of those who had lost the race and remained behind—no matter why. But poor and shaggy though he was, with the odor of half-dried cow-hides and sheepskins heavy upon him, he understood many things, for his heart was in the right place.

"You never gave your boys a chance."

"I'd send for the boys an' girls if I was you," said Owney when Himself came within whispering range. "That's what will bring her to. Her heart's stuck in thim childhre, an' the sight of 'em will cheer her up. I think I'll go an' give 'em word."

Himself said nothing. He was thinking of the two whip cuts which he had given Herself's favorite son two hours previously, and also of how he had forbidden the youth ever to set foot in the house again. But it was on that very son's name Herself had called just now. Himself was an obstinate, self-willed man but what could he do?

"I'll be off then?" said Owney, tiptoeing thunderously towards the door.

Himself nodded.

"An' I'll tell some of them out here," said Owney, jerking his thumb toward the *galpon*, "to go for the priest an' docthor."

"Yes, do, Owney," said Himself eagerly, "an' don't lose a second. Tell the priest to come as soon as he can—send the coach for him——" and he gave Owney a shower of orders for the people outside. Then he went back and knelt at his wife's bedside.

"Huh! you're tame enough now, so y'are, me lad!" said Owney as he galloped off on his errand. "You bullied and ballyragged your childhre until you broke that woman's heart. That's what is amiss with Herself. She's heart-broke. All the girls are married and the boys runnin' wild over the counthry because you won't give them fair play. Dang it, can't you make some allowance for them bein' a bit wild? Worn't you wild yourself? 'Deed an' you were. You sowed your wild oats, me b'y, as well as another. And now when your own sons wants to have a little liberty, you're down on thim, an' chawin' and proddin' at thim night and mornin'. While Herself had any of the girls left she could bear up agin it purty well. But afther Mary gettin' married you could, see the change. She had no one to console with, thin. When the girls go away from a mother, she's bet—she falls to pieces entirely, so she does, especially if she meets the trouble that Herself had for the last year an' a half." And Owney flogged his horse to half speed on his way to find "the boys and girls."

There was a family reunion around Herself's bed late that night and for days and days afterwards, for Herself was very bad indeed. Three nights and days she hovered between life and death. During that time she would start every now and then from a troubled slumber and say that she heard

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little Jamsey crying; and every time this happened, a tall, broad-shouldered young man would bend toward her and put his arm around her neck and lay his cheek against hers and whisper: "I'm all right, mother, don't be troubling yourself about me."

The voice invariably soothed her, for this grown-up athlete was the baby of her evil dreams. And under the rich brown locks which fell over his white forehead were two red welts—the marks of his father's anger. Himself was there, too, red-eyed, haggard, silent. He came and went from the sick room, his hands behind his back, his head bent, avoiding as much as possible all speech or intercourse with everybody.

"He's dang well ashamed of himself," said Owney to his black pipe up in the *galpon*. "That's what's amiss with him His pride is 'umbled now, an' he knows it. Only he won't give in. He sees that it's all his doin's or mostly all, an' that's pulling the heart strings out of him if he'd only acknowledge it. I know him. He's the very spit out of his uncle Larry—the proudest ould paycock that ever stepped an' as obstinate as a pig—although not a bad soart of a man at bottom; but God help this man if Herself goes. If anything happens to her it's all up with him."

Just then under the verandah, on the very spot where Herself had fallen, were assembled three men. Himself was confronting the priest and doctor and hearing the good news that Herself was weathering the storm. It was the priest's opinion that Himself asked first.

"What do you say, Father? Tell me the whole of it. We're old friends. We've known one and other for thirty year and more. Is there any chance?"

"With the help of God," said the priest solemnly, "there is hope and great hope for her now."

The doctor confirmed this good news. He said that when Herself next woke she would be conscious. The doctor was asked by Himself for the third or fourth time, since Herself was stricken down, if he could tell what the trouble was. The doctor could not do so. He spoke of nervous prostration, a run-down system, a possible shock, etc., etc., etc. The explanation left Himself—as it found him—with his own thoughts on the subject. On one point, however, science was definite and positive. Herself, on recovering consciousness, must be most carefully tended; everything must be made pleasant for her; the slightest anxiety or shock or annoyance might be fatal. And then science got into its four-horse coach and was driven away.

"She won't wake for two hours yet," said the priest to Himself. "Will you walk down under the trees with me where we can be all alone? I have a few words to say to you."

Together the two men went out under the eucalyptus. Together they walked up and down while the time slipped by.

Owney, going back from the house to his *galpon* after hearing the good news, saw the two figures walking to and fro under the trees and drew his own conclusions.

"I'll bet me life," said honest Owney, communing with his inner consciousness, "I'll bet anything you plaze that His Reverence is walkin' into him—an' more power to him! Pitch into him well, Father. He wants it. Lave him as limp as a dishrag. It's time, so it is, to tell that man what's what!"

And it is exactly what His Reverence was doing, however Owney came to surmise it, being only a man in the *galpon* and a ne'er-do-well.

"Don't tell me," the priest was saying, "that it is all your children's fault. Where's the use of saying that when your conscience tells you another story? Look! Be honest with yourself, man alive. You won't regret it! The fault that a man acknowledges to himself is half cured. You never gave your boys a chance to be men. Why don't you let them marry? Why don't you give them a way of living? They're not children any longer. Treat them as men and not as curs. Trust them. Give them something to do. Show them that you want to regard them as confidential friends and not as servants to your whim. Look here! You, and many men like you, with the very best of intentions, are ruining the youth of the community. You never give them a chance. You are eternally nagging at them, telling them that they are nothing, that they're no good,—not Irish, not decent, not worth a straw, and you keep a grip on your property to the very last, never giving the lads a chance of showing what is in them—never trusting them. I tell you that's wrong. If you cow people and tell them they're no good and that they can never be any good, they won't try to be anything. And besides, half the young fellows growing up

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would be just as good as the old people, and maybe better than some of them, and just as Irish spirited, and maybe more so, if they were shown fair play. But no. You must hold on to the last, and show authority, and uphold what is a mistaken notion of dignity. You don't correct the child when he is small and when he grows up you want to enslave him! What can you expect? If the children were the offspring of cowards and slaves and mean weaklings I would expect them to bow down and be like dogs; but as they are the children of warm-blooded, brave honest men and women, I can only expect them to rebel against injustice."

And for an hour and more this torrent went on. Himself listened to it meekly. It was good for him and he knew it.

"Come now," said the priest at length, taking him by the arm. "Be a new man by the time she wakes. Go back and tell her that you'll meet the boys halfway. The boys themselves will come more than halfway to meet you, for they're real good fellows with all their little faults—faults that they may blame yourself for; mind that. Won't you do as I say now, James? Promise me: won't you?"

"I will, old friend, I will, an' God bless you for openin' my eyes," said Himself; and then they went back to the house. As they re-entered the sick room they found a stir there—Herself was sitting up in the bed, and they were all around her. She knew them at last.

"And how did yez all come?" she was saying. "An' where did yez leave the childhre (alluding to her grand-children) and is this you, James, and you, Tom? and where's Himself?"

"I'm here," said Himself. "Shake hands, namesake," he went on, stretching out his right hand across the bed to James, who caught it in astonishment. Himself held it and shook it. "Do you see that, Bridget?" he asked, looking at Herself.

"Oh! thanks be to God, I do!" was all Herself could say.

"Very well," said Himself. "Let bygones be bygones between the whole of us—girls and boys. Are yez all satisfied?"

They were; and in their women's way the women's eyes moistened and then there were women's tears.

"I didn't know I was hard on yez," continued Himself. "I thought I was doin' it for the best. I'm sorry now—and—well I'll try to make up for it, if God spares me."

"Good man!" said the priest.

Four days later, in the evening glory, when the shadows were lengthening to their fullest on the warm earth, and the bleating of home-coming flocks was in the air and the scent of the new alfalfa came on the breezes, an old couple sat under the verandah. The golden splendor of the sunset came in from the West under the eucalyptus and aroma branches in level streams, and shone upon them and around them as they talked. The man was telling the woman what arrangements he proposed making "to give the boys a chance of doing something on their own account," and she was listening to it all and approving of the plans in every detail and particular. It was Herself and Himself. They were beginning to face the evening of life in the right way—in the way Herself had always wished—in the way Himself had learned at last by God's goodness and through his love for her which, through all the vicissitudes of the years and all the errors of his pride and obstinacy had never wavered or faltered.

"'Do you see that, Bridget?' he asked, looking at Herself."

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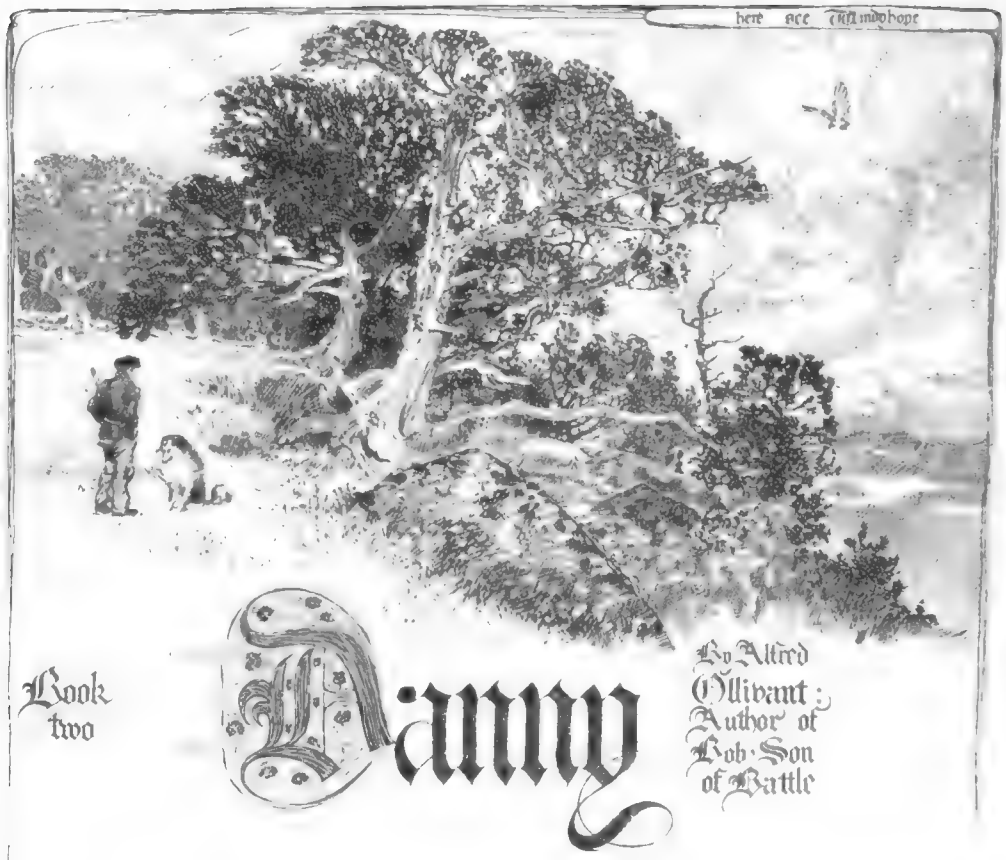

CHAPTER ONE

THE APOSTATE

THE house of Heriot had fallen from its aforetime great estate, still the Laird ruled his people as his fathers had ruled them before him—a just rule, but a rule that knows no mercy, always intolerant, not often proved intolerable; and the first and last statute of it, irrevocable for ever, that so long as a Heriot rules in Hepburn, so long there shall be no dissent in the parish from Orthodoxy.

And Orthodoxy, according to the Heriots, is Orthodoxy according to the Kirk Militant of Hepburn. Simplicity is the key-note of that Kirk, and the responsibility of the Laird. In Hepburn there is no pale Liberty of Conscience, no Comprehension with or without Compromise. A man is a Hepburnian or a heretic; and if a heretic, he is no dweller in Hepburn.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept from an admirer, Andie Campbell, the gift of a beautiful sheep dog, which she calls her "babe," on condition that the difference between manslaughter and murder be strictly observed. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of this distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male dog," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and dies, and then Robin and Deborah Awe, in vain trying to comfort the stricken "babe," plead together with the Laird who, proving not too "grim" to be touched by Danny's pathetic affection for an old slipper of his lost Missie, takes the "wee man" into his heart and forever becomes his champion—or "familiar," according to Simon Ogg, a poacher, whose father the Laird had accidentally killed at the time of Simon's birth. Now Danny, for being a warden, is hated by Simon, and for being a poacher is hated by Joliff, warden for an English "fool-man." So Danny, with a price on his head, is trapped by Simon, simple tool of Tony, the fool-man, by whose orders also Joliffe, attempts to shoot the dog. But Tony's young wife, coming to the rescue and carrying Danny to her own home, the latter thinks he has found his Missie at last. As soon as he is sent home Danny proves Simon a poacher, whereupon the Laird sends the latter to a "Home" in the South Land.

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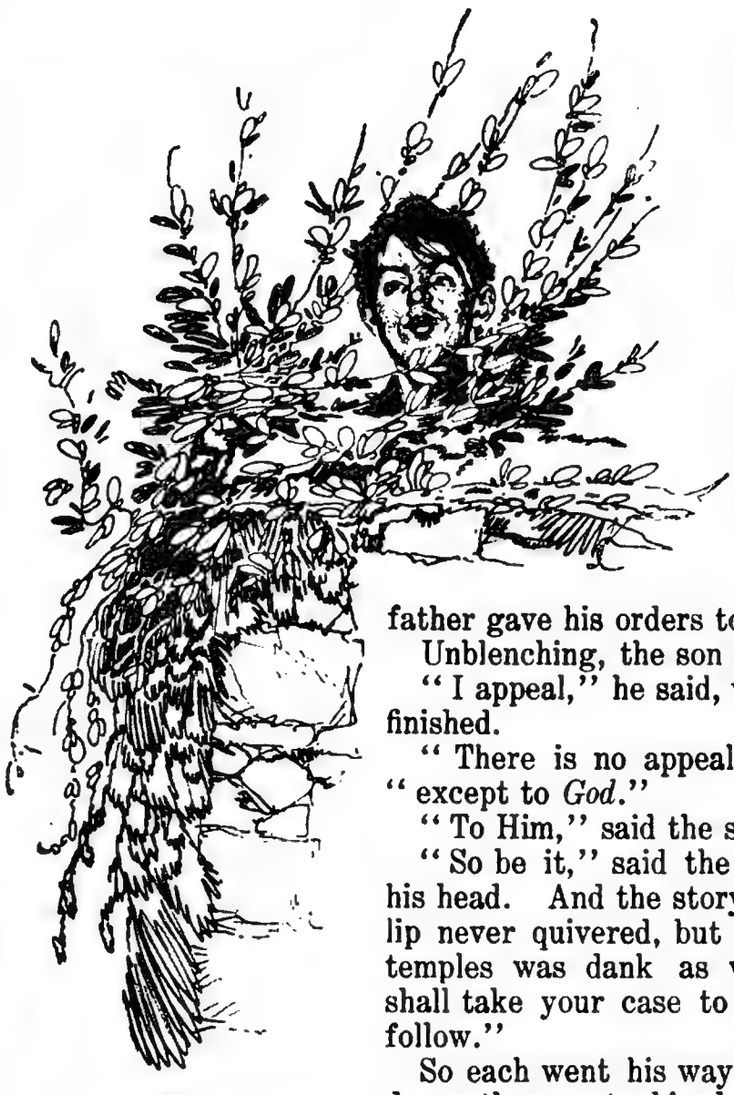
"This Kirk will never founder on the question of a candle," so once said the Heriot of this history. Authority is with the Laird, and with the Laird alone. Beyond him there is no appeal except to heaven; and from the day that on his deathbed his father had bequeathed to him in trust the task of dragging the parish to salvation at his chariot-wheels, the Laird had done his part faithfully; and the part had come natural to him.

In the days of Missie, indeed, the Heriot Hand relaxed as never before in history. But when she died, the grip of the iron hand closed as in death. The last of his race, with no hope ever of successor, the Laird set himself resolutely to leaving his people as they had been left to him—the trust of centuries—their heads straight for salvation.

On Sabbaths he marched to Kirk, he and Danny, as a martinet to parade. His short cloak swept about him, he stalked up the aisle, numbered his flock with grim discerning eye, nodded to the clerk, and the Liturgy as authorized by the Lairds of Hepburn these six hundred years began; while Danny stayed in the porch without, inexorable in courtesy as in resolution, and kept the door against the laggards.

Once only in history had there been a revolt against Orthodoxy. It was in the days of John Knox; and the apostate was no other than a Heriot, affirming, in the stubborn Heriot way, that he had found the sure way to salvation, and thenceforth intended to go it.



"LIKE A SUNFLOWER AMONG THE HONEYSUCKLE."

Forthwith the Laird of the day, father of the apostate, tramped down from the hall; he with his men of war stood at the rowan-tree gate of the Kirk-garth, and there, before them all, read forth the Declaration of Faith, proclaimed his son a Heretic, and, turning, nailed his written name against the iron-studded door of the Kirk; and, turning again to the people herded beneath him in the muddy way, lifted his bleak face to the bleaker sky and "vomited him forth, Andrew, only-born to me, from Kirk and habitation, to be from this day an outlaw and an outcast from among my people; that whoso harbors him shall suffer death; and whoso finds him shall deliver into my hand, that I may deal with him justly, and without mercy."

That night the son presented himself, unsought, before his father in the Justice hall.

"I have come to tell you," said the son, "that you are lost," and began an exposition of his new-found faith.

The father heard him out, dumb as the day without; then spoke.

"Will ye conform?" he asked.

"My soul is my own," said the son.

"Through your body," said the father, "I can save your soul; and what I can that I will."

Stiff-lipped, stiff-haired, the father gave his orders to the man in red.

Unblenching, the son hearkened.

"I appeal," he said, when the Laird had finished.

"There is no appeal," said the father, "except to *God*."

"To Him," said the son, "I appeal."

"So be it," said the father, and bowed his head. And the story goes that the stiff lip never quivered, but the hair about his temples was dank as with rain. "You shall take your case to *God* in person. I follow."

So each went his way, grim, stiff-lipped, dour; the one to his death, and the other to his duty; and neither faltered.

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CHAPTER TWO.

THE KIRK-BREAKER.

ALL were looking to the death of the Laird for release from the weight of the Heriot Hand. Some there were, indeed, who were for throwing off the mailed hand before the hand within the mail was dead; and, of these, Simon found his Minnie was the leader.

Now Simon fell in with the new mood of Hepburn and his home gladly. In his four years' absence the lad had grown in experience, if not in wisdom. He knew now that there was another world outside Hepburn, and that in that world (which was still this) there was no compulsory Kirk-keeping, and therefore no Kirk-breaking and penalties. Religion, he had found in that fat South Land, was the luxury of the rich. A poor man had no religion, unless, indeed, it was made worth his while with blankets. In Hepburn there was no religion and no blankets; and this—so Simon argued in the ale-house, when Robin was not there—was demonstrably blethers.

The village agreed heartily, and congratulated the mother of Simon on the lad's return.

"And now he will do what his Minnie gars him," said she, wolf-eyed. "I'm his Minnie yet, for all his imbesillies!" and eyed her son, slouching in the corner.

"What'll ye bid him?" asked the inquisitive.

"Ye'll see the Sabbath," said the dark Woman, and nodded.

They did see the Sabbath; for on that day, which was the first Sabbath after his home-coming, Simon, coerced of his Minnie, broke his Kirk.

The village waited in awe. So in his heart did Simon.

As the Kirk-bell tolled its last, and at the street end he heard the great gates clang familiarly and knew that the Laird was stalking down the road like a grim wind and, with downward eyes, the Keeper of the Door at his heels, a horror seized him.

He thrust his head over the garden wall, and it was like a sunflower among the honeysuckle. There, marching down the centre of the road, with massive chest and lover's eyes, unchanged for his four years' warfare save for a grayness of muzzle and maybe an added stolidity of gait, came the Keeper of the Door, but no grim Laird.

Simon, drunk with relief, rose to his feet, and reeled out into the road, shouting like one possessed. At the noise, Danny looked up, stopped, and saw.

Simon leaned towards him.

"I'll gar you murder my father!" he cried, thumb to his nose. "You and your bletherin' Honor!"

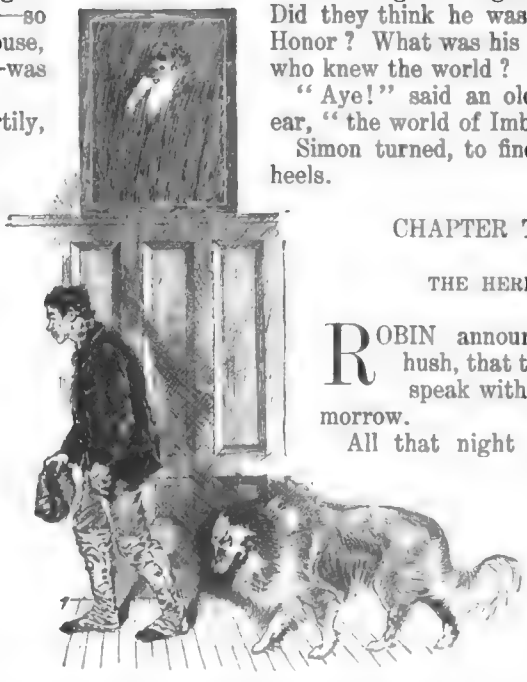
The bell ceased, and Danny turned into the porch.

Later, the village trooped out to Simon and told him he need not be afraid, for his Honor had not kept his Kirk.

Simon feigned indignation. Afraid? Did they think he was feared of his Honor? What was his Honor to one who knew the world?

"Aye!" said an old voice at his ear, "the world of Imbesillies."

Simon turned, to find Robin at his heels.



"TRAILED AWAY IN AMAZE, DANNY COURTEOUS AT HIS HEELS."

CHAPTER THREE.

THE HERETIC.

ROBIN announced, amid a hush, that the Laird would speak with Simon on the morrow.

All that night and the next morning his Minnie primed Simon with liquor and with lies, rehearsing him his part.

Simon was left at the door of the gaunt house alone.

Deborah Awe opened to him, fierce-eyed, lank; and escorted him without a word to the door of the hall.

"You will find his Honor changed," she

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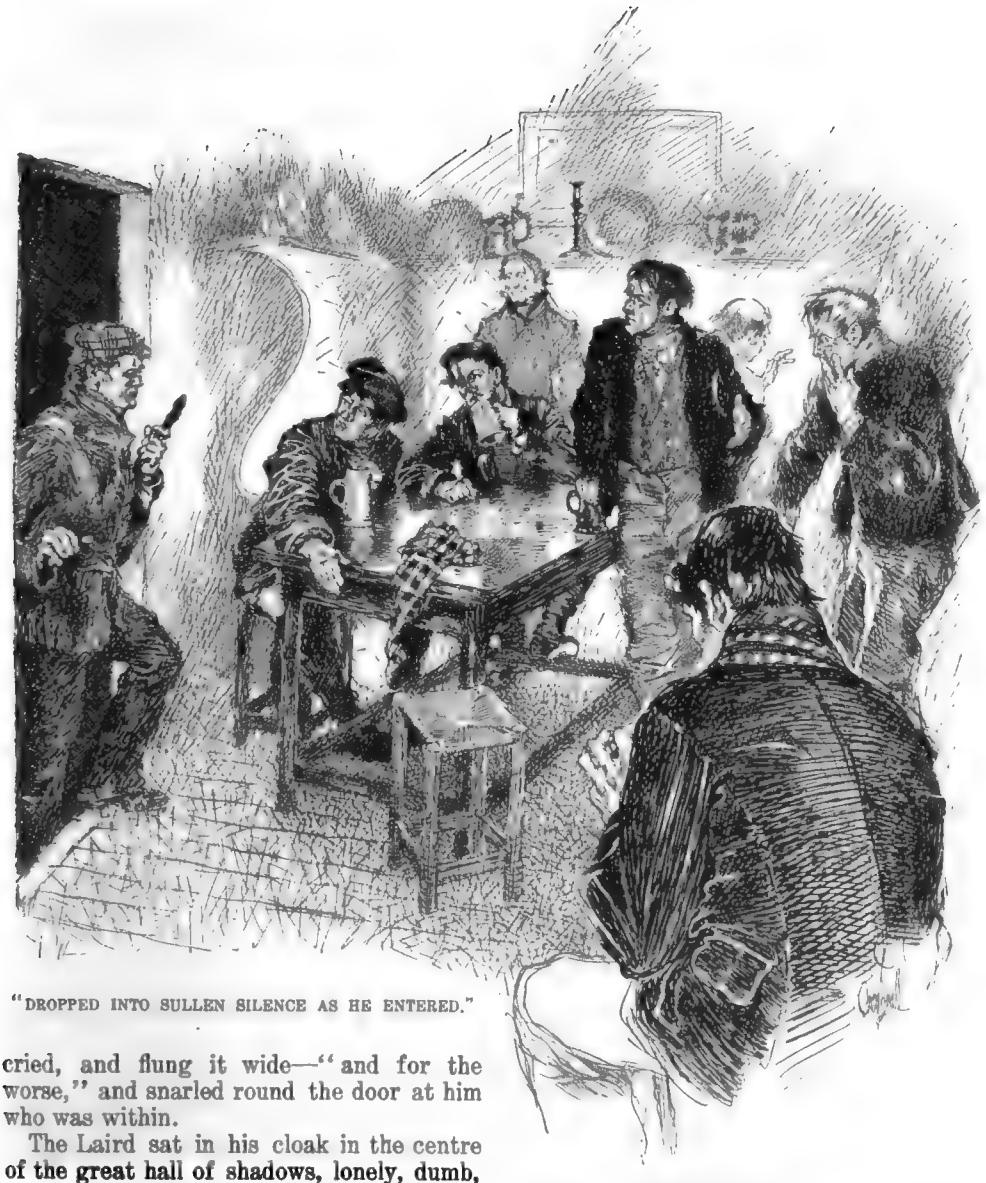

"DROPPED INTO SULLEN SILENCE AS HE ENTERED."

cried, and flung it wide—"and for the worse," and snarled round the door at him who was within.

The Laird sat in his cloak in the centre of the great hall of shadows, lonely, dumb, twining gray fingers. The light from the high hall window fell on the bleak face uplifted, seamed the wide eyes that looked not nor appeared aware of Simon standing against the panelled door.

The silence fell on Simon to appal him. He snorted like a frightened horse; he sought his voice, and at last found it.

"Hillo-o-oh, old Billie!" he bellowed.

A minute passed, and the shout ceased rolling in the roof.

"Have ye anything further to say," asked the Laird, mild, terrible man.

Simon shifted his feet.

"I was there," he said at last, sullenly.

"Where?" asked the Laird.

"Where you was not," said Simon with spirit. "Keepin' my Kirk."

"Indeed," said the Laird, and looked at him. "Consider again a bit."

Simon considered.

"A—well," he said cautiously, "whisper! Who tell't Mr. Heriot I was none there?"

At that there crept forth from beneath the Laird's chair and sat down upon the

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stone-flagged floor confronting him a witness in gray, with hoary muzzle and truth-compelling eyes.

Simon looked at Danny, who sat beside the Laird's chair and throbbed comfortably, with mouth a little open and eyes a little shut, and began to titter.

"And so," said the Laird, "ye thought the best way of keeping the first Sabbath after your home-coming was to break your Kirk?"

"It was Minnie egged me on," Simon retorted.

"Ah!" said the Laird. "I thought she'd be at the bottom of it," and sat back with closed eyes, lost in thought, then looked up.

"Have you anything further to say for yourself?" he asked at length.

Simon, according to his mother's instructions, fell back upon the first of the old-time lies. He mumbled that he was afflicted.

The Laird donned huge, horned spectacles, fumbled among his papers, and found one.

"I have here," he said, peering at it, "a letter from the doctor at the Home, certifying that you're temporarily sane."

He regarded Simon over the rims of the spectacles, and Simon said nothing.

"Ye must find a better lie than that, my lad," said the Laird, and returned the paper.

Simon fell back on the second of the old lies—the Laird had killed his father.

"Well, I'll tell you this," said the Laird, "as it's time you should know. Your father never earned an honest penny in his life. But since his death he's been earning you a crown a week and the best cottage on the estate."

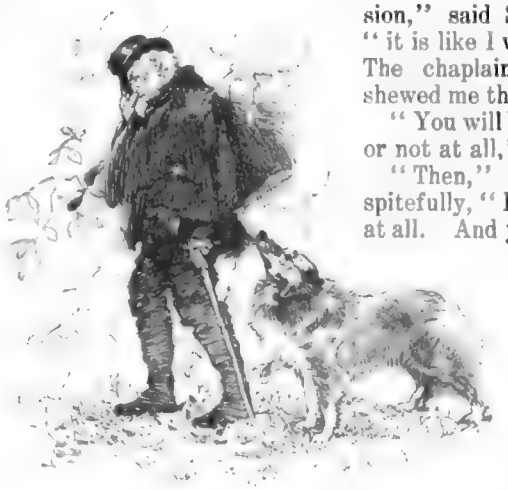
"The crown ne'er comes my way," said honest Simon. "And as to the cottage, it's none so good, but it might be better. It's because of the cottage," Simon went on, "I broke my Kirk. I had the trouble on me sore because of the hole in the roof."

"There are no holes in the Kirk," said the Laird. "It would have been healthfuller for you there."

Simon pondered.

"It's agin my conscience to keep your Kirks," he said sullenly.

"I am Keeper of your Conscience," said the Laird.



"A DAY OF AUTUMN AND DEAD LEAVES."

"If I follow your persuasion," said Simon doggedly, "it is like I will not be saved. The chaplain in the Home shewed me that."

"You will be saved my way, or not at all," said the Laird.

"Then," snapped Simon spitefully, "I will not be saved at all. And you are responsible."

"I am so," said the Laird, "while you bide in my parish."

He turned and wrote at a table, and, turning again, handed the youth a paper.

"What's this?" asked Simon.

"Notice," said the Laird.

"To quit?" cried Simon.

"Aye," said the Laird. "You and your Minnie at the week end," and sat back with closed eyes.

As Simon trailed away in amaze, Danny courteous at his heels to show him out, the grim voice pursued him.

"I sent for ye, hearing ye was back, to put ye in the way of work," said the Laird, "and see if I could keep ye away from mischief and your Minnie. But as ye cease to be of my people this day week, I shall fash no more about you."

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE BACK-SLIDER.

THAT night Robin trotted down to the ale-house, and found the back-slider standing surrounded by a herd of folk, vociferous, loud, who dropped into sullen silence as he entered.

Robin saw the old fear had tided down upon the village; the banner of revolt had

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dropped, and his heart rejoiced within him.

There was but one fear at the back of the old man's heart—lest Simon would recant.

The lad must be confirmed at all cost in his heresy. So thought Robin, and acted accordingly.

But Simon swore by his murdered father that he was a confirmed atheist forever.

"Ye'll no hold to it," sneered Robin, and went home to unbosom himself of his doubts to the Woman.

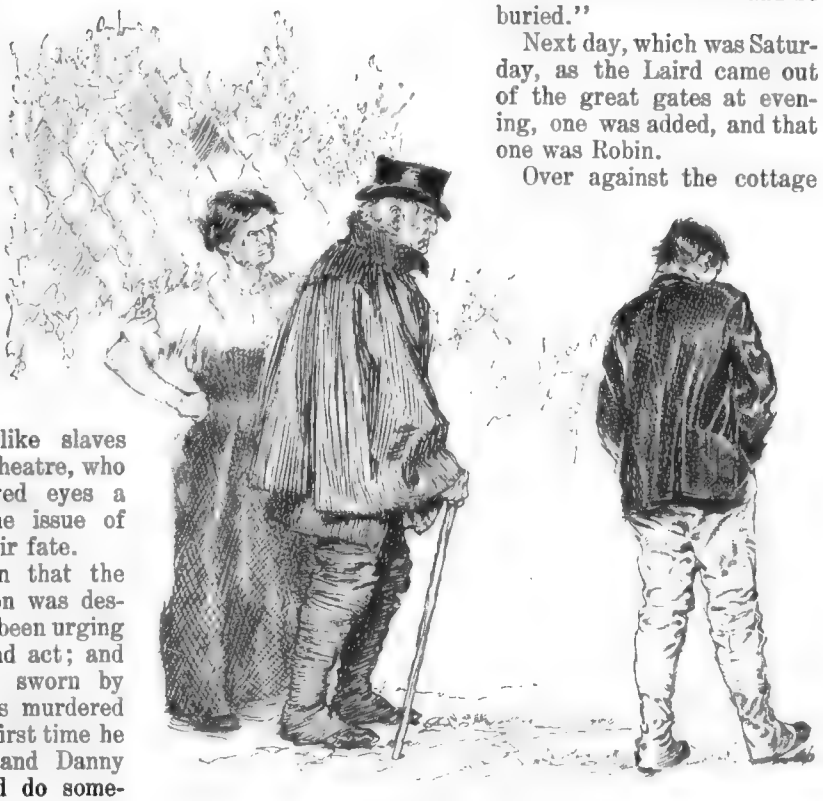
"By rights he should burn either gate. If he conforms," said the old man, "then is he foresworn, and burns under 'liars, false-swearers,' and the like. If he does not, then he burns under 'Catholics, Turks, and all other infidels.'"

The Woman was no theologian.

"It makes no matter to me," said Robin, "for what he burns, if burn he does. Only I would be like easier in my mind if he stayed pagan."

Four days passed. The village stood like slaves round an amphitheatre, who watch with awed eyes a struggle on the issue of which hangs their fate.

It was known that the Mother of Simon was desperate, and had been urging the lad to up and act; and that Simon had sworn by the blood of his murdered father that the first time he met the Laird and Danny he would indeed do something; but what, he would not say.



"'I CONFORM,' SAID HE SULKILY."

Next day, a day of autumn and dead leaves, as the Laird swept down the street, as not often in these later days, like a gray wind, lost in dreams, and Danny at his heels, the Mother of Simon came out of the garden on him in the full face of the village, to tell him Simon would conform—on conditions.

"On conditions?" asked the Laird.

"That Mr. Heriot will repair the cottage," said the Mother.

"I buy no man's soul," said the Laird, and swept on his way.

"Ye're set on driving the lad to hell!" screamed the Mother after him. "I see what ye're after. First ye kill his father; then ye pack him off among the Imbesillies; and now," she cried, "you're for takin' the home from over his head. The Lord requite it to you," she cried, and raised a dark face skyward.

That night, when Robin came to the kitchen, he was in highest humor. "All goes well," he said. "Simon's none conformed, and little like to now. He is swearin' he would liefer die and be buried."

Next day, which was Saturday, as the Laird came out of the great gates at evening, one was added, and that one was Robin.

Over against the cottage of the Mother of Simon the two halted in the road and looked at it, bowed of back beneath a weight of roses and of honeysuckle; and the village watched.

And as the two stood so, out of the cottage came the Mother of Simon in tears, her hair awry and bodice disarrayed, to tell

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the Laird that Simon had warstled all night and prevailed, and would be received back into the fold.

Robin sneered aloud. Then he swung on his heel, marched to the middle of the street, and, hand to his mouth, like a herald:

"I tell't ye!" he shrilled. "Simon's back-slid."

The Laird stood like a tower, glum and dumb, hearkening.

"Will Mr. Heriot take him back?" pleaded the Mother. "Him the only son of his mother, and she a widow," she whined.

"It's not the only son of his mother you're thinking of," said the Laird. "It's the crown a week and the cottage."

"And what worth's a crown a week and a cottage to me," cried the Mother, flaring, "who lost my man—and Mr. Heriot should know how. Will ye no take the lad back—just for his father's sake?"

"I must," said the Laird, "and not for his father's sake."

The Mother turned with alacrity.

"Simon!" she called.

Simon came out of the cottage and down the stone-flagged path between the rose-bushes, slouching, sullen, downward-eyed.

"D'you conform?" asked the Laird.

Simon dug with his toe and was dumb.

"He conforms," said the Mother, eyeing him wolfishly.

"SAT OUT THE WORLD-WEARYING SERVICE."

"I don't see much sign of it," said the Laird.

Robin drew closer.

"He does not conform," he cried with reviving hope. "Stick to it, Simie!" he murmured in the other's ear. "There's the lad of mettle! To what he has said, to that he holds! Be a man," he urged, "in spite of your Minnie."

"Hold your blethers!" screamed the Mother. "Simon," she snarled, "d'ye hear his Honor?"

Simon scraped the road. "I conform," said he sulkily.

The Laird eyed him.

"He will do the Longer Penance next Sabbath," he said shortly, and stalked away.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE PENITENT.

THAT Sabbath, Simon Ogg suffered the Longer Penance; and all Hepburn and the countryside came to see his shame.

Even Robin was there, who alone of the Laird's people had dispensation from regular attendance because of his swoonings which habitually overcame him in the Kirk, when he must be carried out, to the disturbing of the congregation. Yet, on this occasion, the old man sat out the world-wearying service, his back to the congregation, his face to the sinner, watching him with weeping eye; while Danny lay with gray chin on the threshold, and pitied Simon with his eyes.

When it was over, and the congregation trooped forth, the Laird, herding his people before him, grim shepherd of sheep, came on Simon waiting in the door.

"May this be a lesson to you," said the Laird, and stalked on.

"Aye," shrilled Simon, resolute to right himself in the eyes of the gathered folk, "and when will Mr. Heriot begin the repairs?"

"The day you quit," said the Laird, and stalked on.

Simon was dumb; but his Mother was not.

"And who is to have it over us?" she screamed.

"I am," said meek Robin, "if I live."

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CHAPTER SIX.

THE LAIRD RECOUNTS HISTORY.

NEXT day the Laird sent for the Mother of Simon.

She came, dark woman, in widow's weeds, and stood before him in the hall, in the dimness of the evening.

The gray light from the high hall window fell on the bleak face of granite, greatly seamed, blind eyes, grim lips, and fingers twining as of one who prays.

"Twenty-two years ago, Widow Ogg, I shot your husband," he began. "On the night before that accident you stood just where you stand now, screamin' mad and half-stripped, and shewed me your left shoulder with the brand-mark 'S. O.' on it—new burnt in. And next day, in the dawn," continued the Laird, "when I came off Gaunt Scaur, in the rise of the morning, I was carrying your man, dead, across my shoulder."

"SHE CAME, DARK WOMAN, IN WIDOW'S WEEDS."

The Laird paused, still with blind eyes and uplifted face.

"Across the moors I carried him," he went on, "till I came to your cottage, and the sun yet barely up. I laid him down upon the peat-stack, and I went in to break it to you. You was asleep. I wak'd ye, and told ye. You wouldn't believe it until you saw him lyin' in the first sun under the lea of the peat-stack. Then," said the Laird, "ye just came to me and kissed my hand, and never a word, even of thanks."

"I was too overcome," said the widow.

"But two days after, when ye waked him," said the Laird, "and you wasn't so overcome, you drank my health. You knew by that time that the accident meant a crown a week and a free cottage to you."

"And a lad born without a father," said the widow.

"I was coming to that," said the Laird. "When Simon was born," he went on, "one or two years afterwards——"

"A year," said the widow, "a year to a day."

"You will remember I was for taking the lad and handing him over to some decent woman on one of the hill-farms, to give him a chance," said the Laird, "and get him out of his Mother's clutches."

"And your Honor will remember," said the widow, "that I cam' to you, and kneeled to you in this room, and begged you to leave my bairn to me—him that was only son to his mother, and she now a widow."

"And I did," said the Laird, and dropped his chin. "And I believe," he went on, and stared at the widowed form by the door, "that I lost that lad to *God* by so doing."

He paused, and the Mother made no reply.

"In addition to the crown a week," he went on, "I allowed you a something extra."

"For milk for Simie," interrupted the Mother.

"So I thought," said the Laird. "For whiskey for his Mother, as I soon found out."

"Simon shared it!" cried the Mother.

"And I was credibly informed," said the Laird, "that whiskey neat is not nourishing for a babe at the breast; so I stopped that."

"And Simon starved," snarled the wolfish Mother.

"And Simon starved," said the Laird, "till I told you that if he died, you'd hang. And that," said the Laird, "stopped that."

He sat back, with blind eyes, twined fingers, and bleak, uplifted face.

"Then," said he, "my wife came," and, pausing, opened and closed his lips.

"She thought I was hard on you," said the Laird, "not knowing you. She was sorry for you, and sorrier for Simon because he was born afflicted——"

"Through no fault of mine," cried the Mother.

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"Afflicted, with you for mother. Well," he went on, "when you saw there was no more money in that only-son-of-his-mother trick you became yourself again; and sold the only son of his mother to the skipper of an Ambermouth whalin' brig. Poor daft lad," said the Laird, "about as fitted for ship life as his mother for heaven. And the lad came back on your hands, and you beat him for it; and when I heard of it, and the whole story, I was for ejecting you, neck and crop. But my wife came and begged me—begged me," said the blind Laird, "to give you one more chance—'for my sake, Master,' said she, and said she'd take the lad into the house, and see what she could make of him herself."

"*God* bless Missie!" cried the Woman.

"Within a week of that your best friend in this world passed over. On the day I bore her Home, every living soul in this parish—man, woman, and unweaned child—followed her, except yourself."

"It was my washing day," muttered the widow.

"And you," continued the Laird, "stood in the door of your cottage, as we bore her past, and cursed her coffin. I heard ye, I heard ye."

He paused with blind eyes, and throat of iron; and the dark woman in the door stood cowed before him.

"Soon I found the only son of his mother was plotting at Danny," said the Laird, "set on by you; and I packed him off. And I'd have packed you off too, but I knew you was drinking yourself to death, and I hoped each day would be your last. You lived, and for four years you've been the bane of my life. And I was just about sick of you when, ten days since, Simon came home."

He paused.

"I wasn't sorry to see the lad home. No one was," he continued, "except his mother. You thought, by setting Simon to break his Kirk, whoever came out uppermost you was safe to come out top. If I bore with the Kirk-breaking, you'd know I was no better than of no account, and you'd be cock of this midden; and if I turned on Simon and ejected him, you'd be left alone with your cottage and your whiskey-money. I stopped that," said the Laird. "I ejected you both."

He sat back. The gaunt chin dropped. He opened his eyes and stared across the hall.

"I've borne with you for nine years for my wife's sake. I'm now going to bear with you no longer for my own. You've abused my kindness in every way you knew how. You've been the plague-spot of this village for twenty years. You've set the people against me; you've set Simon to defy me; you've plotted on Danny; and now I am weary of you."

His chin dropped.

"You can take your choice. You can pack out of the parish, the both of you, and I'll pay Simon's passage to America——"

"A ticket," interposed the widow, "or the money to buy one?"

"A ticket," said the Laird, "in his own hand when he's on board the boat, and five pounds to be given him by the captain the day before he lands."

He peered at her through the dimness.

"Or should you wish to stay," said the Laird, "as Simon has conformed, I shall have to let you."

"Will we have our cottage back?" cried the Mother.

"Death Cottage," said the Laird, "I believe ye call it in the village."

"Death Cottage!" cried the widow. "I thought your Honor gave out none was ever to inhabit it again."

"So I did," said the Laird. "I'm makin' an exception in your favor."

The widow was silent.

"I take Death Cottage," she said at last.

The Laird looked at her.

"Here's the key. It's been locked," said he, "since the last family died there."

She came across to him and took it.

"If ill come to Simon through it, his blood be on your Honor's head," she said, trembling, "as his father's was."

"And the insurance money in your pocket," said the Laird, "as his father's was."

She went out; and Danny, courteous as ever, went with her to the door; and there she bent over him, dark-faced, and muttered.

(*To be continued.*)

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TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By an Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister. Charley also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of a certain Madame Coldcream. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected sare, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie. But Rufus, confiding his troubles to Polly, finds that she is the very young woman from whose influence he thought to have removed Charlie when bringing him to the country. They soon mend this misunderstanding and return amicably to the house, only to find that a Mr. Fancher has proposed to the Doctor for Io's hand and been refused. Rufus discusses his own situation with Charlie, and has just determined to forget Madame Coldcream, when the Doctor announces that Madame Petunia and Madame Coldcream, accepting Fancher's invitation to the annual tournament of the club at Tuskaloo, are to be his (the Doctor's) guests. On the eve of the tournament, soon after the guests have arrived, Madame Petunia makes an important discovery.

XI.—THE TOURNAMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THERE was, I noticed, a slightly feverish anxiety and an unusual activity on that morning of the tournament. The Doctor himself was not entirely free from excitement. He bounced in, shouted amiable imperatives and bounced out. The breakfast at a most unseemly hour was hurried through as a matter of routine duty and even Io, I thought, wore something like a suppressed flutter on her Madonna face. The only person who preserved an observant composure and insisted on taking all the time that propriety called for over her coffee was my sister, and presently she and I found ourselves deserted at the table, not yet having finished our meal.

"Rufus," she said, "we must be getting old. Neither of us seem to be human enough to be disturbed."

"I am afraid," I said, "that with our experience we are apt to regard tournaments as a bore."

"Yes, undoubtedly, but it is part of a woman's education to be bored patiently. I think, however, there is a surprise in store for you at this particular merrymaking."

"For me? I wish you would prepare me for it."

"That's just it. I am not in the secret. I only suspect, and could not help overhearing a word or two."

"It is very annoying," I said, "that there should be secrets when there is no occasion for them."

"There wouldn't be any, Rufus, if there weren't men. A secret is merely a defect of vision."

"Now, see here, Petunia," I said with some irritation, "I have been very much disturbed by what I may call a complication, which is partly of my own making, and I don't think you ought to add any more weight to it than you can avoid. Just tell me plainly what it is you think will surprise me, perhaps if it isn't an agreeable surprise, I may prevent or avoid it."

"That's it. It is never safe to tell you anything. You rush off at a parental tangent and make a fuss. Now if you will just remain cool and indifferent, as I do, and let things take their course you can laugh at surprises. Nature will have its own way. The truth is, a father who has a son old enough to crack stone should be inured to surprises."

"It seems to me that you are intimating as plainly as you can that it is my son who has a surprise for me."

"I am sure of it. The boy is in love and you are bothering him. He is liable to do anything rash."

"I don't believe a word of it. He may be in love, and I think he is, but it does not at all follow that he will deceive me, and nothing else would surprise me. But to make sure of it, I will take the young bull by the horns."

As I got upon my feet with impulsive determination, Petunia imitated me and took hold of my arm. But before she could say anything, the Doctor burst in upon us.

"Now then, my excellent friends," he cried, "if we are to get away before the sun is unendurable you really must come along."

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"Where is that son of mine?" I asked somewhat anxiously.

"That son of yours has been gone ten minutes. He and Io are in the saddle. The surrey is waiting for Mrs. Dewey who is going under my protection, and the phaeton is there for you and Polly as you desired."

It was early in the morning. The sun had not been up long enough to dispel the dew and the shadows of the trees lay long and damp over the road. I could not recall that I had ridden at so early an hour for twenty years.

"Polly," I said, when we were seated side by side, "Charlie has avoided me for several days, I fancy. What do you suppose can be the reason?"

"I cannot for the life of me imagine," said Polly, "what anyone should avoid you for. But then I haven't had as much of you as Charlie has."

"There is something on his mind and in his conduct that I do not understand. He hurried off with Miss Io before I could get a word with him."

"The Doctor hurried them off together. He is terribly brisk in the mornings. Mr. Charlie is all right."

"Do you really feel that way, Polly?"

"Oh yes, I'm naturally of a generous disposition."

"What do persons do at these tournaments?"

"They sit on the balcony and watch the young men play polo, and then they eat a trout dinner and call on the Doctor to make a speech. Then they have a dance, and flirt, and gossip, and drive home in the moonlight. You'll enjoy it."

"Will you?"

"Certainly—if it's moonlight and you drive me back."

"I mean the festival."

"Oh yes, that's great fun in its way. The club members will try to break their necks and the old folks will look on and Io will be perked up on a throne and not move a muscle if two of them are killed. She has a great deal of firmness."

"I fancy it will be something of a bore to me. I would rather sit down at The Swirl and talk to you."

"Oh no, you will be surprised."

"Surprised? There you go. That is what Mrs. Dewey said. But you are confidential enough to forewarn me. What am I to be surprised at?"

"Well then, you will be surprised at the company first of all. There will be the homespun gentry and the city athletes. Then the dinner will surprise you; then Io will be a surprise, and last of all *He* will astonish you."

"These things do not appear to promise any surprises. You must remember that I am a somewhat blasé veteran."

"That's the reason it will surprise you—like a new salad. The young gentlemen of the Club are so far away from their city Governors that they think they can let themselves loose in the woods."

"You have been to the annual tournament before?"

"I missed it last year. I was in New York. But the year before I attended it. I'll tell you what they did. First, they had the joust on the lawn. Polo and hurdles and rough riding. They picked up handkerchiefs——(the ladies' handkerchiefs) at full gallop, and kept them as prizes, and Barclay Jennings was thrown and dislocated his shoulder, and Frank Buckley sprained his ankle, and they had to carry them upstairs and the Doctor took off his coat and operated—yes he did. 'Now this is something like sport,' said *He*. 'Get me warm water and bandages.' 'Bind it up with that handkerchief, Doctor,' says Frank Buckley; 'the one with the pink monogram on it.' 'Tush, tush, boys', says the Doctor. 'We'll keep that for the next patient who will probably dislocate his neck. You keep quiet or I will take your leg off.' You know it was Io's handkerchief."

"I should think that would have dampened the merriment."

"Oh dear, no—enhanced it. Io put on a white apron and played the nurse in spite of the Doctor who ramped and stamped and said she was too ridiculous—let me see, what was it he did say—oh yes, 'Great Scott,' says he, 'fancy a man with a sprained ankle who wants his temples bathed every ten minutes. Where's Bob?'"

"Is Mr. Fancher a rough rider?" I asked, feeling a little gleam of hope that perhaps he would be the surprise in store for me and intended to risk his neck.

"I should think he must be," replied Polly. "You know he told the Doctor he intended to marry Io. That was rather desperate, wasn't it?"

"I should like to know what it was the Doctor really said to the proposition."

"Oh, I can tell you. *He* said—'Tush, tush, my son, you had better stick to your regular

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amusement and break your neck in some other comfortable way. I flatter myself I'm master of this paddock.' Did it ever occur to you that the Doctor is especially good at flattering himself?"

"Polly," I said quite seriously, "the Doctor has set his mind on marrying Io to Charlie. He has reasoned himself into a belief that it is a duty."

"Yes, dear old goose, you can't help feeling sorry for him."

"For Charlie, you mean."

"No, for the Doctor."

"You don't believe that Charlie will ever marry Io?" I asked, as I tightened on the reins and, without knowing it, stopped the horse in the road.

"Never," said Polly, with what I thought was a soft intensity. "What have you stopped for?"

"You must have taken my breath and the horse's at the same time. Get up, Periwinkle. Polly, if there is anybody to be sorry for, it is *you*. I should think that you could see that Charlie, like all the rest of them, has fallen down abjectly at Io's feet. He's bewitched."

She was looking straight ahead and I could not see her tell-tale eyes, but I thought she shook her head with a slightly negative action, as if she had repeated to herself the word—never. She was a confiding girl, after all, believing with a girl's innocence that a young man holds his vows sacred. How little she knew of the power of passion to blind the judgment and hide the consequences in the young man. And yet the father instinct of me felt strangely touched by the fidelity of this girl, who, in spite of all, believed in Charlie, or pretended to.

"We shall never get to the tournament," she said, "if you do not drive faster."

"Bother the tournament," I replied. "It seems to me we have come to it. Polly, just listen to me a moment. You are strangely confident. I honor you for it, but I do not feel about it as you do, and I am going to ask you to do a strange thing."

"Wait a moment," she said. "Stop the horse. I want to gather some of those wild flowers," and out she jumped.

I watched her flitting in the grass and among the bushes, plucking the Summer blooms that had come up with many colors along a stretch of damp meadow, and the unconscious grace of motion and strong relief of her lithe figure against the shadowy wood filled me with new admiration. There was something about Polly, seen thus, that defied all analysis that I could command. Whenever I thought of her and Io with comparative intent as two pictures, it always seemed to me that one of them carried her own light and irradiated herself without knowing it. She possessed a human and fluctuant quality that fitted itself inimitably and instantly, like that little river, to whatever it touched. As she went lightly among the stems, she occasionally looked toward me, holding up a bunch of colors, but I saw only the glad smiling face and it seemed to me that this was what Vernet and all those French romancers of the brush had been trying to realize. Presently she climbed back into the phaeton with her burden, and once bestowed, she said in the most matter of fact way:

"I interrupted you. You were going to say something and you looked solemn. Have you thought it over?"

"Polly," I said, "if you do not marry Charlie—will you marry me? It isn't so much of a pledge as a test."

She turned squarely round, held out her hand, and without the least hesitation, replied promptly:

"Yes, sir."

It came at me so plumply that I held her hand until she pulled it away, and being for a moment unable to make out the exact meaning of her promptitude, must have looked rather wonderingly sentimental. Nevertheless my remaining good sense told me that it was simply a declaration on her part that she would never be called upon to marry me.

"Now, please whip up the horse," she said. "We must not think altogether of ourselves. There are others."

We arrived at the Club House about nine o'clock. A more romantic spot could not have been found than this broad plateau on the mountain side with a torrent tumbling down within view and a great campus stretching out under the ancestral trees in front, beyond which the misty perspectives of the valleys made spacious outlooks.

We were hailed from the crowded balcony with shouts of greeting and Polly was carried off by a bodyguard of athletic young men. I saw but little of her after that save in flashes, and only heard of her in airy gurgles, blown to me from the wood and accompanied by a chorus of acclamations.

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The young men of the Club in becoming hosts for one day demanded and received the right to mingle some of the freedom of an outdoor camp with the amenities of a formal function. Even the dowagers and veterans who have to be present for protective reasons are supposed to relax a little of their vigilance in the wildwood, and their endeavor to do so on this occasion was to me one of the most amusing features of the gathering, and I saw with zest, before the day was over, the proper Madame Coldcream skipping in the grass with a wide-awake hat on and positively showing her Autumnal ankles with something like mature abandonment.

Polly had described the festivities with her usual accuracy. Most of the members had their hunters brought down and there was an exhibition of high jumping and other reminiscences of the New York Horse Show with a competing struggle for the handkerchief, which Io from her chair of state had given up, all of which elicited a good deal of hearty applause from the ladies and some criticism from the Doctor, who had served a term on the plains and was familiar with the feats of the cowboys. When it was over the guests and the Club men paired off and I saw Mr. Fancher carry away Io on his arm and caught a glimpse of Polly hanging to a stalwart beau.

I must have acted a little morosely, I suppose, straying off alone and trying to make up my mind if, after all, it might not be an allowable arrangement to claim Polly for myself and let Charlie go his headlong way. I own that I had a growing inclination to retain Polly in my family and it seemed to me at the moment that Polly had evinced no opposition to being retained one way or the other. The simple fact is Polly had grown by some inscrutable virtue of her own to be a very important consideration with me, and I confess that I gave way to the ignoble thought for a moment, that perhaps it would be well to let Nature have her way with the three of us. Even fathers have their weak moments. Might it not be that Fate had reserved Polly for my mature rescuing? It would not be such a monstrous thing if the girl saw something in the father—better balanced and more reliable—than had won her in the son. I had gone so far as to make an unprecedented and conditional proposal to Polly, and the girl had accepted it promptly and frankly. For the life of me I could not make it out, now that I thought it over, whether her acceptance was of me or of the result that was already guaranteed to her faith.

So it was that Polly, by baffling me, won me to an ardent admiration that was beyond all reason. And so it always is with a man when he gets past his headlong stage. He begins to worship a supernal twitter that reminds him of his own youth. Against the chiselled Io, Polly seemed to throb and quiver and smile and weep as the tides of life went exultingly on.

Now this is all very well, but when a father of fifty with a son of twenty gets into this tangle, he has to deal with a new element, utterly unknown to the youthful lover who is foot-loose. The paternal bonds are tight. He may play at the selfishness of passion, but he cannot get rid of the father's loyalty. I do not know which is the most craven, his admiration for that which is most admirable in a girl or his sympathy for that which is most contemptible in his own offspring. It was plain enough to me that Charlie, like all the rest of them, was under the spell of Io. How could I help pitying him? Suppose she jilted him. Just think of that poor fellow being all smashed up at his age. And then, I was responsible for most of it myself. What did the Doctor know of a father's feelings?

So I wandered about and smoked my cigar and watched the romp of exuberant nature and tried to read for myself between the lines of flirtation. Do my best I could not discover any surprises. There were some bouncing girls in the bowling alley,—one of them had dropped a ball on her toes and was being fanned in a chair; another had made a ten strike and fainted. There were other groups in the billiard room and on the croquet ground. It was all traditional and familiar to the man who had been through it. But I noted that Mr. Fancher had appropriated Io and I fondly believed that my boy, like myself, was wandering about slightly disgruntled, not even caring to interfere with Barclay Jennings who had carried off Polly. As for the Doctor, he had encountered Judge Gates of Mifflin, one of the staunchest of the old Quaker stock of Pennsylvania, with a large family of girls and boys, several of whom had come with him and were introduced as Pearl and Sapphira and Jasper, for, as the Doctor gallantly remarked—the Gates household had as many shining portals as the Holy City. With this staunch old gentleman, the Doctor entered into an argument on protection and free

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trade to the delectation of a small group of ancients, and the consequence was that the young folk had everything their own way, and everything seemed to gallop or dawdle in the familiar and preordained route. The dinner was quite an achievement of its kind, with mountains of wild berries and trout in various modes. There were appropriate wines and confections and Mr. Fancher was master of ceremonies. He had put Io at the end of the table and had a wreath of white roses suspended above her head like a halo. He took good care to have the seat next to her and to have my son pushed down to the other end among the reverend seniors where he was compelled to listen to the Pearl Gates opening and shutting. I think Mr. Fancher managed to say to the Doctor in this arrangement, without any words, that at this banquet his worthy guest was not quite master of the paddock. So there was some good-natured cut and thrust between them which amused the rest of us, though the wit was not remarkable. When the Doctor asked what the thing was above Miss Io's head, Mr. Fancher replied that it was a reminder that she was not under a cloud for one day. It was a crown. Whereupon the young men applauded and Io did not even blush, though the Doctor called upon her vehemently to do so for the sake of her sex and Polly tartly volunteered to do it for her.

With such exhilaration as the dinner afforded, they gathered on the lawn and with the Hungarian band well disposed, danced the hours away until the moon was up.

As I sat on the balcony with "Mother" and Madame Coldcream watching the figures and remarking that Polly was the best dancer in the party, the Doctor came up and, touching me on the shoulder, drew me away from the group.

"What do you suppose has become of Io?" he whispered. "She and Fancher have not been seen for an hour, and these runagates are too mad to miss anything."

"They are probably wandering about in the moonlight somewhere," I replied. "I saw them this afternoon in a shady dell holding each other's hands."

"Confound that fellow," said the Doctor, and strode off. I heard afterwards that he went down among the dancing groups to make inquiries, and catching Barclay Jennings between whirls, he asked, "What has become of Fancher?" and Jennings, keeping time with one leg and speaking in puffs, said:

"Fancher? Why Fancher, he's gone to New York. Now then, Miss Polly, there's the waltz."

"Look here, young man, one of my family, Miss Io, has not been seen for an hour. I'm a little anxious about her."

"Miss Io?" says Jennings, beating time with his hand, "oh, she's all right. She's gone to New York too. You see, I was to go with them as best man, but I got tangled up in this dance and they were in such a confounded hurry——" and then Jennings was swept away in the waves of motion.

The Doctor has what is called a level head. He looked at his watch. The through train did not pass Tuskaloo for an hour. He could get there in time and make such a row that the valiant Mr. Fancher would back away from the indignant brawn of Tuskaloo. Besides, he would take Boylston with him, and Boylston had once broken a man's back.

This was all very natural and very like the Doctor, who in an emergency was a very cool and determined man. But when he got back to the balcony, carrying his Panama in his hand and still mopping his forehead, he encountered "Mother" and me, we having withdrawn from the group, and "Mother" handed him a note that had just reached her. She pressed her two fingers on her lips as he read it, rather, I thought, to suppress him this time, than herself. It was very simple and direct. All it said was:

"Don't worry about me,—Married at Tuskaloo—Will telegraph from New York.

Io."

The Doctor looked crestfallen rather than grim.

"Don't discuss the matter here," he said. "A misfortune is bad enough, but to have it turned into a joke is worse. We'll get away if you don't mind, as soon as possible. Just find our people and I'll order the teams."

In such a denouement my first thought was of Charlie. This was his first shock in life. He had never had any disappointments. His poor young heart would probably feel very dismal, and life for a time at least would not be worth living. I must find him at once and, like a true father, come to his assistance and brace him up.

That Hungarian band was getting infernal. I went down and hunted for him through the galloping coterie. When I caught him with an affectionate but firm grasp, I said:

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"My boy, something has happened. Prepare yourself for a great shock."

He was blowing like a porpoise.

"What is it?" he said.

"Miss Io has eloped with Mr. Fancher."

He was not looking at me at all. His eyes were going up and down with the music and the figures.

"Yes," he said. "I heard of it. Wait a moment, Dad, till I finish this dance and I'll be with you. Polly is engaged to me for this set."

(*To be concluded.*)

A SUMMER LETTER.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

DEAR Absent Wanderer
Think of me
As one well lost; content to be
Lost down a Summer afternoon,
Beyond the call of swift or soon!

Deep down a heavy dream of song—
Haunting the hush in cadence strong,
With heart-heard voices of the Spring,
Along the silence echoing.

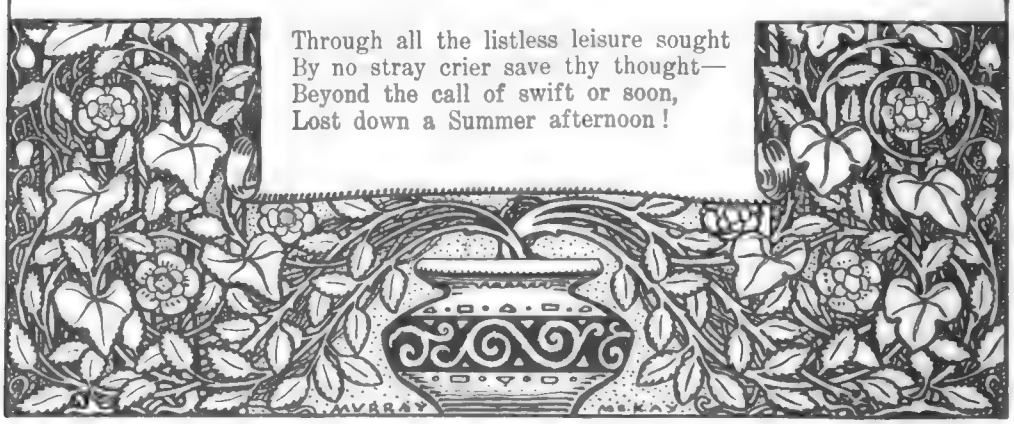
Deep down a sultry glamored glade,
Where musky chestnut trees pervade
With far, forgetful sorcery—
From out their white veil's mystery.

Lost down a Summer afternoon
Beyond the call of swift or soon,
With Hollyhocks to point the way—
Dear Absent, look for me to-day!

Tranced in a daze of shadow green,
Whose dusk desires embrace and lean
With hastening step, each hour increased,
Forever homeward to the east.

One with the sloth of sated bees,
Or the light pleasure of the breeze,
One with the breathless beauty-gloom,
Faint in the hot decay of bloom.

Through all the listless leisure sought
By no stray crier save thy thought—
Beyond the call of swift or soon,
Lost down a Summer afternoon!



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Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, August 8, 1779.

From the London Magazine for October, 1780.

THE WORLD'S GREAT DISASTERS.

By C. Bryson Taylor.

Pompeii—A. D. 79.

At the head of the list of historical catastrophes, running from the time of Christ down to our own yesterday, when the name of Martinique was added, stands the destruction of Pompeii, one of the darkest incidents in the darkest chapter of the world's history, so far as we may read it—the chapter of Natural Tragedy. Why should such things be? What warning do they give, what purpose serve? For ages men thrust the burden of such calamities upon the shoulders of wooden gods and thought the question answered. As their eyes became opened, and they put away childish things, they asked themselves Wherefore?—and said that it was because these things were ordained from the beginning of the world, and what was to be would be, and that was all there was to it. Now they are asking Science, the wise world mother, and her answer is not yet fully come.

The city of Pompeii stood originally upon rising ground overlooking a fertile plain which stretched away towards Nola on one side and Nuceria and Stabia on the other. It was founded upon an ancient bed of lava, but no record exists of an eruption of Vesuvius previous to the fatal one of A. D. 79. Sixteen years before the town had been shaken to its centre by the great earthquake which nearly destroyed it; a fact which should be remembered in connection with the damage wrought later. At the time of the destruction repairs were going on all over the city; but people had lost all thought of danger. As for Vesuvius—no one dreamed of that. There was even no tradition of its eruption; ages before it was believed to have become extinct. It stood an ancient guardian, stately, yet not sullen, clothed with green fertile ground where sheep and goats pastured in the golden Summer. Only the level summit was naked and sterile, scarred as with livid, long-healed wounds. It slumbered in silence, with fair cities smiling at its foot and the Bay of the Crater—now called the Bay of Naples—crooning and rippling in the sunshine below. For centuries it had stood thus, brooding over the cities and the plain, waiting its own appointed time; and busy pigmies played and loved and died in its shadow, and did not care.

But on the 24th of August, A. D. 79, the story of the world was changed. There had been earthquakes of minor severity for some days past; but in that zone such things are common, and breed carelessness. Also a decurion had been struck dead by lightning on a cloudless day; but he had doubtless sinned and the gods had seen fit to visit their wrath upon him. The morning broke hot and murky, with a heavy sluggishness in the air and a rumble as of distant thunder. The sun, shining palely through a mist, cast no shadow. All Nature held her breath and waited; people said that there would be a storm.

An hour after noon, while the sports were on in the amphitheatre, where men fought and bled and died to the applause of heedless thousands; while the streets were thronged

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VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

with careless crowds, and chariots rumbled over the stone pavements bound for business or for pleasure, a black cloud heaved itself aloft over the mountain's crest, expanding as it rose and spreading horizontally like the branches of a pine. It needed no previous experience to foretell what was coming. For a heart-beat the city was petrified into spell-bound silence as each man read the meaning of the sign. Then the theatres poured forth their crowds, fighting, mad to get away; the shops and baths were deserted; the streets became choked with people flying to find shelter. Even as the earth shook to the first throes of the mountain's travail the cloud rolled over the city and broke. A torrent of hot ashes mingled with burning stones was loosed upon the streets; the skies darkened; with a crash like the thunder of artillery the reign of terror began. The city reeled to the force of the shock; houses tottered; men and horses were flung to the ground. Then, abruptly, day was blotted into a chaos of choking blackness. A dense fathomless gloom, pierced at intervals by flashes of lurid light that flared, and showed laden figures fighting through ashes knee-deep in the streets, and falling walls that buried living those who had sought refuge within; and died, and left the world plunged in the last darkness. Above the shrieks of women, the groans and curses of wounded men, bellowed the thunder of the mountain, crashing peal on peal that left the senses stunned, with the hiss and rush of escaping steam; and over and under it all a continuous muffled roar as of distant heavy guns.

In the streets torches gleamed like waving corpse lights, palely, here and there in the midst of the swirl of dust and the showers of ashes; at intervals the scene flashed forth into vivid light, showing white bodies prone and mangled, and living faces that bore no likeness to human kind. At such times, for an instant, a figure or a group stood out as though painted upon canvas, thrown against a background of billowing smoke and indefinite shapes that appeared and disappeared and were lost in chaos. Here a man staggering under the weight of looted gold that flashed again in the glare of lightning. There a chariot, reeling through the heavy streets, tossing over smoking ruins and broken columns, with plunging horses lashed to madness, riding down those who could not escape the wheels; and the revealing flash striking sheets of light from the driver's coat of silvered armor and gleaming white on a woman's body flung half across the rail. Then—darkness, living and tangible, that smothered and oppressed, and over the tumult and the madness and the death, high on the mountain top, the ceaseless play and gambol of the hell fires from below, now angry crimson that stabbed the darkness like a knife, now livid green, now blue, and back again to crimson until the mountain was wrapped in sheets of writhing flames.

When the earthquake became continuous people left the falling houses and fled beachward, where was faint hope of safety. When they found the sea barred to them, with breakers churned to foam and long slimy shapes that glittered darkly on the shore in the momentary glare of light, men lost all hope of life. Those who fell exhausted were covered by the ever-rising tide of ashes, living and struggling faintly still. Soon torrents of boiling water and viscous mud were vomited from the mountain's mouth to render the doom more sure.

And on the second night a black cloud shot with forked tongues of lightning burst into fire, lighting the scene as though by day and laying bare the slowly dying struggles of the city against her fate. . .

And the evening and the morning were of the fourth day.

The sun came out, wan and sickly, and looked upon a new world. A broad expanse of dim grey ashes, heaving here and there into mounds and ridges, a sere and naked desolation—that was all. Where four short days before had been teeming cities and broad smiling plains was an empty space, staring starkly into the eye of heaven. Under this shroud they lay, three ill-starred

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POMPEII, WITH VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

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THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

cities, their agony and the charred bodies of their gallant sons and fair-limbed daughters buried until, long centuries after, Western desire for knowledge of hidden things should force their green-grown grave to give up its dead.

Over that grave Vesuvius brooded in sullen silence, scarred with raw, gaping wounds. Once again it settled into slumber, in the stillness which was the hush of death, grim giant tombstone of the cities that slept below. . . .

How many lives were lost in this disaster will probably never be fully known. The city was supposed to have a population of about twenty thousand at the time of its destruction, of whom few were ever reported as having escaped.

PORT ROYAL—1692.

THE town of Port Royal, on the southern coast of Jamaica, stands on a low peninsula of land forming one arm of Kingston Harbor, with a long sultry isthmus of sand joining it to the mainland. Opposite, guarding the other arm of the harbor, is Port Henderson, with an intricate channel between the two. Behind it Kingston stretches northward to the amphitheatre of the Liguana Hills, a straggling town, many colored, vivid in the sunlight.

Port Royal has neither beauty nor breeze to recommend it. It sweltered on its neck of land, yellow walled, red roofed, with busy barracks and dockyards along its water front, and behind these a confusion of one-storied houses with deep verandas and roofs of corrugated tiles. It swarmed with gigantic blacks, big framed, indolent, loafing life away in the sunshine. Also half-breeds, with the energy of their white fathers and the fever-proof constitutions of Negro mothers, a combination greatly to be desired in that land of chills and fevers; and a minority of whites, drained of blood and vitality by damp, unhealthy heat. In the harbor ships sat waiting to clear away for home; all day the mellow voices of Negroes rang over the water as they swung kegs of molasses, casks of fiery rum, barrel after barrel of sugar from the plantations among the hills to the wharves and landings.

At noon business halted and tired men flung themselves down to rest out of

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reach of the sun. Deep-chested, slow-eyed oxen, standing patient under the yoke, nozzled bunches of chopped guinea grass. Women in bright scant garments came through the fields where their men were waiting, bringing food. Intense silence settled on the world, the panting hush of noontime; the air shimmered in the heat and was oppressive; the sun was scintillant and blinding.

Out of the stillness came a growl of thunder very far away; felt rather than heard. In the town the baked stones of the market place, deserted under the mid-day sun, cracked like the report of a gun, and showed a shallow rent across the width of the square. People ran from their houses to find out what had come to pass. And then a Voice rose, moaning across the world, coming from no one knew whither.

Even as men looked with blanched faces at one another, as children ran crying to their mother's skirts, the town rose as a ship rises to a swell; houses swayed like pendulums and on the outer edges of the town were thrown flat in clouds of dust. Over the connecting link of sand the sea surged green, cutting off town from mainland. And still the Voice moaned its warning, never increasing in volume yet always pitched to a higher and ever higher key; it reached its climax in a shriek, restrained no longer but yelling full-throated in evil glee. And on the instant, imperceptible at first, with increasing momentum and a gathering grinding roar, the lower part of the town that faced the sea started forward bodily, as a ship starts upon the ways, faster and ever faster, with shrieking people falling, clutching at the slipping earth, and houses sliding and toppling with the rush, sheer into the sea. Land and houses, men and women, vanished from the face of the earth as though they had never been, with a slashing wound, long and hideous, left upon the slope to mark their path to death and swollen waters churning over them. And those who were left, high in the central part of the town peered shuddering over the edge of the torn land that dropped abruptly into unknown depths. Still the shocks went on in quick succession, clouds of smothering dust rose to wrap the island in gloom. Now only the core of the town was left; on all sides around it a belt of ruins. Here the people gathered, un-

PORT ROYAL, KINGSTON HARBOR, JAMAICA.

One night in 1692 the lower part of the town slipped from the promontory sheer into the sea.

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GENERAL VIEW OF LISBON AS IT STOOD ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TAGUS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKES OF NOVEMBER 1ST AND 8TH, 1755.

able to get over to the mainland. Some desperate ones who tried to escape in boats were tossed back, stark and pallid. Women clustered in terrified groups around an aged priest, calmed if they could but touch his hand; always people pressed from the ruined places into the square of the market, some laden with what they had collected as they came, others heedless of all save life, until all who were left were crowded there.

To this day one entering a church on the island during morning service will hear with awe the addition to the Litany that has come down since that dark day two hundred years ago: "From earthquake . . . from hurricane, and from sudden tempest, good Lord, deliver us . . ." One realizes all at once what it means to these people that prayer. It is not soon forgotten. . .

The Port Royal earthquake has come to be considered as the classical example of the modifying influence of soil and underlying geological formation. The town is built on a patch of solid white limestone, around which has gradually gathered a large area of loosely packed sandy soil; so that only the centre of the old town had its foundation upon the rock. When the shock came the houses on this limestone were shaken violently, but were left standing, while the outer parts, builded on loose, inelastic sand, fell bodily to pieces.

LISBON—1755.

DIM tradition tells that the city was founded by Ulysses, the Wanderer, and called by him, as was the modest fashion then, Ulyssipo, a name corrupted by time and much poetic license into the one it bears today. But grave historians, long gone, longer forgotten, would have it known, rather, that 3,259 years before Christ the first stones were laid by Elisa, great grandson of Abraham. For of such is the wisdom of those who dig in the dust of the buried past. But whether Abraham was responsible or Ulysses, it is true that in the long ago Lisbon was of the oldest as well as the fairest daughters of the East, proud queen among the cities. Now she sits, old and bent with years, sunk in the weariness of grey old age, sunning herself on the river's bank and dreaming over the good dead days. Then, she was in the fulness of her days and nations did her homage. Ships crowded the Tagus close under her sun-steeped walls; laden with gold and silver, with ebony and ivory, with scented woods and fragrant spices. The New World poured its treasures at her feet; from the ends of the earth came barbaric wealth and a splendor greater than Venice or Genoa could show. Like a fair living woman the city clothed herself in silks and jewels and gave herself to her conquerors, Roman first and dark-browed Moor, and their blood is mingled with her own until

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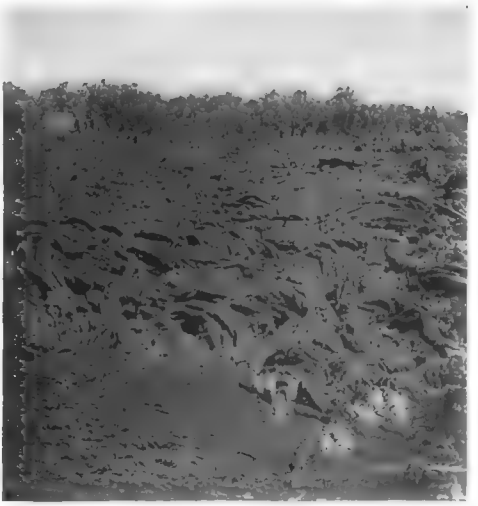
this day. Contact with alien peoples gave her the crude living color of the East, the warm languor of the South; much knowledge and a little learning, and the pride that went before her fall.

In the early morning of All Saints' Day, November 1st, all the city was abroad. The morning was hot and still and veiled in a film of yellow haze in which the color of city and sky and river ran riot. Behind the Seven Hills on which the town was built rose higher hills, heaving softly into green swells, and billows, a deeper background for white-walled monasteries and a confusion of red-tiled roofs and turquoise towers and minarets and the yellow outer walls lapped by the blue river. In the streets people hurried in and out among the booths and shops, gathering into momentary groups to discuss the absence of rain, the fact that the wells of the country had suddenly gone dry, the coming bull fight, the latest scandal perpetrated by armed and hooded noblemen roving after dark. The yellow glare beat on lofty houses covered with Dutch tiles done in blue and white, highly glazed and wrought into scenes from Bible tales; on the small shrines to saints or the Madonna at every corner; and threw out into sharp contrast the sombre green of citron and lemon trees. The procession of the Viaticum swung past, through black lanes of kneeling people,with the Host borne aloft by barefooted men of rank under a canopy that blazed with gold and jewels. White clad Dominican friars threaded through the crowd, with austere faces and dark-clouded eyes; Negro fruit vendors shouted their wares above the babel of songs and laughter, the chanting of psalms and droning prayers. Rosy monks, black cowled, jostled among the women, with coarse robes trailing about fat white ankles. Slim figures discreetly shrouded slipped through the throng, convoyed by alert duennas. English and Dutch talked business at the corners, intent on finance or on trade. Streams of dark-clad people trickled through the massive entrance into the great church of San Domingo. Above the hum and swarm of the town the church bells pealed, vibrant, masculine, deep-toned and slow, their mellow notes pulsing over the blue river and drifting out among the hills. And at the tenth hour the ground quivered as though to the rumble of a heavily loaded wagon in the streets.

Two minutes later, with a sudden ripping crash as of a lightning bolt struck home, the earth heaved like an animal in pain. In an instant the air was fogged with blinding dust, through which could be seen the first sickening lurch of buildings toppling to their fall; the wide downward sweep of uprooted trees. In all directions were flying figures that reeled to the earth's motion and fell, and rose and staggered on. For ten minutes the convulsion lasted; minutes that seemed each one an hour. The dust clouds then lightened, and those who were left upon the broken streets got their bearings and started for the river and the quays. The great marble quay at the Terreiro do Paco, crowded with panic-frenzied refugees from all parts of the town, sank suddenly beneath the river, without warning, leaving never a trace or sign; and the waters gulped over it and hurled themselves forward on the city, seeking other prey. Out on the river straining ships were sucked into the jaws of a whirlpool that drew each one remorselessly to itself, strive they never so hard to fly—merchantmen, gallant ships of the line, tiny pleasure boats with paintings of impotent saints on their yellow sails—all with rows of rigid faces staring over the rail into the death that waited.

In the city, within the great church of San Domingo, men fought like trapped beasts, choked in the narrow aisles, jammed and trampled in the entrances, fighting, crushing, sparing neither age nor sex. And even as they struggled, penned in to meet their fate,



SURFACE OF LAVA FLOW FROM MAUNA LOA, HAWAII, 1880.

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the third shock came, with crashing walls and splitting chasms and a darkness that was absolute. The massive walls caved in upon them bodily; in an instant the end had come. To those thousand souls death was at least merciful.

To other thousands, who could not die, came at last the night with its long agony, its torments of burning thirst, its horror of helplessness and bewilderment. As darkness fell bright jets of flame spurted against the night and died in whiffs of curling smoke; and rose again, ever stronger than before, until a crimson tongue was licking sticks and shingles, growing as it fed, and leaping in an instant into fierce life. Building after building caught fire; the lower portion of the city became a seething furnace. As the flames advanced many people retreated to the hills behind and above the town and from thence watched what went on in the inferno below. Little was done to check the flames. It became known that people, buried by debris in cellars where they had sought refuge, were burning like rats in their holes, unable to escape. Maimed wretches, too cruelly hurt to crawl, lay and died in the open where the fire had found them. On a slight rise of ground the great library of the Holy Ghost burned fiercely, its priceless Hebrew and Moorish manuscripts gone forever. The royal palace was utterly swallowed up; the opera house had fallen in. As the night wore on, fires broke out in different portions of the city, throwing a ruddy glare over the higher and comparatively uninjured parts of the town, where houses stood deserted, with windows broken in and doors swinging wide to the night.

For fifteen days the city swarmed with human vultures and evil folk who lived on death, so that people dared not return to their rifled homes for fear of what might follow, The Marquis of Pombal, who from the first had done heroic work in burying the dead and aiding the living, proclaimed martial law and crushed the rioters into cowed submission. Over lost palaces and charred ruins a newer city grew, rising like Rome from its ashes in fairer and more wholesome guise. The nightmare was over, but the tale of the awakening is still repeated down the centuries. . . .

Lisbon, like Paris and Vienna, stands in a geological basin of Tertiary formation, the upper part composed of loose sand and gravel, while below this is the series of beds, formed of calcareous sandstone and blue clay, called by Mr. Daniel Sharp the Almada beds. It has been estimated that over 70,000 people were destroyed. The disturbance was not merely local, but extended over the greater part of Europe, north as far as the Orkneys and westward to Jamaica.

JAPAN—1703.

JAPAN, quaint story-book land of sunshine and chrysanthemums and little bowing people, is generally acknowledged to be more beset by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions than any country of its size upon the globe. The first severe shock recorded was in 1586, when from Sacaja to Mioso the ground trembled for forty days. But the one of 1703 has come down to us by reason of its appalling loss of life as well as the spectacular nature of the event.

Yeddo, the city of a million souls, faces the sea in form of a crescent, low and flat and built irregularly, without walls, full of the mysterious fascination of teeming Eastern lands. On its outskirts were many stately palaces, standing in trim grounds, with large flower-filled courtyards and great carven gates. And in the crowded heart of it, rising from the sea of low firwood houses on a hill with artificially flattened top, stood the great castle and royal residence of the Emperor, the lord of all Japan. All over the city as well as on the rising grounds behind it were graceful temples in wooded groves, dedicated to myriad gods; and walled monasteries from whence strange incense floated, and painted towers that gleamed in the mellow sunshine. In the narrow streets, walled in by low open booths and close-packed houses, silk-clad merchants picked their way, elbowing engrossed scholars with polite apology. High-wheeled 'rickshaws spun by, pulled by short-legged muscular coolies topped by straw hats like inverted bowls; within sat high-born women decked in gay colors and with carmined lips. Market men trotted past, bending under baskets piled high with garden produce swinging from either end of a pole balanced across one shoulder. At intervals handcarts lumbered by, riding on two wheels, pushed and pulled by coolies fore and aft, their loads toppling precariously over inequalities in the road. Occasionally a nobleman of the court went by, painted and perfumed like a woman, regarding

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the world with narrow supercilious black eyes. And always rose the chatter of a thousand shrilling tongues, the rattle of wooden clogs, the warning long-drawn yell of 'rickshaw men dashing full tilt through the crowd. By the high ramparts of the canal which slashed the city naked brown babies played; and bands of pariah dogs, protected by some over-kindly Emperor, long gone, howled and fought and stole with impunity. . . . A city glowing with life and color, with tides of humanity rising, falling, ever surging through its narrow ways; and the strange hidden life of the East pulsing in the vivid restless heart of it. . . .

And then, abruptly, a faintness in the air, which those who dwell in earthquake countries get to know full well; a hush as though Nature drew a long breath and braced herself for coming shock; a sudden rent of silence in the noise, as for an instant the incessant howling of the street dogs ceased; a shuddering jar and tremble. Imperceptibly the sunlight was merged into a hard copper glow; the waters of the canal rose and fell like a frightened woman's breath; swarms of rats emerged from houses and fled. The earth heaved to the first shock and in the streets dismay deepened into panic. The ground rocked and slid sinuously; houses swayed; here and there a wall fell, and there was a fresh scamper and stampeded rush. Across the main street, up which people were flying, the earth yawned with a roar and splitting crash; a vast chasm opened, black, abysmal, into which houses slid entire. Those in the front ranks of the throng saw too late and turned to fly; those behind, unseeing, pressed them forward. As water falls over a rock the living stream, pushed helplessly by jammed throngs in the rear, went over the brink into the bottomless grave, fighting, clawing, mad with terror. Another convulsion and the abyss closed, and the thousands poured on, unheeding. The copper glow faded into gloom; from far underground came hollow roarings as though a living animal, penned below, fought its way upward.

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MONT PELEE, MONDAY, MAY 12TH, 1902.

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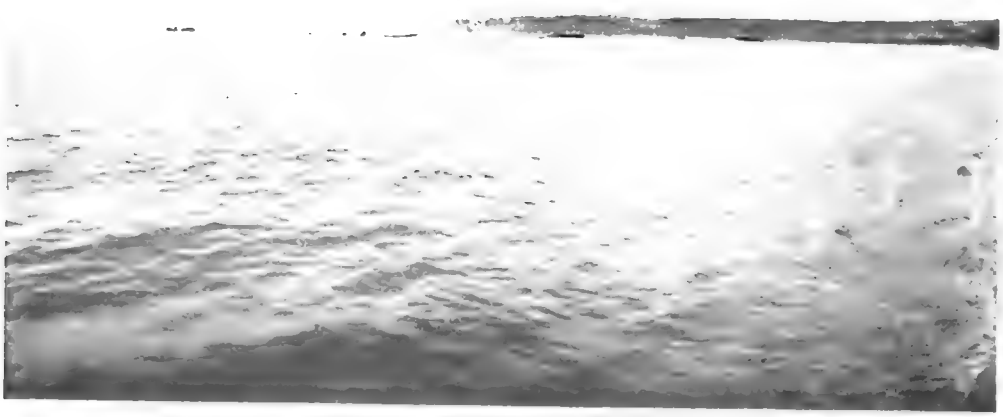
BEFORE THE ERUPTION.
The harbor of St. Pierre, Martinique.



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AFTER THE ERUPTION.
The harbor of St. Pierre, Martinique.

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BEFORE THE ERUPTION.

St. Pierre with Mont Pelee in the distance.

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AFTER THE ERUPTION.

Along the shore of St. Pierre harbor.

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MONT PELEE, MAY 12, 1902.

Again the ominous glow spread over the city, lurid this time, as is the light from molten metal; people cried out that the palaces were on fire. Standing on the flattened hill as they did, the flames of their burning grew and spread and roared high above the city; the wind, blowing hot and sulphurous, drove the sparks in showers. Swiftly other buildings caught; stately palaces became outlined in sheets of flame; the conflagration spread to the mass of houses in the centre of the city. These, flimsy, wooden things, burned like tinder. Temples fell and grinning wooden gods lay charred and blackened; miniature tea houses shriveled and scorched and flowered suddenly into ruddy flame; and from them painted women, almond-eyed gay-clothed geisha girls ran screaming, bewildered in the darkness. Without warning the ground opened and the great palace, burning fiercely, sank bodily into the pit and left a core of dense blackness in the heart of the sea of fire. And always houses shuddered and fell, and the ground heaved, and the tumult of the fire was added to the shrieks of people and the thunder of the laboring earth.

The City of the Million Souls was a city of the dead. Over two hundred thousand lost their lives; a total appalling even when measured by the Asiatic standard, which counts its teeming lives as of less value than the lives of its sacred beasts.

KRAKATOA—1883.

MIDWAY between Java and Sumatra, in the Sunda Straits, is the island of Krakatoa, whereon stands the volcano of that name, rising sheerly from its desolate shores—Krakatoa the mighty, whose force was felt around the world.

The town of Anjer, in the residency of Bantam, stood on level ground by the sea, with a background of wooded hills behind it; a busy thriving place, chief seaport of its district. Like its sister towns it was Oriental in appearance, crowded with yellow-skinned Malays and sallow whites, the heavy foliage of the East and the wide-armed *waringin* trees shading it. Back of the city, covering the hills, hidden under the rank luxuriance of tropic vegetation, were scores of small *kampongs*—native villages—swarming ant-like with busy life.

For several days before the eruption weird sea and sky effects had been noted; a silvery glare in the heavens, as though the atmosphere were charged with living light; a milky

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white appearance of the waters. On Sunday, the 25th, there came a distant rumble from overhead and underground that made the ears throb. The noise increased, punctuated now and then by sullen roars that seemed to come from miles underground. Later, in some parts of the city, houses began to totter; many thought an earthquake imminent. When darkness fell an angry glare appeared over the summit of Krakatoa. All night the mutter and grumble of unseen forces went on; all night the town waited, racked with suspense; and nothing happened.

But at two o'clock on Monday morning, when men had become used to the mountain's menace, as men will become used to anything under heaven after twenty-four hours of it, came an explosion that shook the world, with a glare that leaped as a lurid halo about the mountain's crest. Followed a rain of soft grey ashes, falling for awhile in thick darkness, covering streets and trees and houses and the shipping in the harbor as with a clinging garment. At the hour of sunrise was no sun; only grey skies and ominous gloom. But the worst of the darkness soon lifted, showing objects wan and uncertain in the half light, and many people fleeing from the town, clutching what goods they could take away. Others again, more stolid or less fearful, convinced that with the explosion the worst had passed, went about their daily work. Merchants and grizzled sea captains went to and fro among the offices, amid the stir and ordered confusion of business. Carts piled high with hairy cocoanuts creaked into town, drawn by small sturdy ponies. Files of mules pattered by, clinched between pairs of swollen coffee sacks, each file in charge of a daintily stepping bell mule. Outside the town limits gangs of half stripped coolies toiled and sweated in the paddy fields. Down by the wharves stevedores hustled and shouted; wagons drew up, loaded or unloaded, and went away again; sailors from the ships mixed and drifted with the throng. In the gloom-hung harbor vessels still showed their lights, red and green, with a spark of yellow aft to mark the binnacle. Chains clanked over the stillness of the water; cordage creaked as ships swung slowly to the tide; at intervals the shrilling of a boatswain's pipe floated shoreward and was followed by scuffling feet.

And then from the sea, looming black like a billowing range of hills against the dark horizon line, a huge mass, undefined in the gloom, heaved itself landward at racing

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THE HARBOR SHORE, ST. PIERRE, AFTER THE ERUPTION.

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speed—the great wave that the mountain had sent to gather what its flames could not reach. It grew out of the obscurity with appalling swiftness and a gathering roar, and flung itself upon helpless Anjer so that the town was blotted in an instant from the earth. The fleeing natives flung themselves upon the hills, with the water hard behind them; and there they fought, each to get up first, and those in the rear bit at those ahead to spur them on. At times, men, terror crazed, clung to others in front and dragged them back; and the great wave caught them as they struggled man with man, played with them awhile and swallowed them, slowly, fighting to the last. It bore huge masses of white coral rock ripped bodily from the ocean's bed and flung them far inland. It razed to the ground a massive house of stone one hundred and twenty feet above the sea level, leaving only the foundations to tell the tale. And then it reached its climax at the hills behind where the town had stood, and retreated, baffled.

If its advance had been appalling its retreat was worse to look upon. For it carried with it uprooted trees, banyan, palm,

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A STREET SCENE IN ST. PIERRE, AFTER THE ERUPTION.

bamboo, leaving the land stripped clean of living timber, and many hundred bodies that rolled sluggishly with it out to sea, or drifted into the branches of fallen trees and hung there, pitiful flotsam of the stream. And as it went it left unveiled the scene of

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RUE DE L' HOSPITAL, ST. PIERRE

its desolation. Tracks torn up and twisted and road-beds washed away; a stretch of dreary swamp pitted with great pools where once had peen a thriving town; on all sides the ruins of native houses, built of frail bamboo and collapsed like cards.

In this disaster over fifty thousand people perished and few of the bodies were ever recovered. As for the eruption, the shape of Krakatoa itself was changed. Islands appeared where never islands had been before; and disappeared from where they had lain since history began. The whole western coast of Java was altered; the main channel through the strait was spiked with coral rocks a few feet below the surface and doubly dangerous because unseen.

MARTINIQUE—1902.

ST. PIERRE, a queer little city, with deep sapphire water lapping at its feet and the hot blue of the tropic sky above it, clung tenaciously to the sharp uprising slope, with narrow streets rising at different levels, lemon tinted, palpitating with colorful life, with tall palms showing light against the concentrated green of massed foliage, and the twin towers of its cathedral gleaming white above it still higher on the rise. From its height it looked down on the bay, set like a blazing jewel in the sunlight below, and on the lolling ships. A busy, stirring place, chief commercial centre of Martinique, sweltering in fierce, blinding light, drenched in sudden showers, with always the impenetrable Pelée behind it, veiled in violet mists.

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Broad bosomed *porteuses*—professional carriers—swung up the streets towards the mountain roads above, starting on their day's trip of fifty miles or more into the interior, with huge packs balanced on their stately heads and a glint underneath of snowy teeth and flashing eyes; supple, clean limbed, tireless, with bare, brown feet and slender ankles. Working men, bronze, stripped to the waist, with the play of muscles rippling under satiny skin—fit models for brush or chisel—came down from the neighboring plantations with hogsheads of sugar and casks of rum, bound for the landings a hundred feet below. Merchants in cool linen garb talked business glibly at shop entrances; here and there a European face showed in startling contrast to the universal variations of ruddy brown. Tortuous streets led to the great market place, where people thronged for the fresh supplies of early morning, and where was light, motion, color, noise,—first, last, and always noise.

On Thursday morning, at eight o'clock, while the market was thronged there came a sudden tenseness of the air—a quivering; and the mountain, without warning, vomited a torrent of sulphurous smoke. Quickly this was followed by a column of flame that shot straight into the air, a giant fountain of fire, that came roaring down upon the doomed city. At the same moment, with a rolling crash culminating in an explosion that shook the city to its centre, the mountain appeared to blow up bodily. Thick darkness fell, with a choking storm of cinders. A flood of fire, mud and boiling water swept down the mountain side, sheer over the town and bay. There came another roar; ships at anchor off shore were swallowed by a tidal wave that flung every craft upon her beam ends. And floating on the waters the wreckage of other ships that had given up and died; and many corpses burned black beyond all recognition. Here and there a raft tossed by into darkness, weighted down by half-living bodies that clung to planking with hands burned to the bone.

Darkness slowly lifting off the dead face of the ruined country. Ash covered hills, rising sear and naked, flanked by the sullen mountain; grey heaps of ruins, still smouldering; near the shore a few sparse trees, standing scorched and leafless, bent seaward as though by a mighty wind. The quaint winding streets, the picturesque jumble of piled red roofs, the many-hued careless crowds were gone; in their place was death and the abomination of desolation. . . . A livid scar on the island's fair surface, sore with sickness and tragedy and over it all utter silence; a silence that wrapped itself about the city as a shroud, unbroken, ineffably solemn. And eight miles away, bounded by a sharp line of demarcation, lay a happy region green and smiling. . . .

The Windward Islands, of which Martinique is one of the largest, lie in shape of a crescent whose units are in remarkably regular alignment. Many are undoubtedly the remnants of larger bodies of land destroyed by volcanic agency in far remote times. It is a question to some whether these islands are not in subtle sympathy and the disasters of Martinique and St. Vincent but the beginning of a cycle of devastation. Forty thousand lives, if not more, were lost; and of the thirty thousand inhabitants of St. Pierre not a dozen escaped to tell the tale.

ST. PIERRE, AFTER THE ERUPTION, FROM THE PLACE BERTIN.

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THE STRANGE STORY OF PRINTING-TELEGRAPHS.

By Donald Murray.

[Since this story was written the German postal department, after prolonged experiments, conducted between Berlin and Hamburg, in sending four telegraphic messages each way simultaneously over a single wire at the rate of 300 or 350 words a minute, has accepted Professor Rowland's octuple transmitter, and intends to introduce the system between Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Leipzig, and Frankfort.– Editor.]

ABOUT a year ago in one of the rooms of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, a new machine was being shown to some visitors by its inventor, Professor Henry A. Rowland. It was a printing-telegraph of unheard of capabilities. In one part of the room four girls sat playing on the keyboards of four machines that looked like typewriters. In another corner, purring gently, was an alternating-current dynamo. Farther on was the crowning wonder, a machine about six feet long by four feet wide, a wilderness of wheels and wire and brasswork—and this incredible machine, without any human aid, was printing four telegraph messages simultaneously in page form on sheets of paper ready for delivery. The messages were coming over a single telegraph wire from Philadelphia, 150 miles away. In that town there was a similar outfit. Four girls were there playing on keyboards transmitting the four messages which were being printed simultaneously in the room in the university at Baltimore, the four girls at Baltimore transmitting four messages which were being simultaneously printed at Philadelphia—all over one wire. Full of eager vitality, Professor Rowland was moving about talking to his visitors, explaining, adjusting, and tearing off sample messages. Assisting him were several students of the university. Presently some other students came in. "Are you going to lecture this morning, Professor Rowland?" No; he was very busy. Would they mind if he postponed the lecture for an hour? Then some of the visitors timed one of the four little printers as it clicked away on the incredible machine. Professor Rowland said it was writing about thirty words a minute. Actually it was found to be printing its message at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. That was about a year ago. To-day Professor Rowland is dead; but his system is now being exploited by a company, and cablegrams recently published in the daily papers announced that the Rowland "Octuplex" is being tried with great success on some of the German telegraph lines.

THE ARRIVAL OF MACHINE TELEGRAPHY.

REFLECTING for a moment on Professor Rowland's wonderful octuplex printing-telegraph, and considering how almost everything nowadays is done by machines, it will no doubt surprise many to learn that telegrams are not yet sent to any appreciable extent by machinery, at any rate not in progressive countries like America. Out of every hundred telegrams transmitted in the United States at least ninety-nine are still sent by means of the Morse key and sounder—instruments too elementary to be called machines. They have not been substantially altered since they were invented over fifty years ago, and they are so simple and perfect that it is certain they will never be wholly superseded. Like hammer and saw they are amongst the permanent possessions of mankind; but now, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, there are indications that their field of usefulness is going to be materially restricted. Machine-telegraphy is arriving at last. That means that a considerable change is impending in telegraph methods, and the object of this article is to describe in a popular way the inventions—some of them hardly yet out of their swaddling clothes—that are causing this new development. The most important part of this change—at any rate so far as the present generation is concerned—is summed up in the words "printing-telegraph."

Within a brief twenty-five years the telephone has added hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth of nations, and it has not been necessary to spend even one per cent. of that sum in useless experiments. The telephone scrap heap is comparatively small. A remarkable contrast to the history of the telephone presents itself in the case of the sister art of printing-telegraphy. It is a conservative estimate to say that, during the past fifty years, at least ten

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million dollars have been spent on printing-telegraphs, and, until within the last year or two, there has been nothing to show for the money except the little stock-tickers, and the Hughes printing-telegraph, a machine discarded in America, but still widely used on the Continent of Europe. Yet the inventors persevere. New men take up the problem regardless of all that has been done by their predecessors, and sooner or later they add one more machine to the scrap pile.

THE HOME OF PRINTING-TELEGRAPH CRANKS.

THE invention of printing-telegraphs is peculiarly an American industry. The stock-tickers are Americans born and bred. The Hughes printing-telegraph is an American invention. The only important printing-telegraph systems that are not American are the Baudot and the Murray. But the Baudot system is simply a multiplied Hughes, and the Murray system, though it originated in Australia, has been developed in New York. In fact, in America the conditions are so favorable that the attention of inventors has been devoted to this subject to a remarkable degree. Three months rarely pass without some new patent being issued in the United States for a printing-telegraph. Taking, for instance, the months of May and June, 1901, it will be found upon examining the "Patent Gazette" that no less than six printing-telegraph patents were issued to six different inventors, at least five of whom are Americans. It may be that one of these will prove to be a success. Several of them certainly will not, and the odds are heavily against them all.

Within a radius of fifty miles of New York at the present time there are known to the writer no less than nine different printing-telegraphs, either in existence or in process of development. These are exclusive of stock-tickers. And New York is not alone in this respect. There is hardly one large city in the Union in which there is not at least one printing-telegraph inventor at work. Certainly since the days of Morse, fifty years ago, the number of men who have wasted time and money on printing-telegraphs must run into hundreds. A year seldom passes without some newspaper printing a story in regard to the latest marvel that is going to revolutionize telegraphy, abolish the Morse key, and sweep the telegraph operator out of existence. One actual test on a telegraph line usually finishes its career. But the subject has a certain will-o'-the wisp attractiveness about it, so there are always newcomers blundering into this dismal swamp of the inventive world. The reason for such a waste of human endeavor is that most inventors have ignored at least one of the three fundamental requirements of a successful printing-telegraph system. This is that it must print messages in page form at a high speed over long distances.

THEY SUCCEED AT LAST.

IT is only within the last two or three years that printing-telegraph systems fulfilling these conditions have been perfected. They divide themselves naturally into two classes:

Multiplex systems.
Automatic systems.

These classes are both based on the fact that it is impossible for one man to manipulate a keyboard fast enough to utilize a telegraph wire to its full capacity. In the multiplex systems the difficulty is overcome by dividing up the work among several operators, who each get a momentary turn at the wire. In the automatic systems, several operators prepare messages in the form of perforated paper tapes, which are then used to automatically transmit the messages at a high speed. The chief multiplex systems are the Rowland and Baudot, and the chief automatic systems are the Buckingham and the Murray.

The first practical printing-telegraph was invented by Royal E. House, of Vermont, in 1846, and it went into regular commercial operation in 1849. That is to say, within five years after the establishment of the electric-telegraph, a successful printing-telegraph was in operation. Under favorable conditions, it could transmit forty words a minute, whereas the best Morse operator cannot send more than about twenty words a minute, and yet the House printing-telegraph was abandoned forty years ago, and the Morse key is today in use the wide world over. The chief reason why it was superseded after having given satisfactory service for about ten years was that it would not work over long distances. That same reason explains the failure of many a printing-telegraph since.

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As it is being constantly overlooked, and as it lies at the root of the whole subject, the point requires explanation. To put it briefly, the longer a telegraph line the fewer the signals that can be sent over it in a given time. An analogy will make the reason clear.

If we take 500 feet of rubber garden hose and attach it to a water-tap, the water will not start and stop flowing instantly when the tap is turned on and off. The water will not flow out in sharp jets, as it does with a short hose, but in gradually increasing and decreasing gushes. And if the tap is opened and closed very rapidly, the gushes will not have time to increase and decrease. They will merge into one another, and the water will flow out in a steady stream. In other words, if we try to send signals rapidly through a very long garden hose, the signals run into one another and are lost. The reason is that the rubber hose is slightly elastic, and the pressure of the water flowing through it swells it up slightly. When the tap is suddenly closed the hose contracts again to its ordinary size, thus forcing water out at the open end for a moment or two after the tap is closed. When the tap is suddenly opened again the reverse process takes place. The hose is already full of water, but enough extra water has to be forced into it from the tap to swell it up as much as it will stretch before the water will start flowing out of the open end.

THE FIRST PRACTICAL TELEGRAPH-PRINTING MACHINE WAS LIKE THE LITTLE STOCK-TICKERS IN ALL ESSENTIAL RESPECTS.

A telegraph or telephone wire is exactly like the garden hose. The wire, or rather the ether surrounding the wire, is elastic, and when we pump electricity into the wire it does not instantly start or stop flowing at the other end, unless the wire is very short. We must give the signals time to start and stop, and the longer the wire the slower the rate of signalling. That is why it is impossible to telephone over more than about one thousand miles, and why telegraphing through Atlantic cables is so slow. It follows also that a telegraph system using a large number of signals per letter will not be able to compete over long distances with a system using only a few signals per letter. That was the trouble with the House and many other printing-telegraphs, and that is the reason the little stock-tickers are only used within city limits. The House machine was like the little stock-tickers in all essential respects. It had a small wheel with the letters of the alphabet cut on the rim, and this wheel was moved round step by step by electric impulses till the right letter was brought opposite the paper tape, and then it printed. For "A" there was one step, for "B" two steps, and so on to "Z" with twenty-six steps. Each step required one signal sent over the line. The curious buzz-clicking sound made by the stock-tickers is familiar to most people nowadays. The buzzing sound is the turning round of the type-wheel step by step to the right letter, the stepping process being extremely fast. The click is the sound of the printing of the letter on the tape. On the average, somewhere about twelve signals per letter are required by the step-by-step telegraphs, and this is more than can be transmitted at any satisfactory speed over long lines. The ordinary Morse alphabet employed with the Morse key uses only two and a half signals per letter, so that, when working over long distances, it is far more efficient than any step-by-step telegraph can possibly be, and it is vastly simpler and cheaper. The Morse key can be operated satisfactorily over a distance of 5,000 miles, and it is habitually used in America between New York and San Francisco, a distance of over 3,500 miles. Three hundred miles would prob-

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OPERATORS SENDING AND RECEIVING MESSAGES BY MEANS OF THE ROWLAND TELEGRAPH-PRINTING METHOD.

ably be the practical limit for a step-by-step printing-telegraph, and a variety of other considerations would probably prevent it being commercially successful over even that distance.

Obviously, the next step for the printing-telegraph inventors was to reduce the number of signals per letter, and this was done by David E. Hughes, of Kentucky, in 1855. He used what is known as synchronism. That is to say, he kept a type-wheel revolving in New York at a speed of about two turns per second, and he also kept a type-wheel revolving in Boston at exactly the same speed, so that when the letter A on the type-wheel in New York pointed to two o'clock, the letter A on the type-wheel at Boston also pointed to two o'clock. On depressing a key, say letter E key in Boston, as soon as the letter E on the type-wheel at Boston came around to the six o'clock position—that is to say, the lowest point on the type-wheel—a single electrical signal would be sent over the line to New York, where the letter E on the type-wheel would also be in the six o'clock position, and the signal would make it print. As it only requires one signal per letter the Hughes printing-telegraph works well over considerable distance, though it is handicapped by the necessity of maintaining synchronism, a task of increasing difficulty with increasing distance.

THE MOST RAPID OF ALL TELEGRAPH-PRINTING METHODS—THE ROWLAND.

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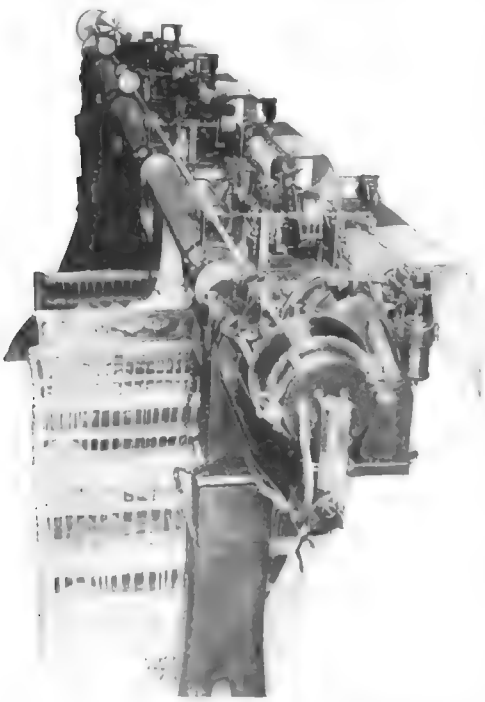
Still, up to the last two or three years it has been the only really successful long-distance printing-telegraph, especially in its improved American form. It was adopted by the French Government in 1860, and now it is in use as the standard telegraph instrument all over Europe. But its use is practically confined to Europe. It is not in use in Eng-



THE ROWLAND METHOD SENDS NO LESS THAN EIGHT MESSAGES AT ONCE OVER ONE TELEGRAPH WIRE, AND PRINTS THEM IN PAGE FORM.

land or America, because it does not fulfil at least one of the essential conditions of a successful printing-telegraph. It does not print messages in page form. It prints them on a tape, which has to be afterwards cut up and pasted on a sheet of paper. This is a messy arrangement which has never been popular in America or England. The Hughes is also comparatively slow, as it does not transmit more than about thirty words a minute over 300 miles. With all its disadvantages it was an improvement on the House printing-telegraph, which it gradually superseded in America about 1860. George M. Phelps, an associate of Hughes, greatly improved the Hughes machine, and it came into extensive use on various American lines. It was made capable of transmitting fifty words a minute, and further improvements by Phelps ran up the speed to over sixty words a minute. This improved printer has been in use for years on a number of lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company; but it has almost ceased to be worked now, and as the old operators who learned to use it die out, they are not being replaced. It will soon be a thing of the past, chiefly because it prints on a tape, and also because it, in its turn, is being supplanted by a far superior system that prints messages in page form at from 90 to 100 words a minute over distances of 1,000 miles.

The use of synchronism by Hughes reduced the number of signals per letter so much that it was only necessary to transmit about three signals per second for a speed of thirty words a minute, while a long telegraph line will easily convey ten times this number. The telegraph line was therefore not being used up to anything like its full capacity. This, therefore, was the next great step; namely, to devise a printing-telegraph system that would utilize the full capacity of the telegraph wires. Solutions were found along the two lines already mentioned—automatic and multiplex working.

THE MULTIPLEX METHOD MADE PLAIN.

THE multiplex solution came from a Frenchman, Émile Baudot, a government telegraph engineer. In 1870 he invented a most ingenious multiplex printing-telegraph. This has been developed and improved, until now it is a most remarkable system, and is widely used in France. It has been working for some time between Paris and Milan, and it was recently set going with great success between Paris and Berlin. It is so complicated that it is impossible to give any clear idea of the system in a short article, but the general principle underlying it is not difficult to grasp, and it will be briefly explained here, because it is the same general principle that has been used by Professor Henry A. Rowland in his still more marvellous octuplex printing-telegraph.

Suppose we take two clocks, remove the pendulums and hour hands, and allow the minute hands to go flying round at a speed of three or four turns per second, and suppose they keep exact time with each other,

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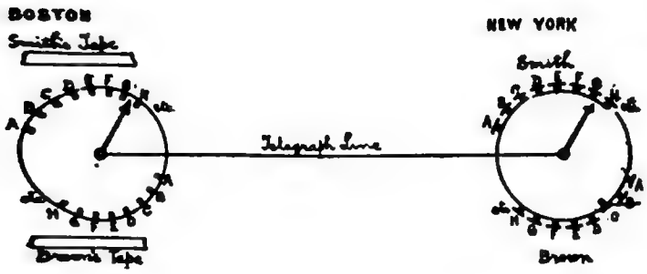
each pointing to the same hour at the same instant. Now suppose that one of these clocks is in New York, and that arranged round its dial are a number of keys, A, B, C, etc., but that the hand as it flies round can-



not touch any key till one is pushed in, like the letter C key in the diagram. Suppose the other clock is at Boston, and that it is so arranged that the hand touches all the keys in succession. Suppose, now, that an operator named Brown in New York presses in one of the keys in front of him, let us say the letter C. As soon as the hand touches C an electric signal is sent over the line to the other hand at Boston, and as that hand will be at that same instant touching the letter C in Boston, that letter C will be printed on Brown's tape in Boston. Hence, whatever key Brown presses in New York, a corresponding letter will be printed in Boston. Now, the important point about the Baudot system, and also the Rowland system, is that between the moments when Brown is pressing his key there is time for several other operators to press their keys, so that their letters will be printed on their tapes in Boston without interfering with Brown or each other. Only two operators, Brown and Smith, are shown in the diagram; but the process of subdividing the work in this way can be carried up to the limit of the capacity of the wire. Over short distances the Baudot system can transmit six different messages at once. A large portion of the press despatches and other telegrams from Rennes to Paris during the Dreyfus trial were transmitted in this way. Over longer distances, as between Milan and Paris, it is worked four ways instead of six. That is to say, four Hughes printing-telegraphs are kept going on the same line, and a speed of about 120 words per minute is obtained, as against 30 with the simple Hughes. The Baudot system, however, retains the defect of the Hughes in printing on a tape instead of a page.

Professor Henry A. Rowland some years ago took up this idea of a multiplex printing-telegraph, and developed it to a surprising degree. The Rowland system sends no less than eight messages at once over one telegraph wire, and prints them in page form. It easily transmits thirty words a minute on each of the eight printers, or 240 words a minute in all. The Rowland system was shown at the last Paris Exposition. Unlike the Baudot system, which is now over twenty years old, the Rowland system, in its present perfected form, has not been in existence more than about a year, during which time it has been subjected to practical trials by the French, German, and English governments, by whom it was operated over their ordinary lines without aid of repeaters. During the winter of 1900 and 1901 the Rowland machines were duplexed between Paris and Marseilles, a distance of over 550 miles. On the result of this trial the French Government was satisfied to purchase machines for use on that line.

The German Government tried these machines between Berlin and Hamburg, and machines have been ordered for use on the Berlin-Hamburg and Berlin-Frankfort lines. The British Post-Office operated the machines between England and Scotland, the two ends being located respectively at London and Glasgow, a distance of over 420 miles apart. For moderate distances it is the most rapid of all printing-telegraph systems, as it can reach a speed of over 300 words a minute; but on long lines it is seriously handicapped by the fact that it has to transmit from eight to ten electrical impulses per letter. This is the old stock-ticker step-by-step trouble, though Professor Rowland has overcome it to a considerable extent by using an alternating-current dynamo to force his signals through.

EXAMPLES OF THE AUTOMATIC METHOD.

THE two most successful examples of the automatic method of high-speed printing-telegraphy are the Buckingham and the Murray systems. The former is employed by the Western Union, and its use is being rapidly extended by that company, two years' trial between New York and Chicago on commercial work having proved its great value. In this system the difficulty of one man not being able to transmit fast enough to keep the line fully occupied is surmounted by using what is known as the Wheatstone

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THE INVENTOR OF THE MURRAY AUTOMATIC METHOD RECEIVING A MESSAGE.

automatic transmitter. This instrument, which has been widely used in England for years, transmits signals by means of a perforated paper tape, different arrangements of perforations transmitting different signals representing different letters. Four or five or more operators may be employed to punch the messages on the paper tape, and the sections of the tape are then run through the Wheatstone transmitter at a high and uniform speed of about 100 words per minute. Buckingham invented a keyboard machine for perforating this tape, and two or three operators working at such machines keep the automatic transmitter running steadily. In this way two or three operators are able to keep a line going at its full capacity. So far as this portion of the Buckingham system is concerned, it does not present much novelty. It is the printing mechanism at the other end of the line that is a real marvel of inventive genius. Type-wheels in printing-telegraphs have usually been made at least an inch in diameter to allow space on the rim for the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. To rotate such a wheel at a high speed to any particular letter is an impossibility, so Buckingham reduced it to four little type-wheels side by side about a quarter of an inch in diameter and with eight letters on each. The result is that this diminutive wheel, hardly bigger in diameter than a lead pencil, can be shifted so as to bring any letter to the printing point almost instantly. One of the conditions of successful printing-telegraphy, as already explained, at any rate in English-speaking countries, is that the message shall be turned out in page form. This is quite a difficult problem. Some inventors shift the type-wheel across the page to the beginning of each new line. The Rowland

SENDING A MESSAGE.

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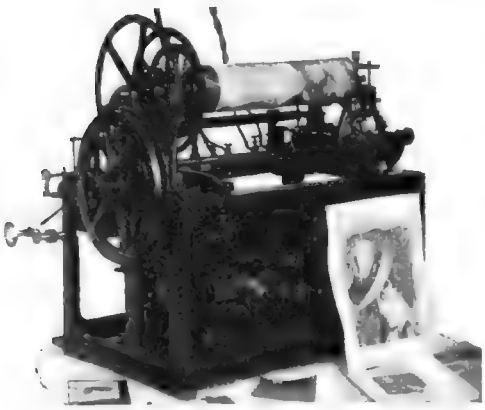

SENDING A PICTURE OVER THE ELECTROGRAPH.

machine shifts its light carriage, moving the paper to a new line as in the ordinary typewriter, this movement being accomplished while the operator is passing his finger from the shifting key to the next letter. Others shift the paper and its carriage, as is done in a typewriter. This means that signalling over the telegraph wire has to cease while shifting to a new line on the paper. With the Rowland system this is of little consequence, because only rarely do more than one or two operators shift to a new line at the same time. So the telegraph wire is always busy. With an automatic system this line shifting would seriously reduce the speed. Buckingham has overcome the difficulty in a very pretty way. He rolls his telegraph blank into a tube, pasting the edges together, and then prints the message continuously round the paper tube in a long spiral. When the message is finished the tube is cut open, and the message then reads in straight lines across the page. This at least is the crude idea. Actually it has been developed in a way that is the acme of nimble ingenuity. By this means the printing of the whole message is practically continuous, and high speed is assured. Like other successful modern systems, Buckingham relies on permutation of signals, six signals per letter being sufficient. This system works in the most perfect way at from 90 to 100 words per minute between New York and Chicago, a distance of about 1,000 miles, and, as it works duplex, this means a speed of from 180 to 200 words per minute. As the Edison quadruplex working with Morse keys cannot possibly reach a speed of even 80 words a minute between New York and Chicago, it will be seen that there is a great gain in the use of the Buckingham system.

SETTING TYPE BY TELEGRAPH.

THE Murray system is the latest arrival, having been perfected only a few months ago, and it has been adopted by the Postal Telegraph Cable Company. It originated in Australia, and has been developed in New York during the past two years. Like the Buckingham system, it relies on the Wheatstone automatic transmitter and a perforated paper tape. Special keyboard machines are used to prepare this tape. At the receiving station in the Murray system there has been a wide departure from any known printing-telegraph system. Instead of operating a printing mechanism direct, it re-perforates another tape at the receiving station, and this tape is then run into a small machine that mechanically operates an ordinary typewriter, much in the same way that mechanical pianos are played by perforated bands of paper. It will be noticed that in this arrangement the shifting of the paper to a new line gives no trouble, as the printing is entirely independent of the transmission of the signals over the telegraph wire. In experimental tests, this system has successfully transmitted 100 words a minute between New York and Chicago, or 200 words a minute duplex, and on shorter circuits it has reached a speed of 130 words a minute, or about 250 words a minute duplex. One remarkable development of the Murray system that is expected in the future is automatic typesetting of press despatches, as the perforated receiving tape can be made to operate a linotype

RECEIVING A PICTURE.

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or typesetting machine at any desired speed as readily as it now works a typewriter. The Murray system has the disadvantage of the slight additional trouble of using perforated tape at both ends of the line. Buckingham uses it only at one end, and Rowland not at all. To balance this disadvantage the Murray system uses only one and a quarter signals per letter, and can therefore work faster over long distances than any other system.

It will be observed from what has been said that each of these big modern printing-telegraph systems has its special advantages and disadvantages, and it is probable that they will each find special fields of usefulness. The saving that they are destined to effect in telegraph wires is enormous. They do more than double, and in some cases more than treble, as much work as the quadruplex over the same wire. In other words, they make one wire do as much as two or three are now doing. They will therefore save $60,000 or $70,000 on a single circuit between New York and Chicago, and similarly, in proportion to the distance, between other large centres of population. Whether they will save much labor seems to be doubtful, but the work required will be much less skilful and not nearly so exhausting. They are all excessively complicated, and they cost several thousand dollars per set to construct. Hence they are only available for service between large cities where there is a sufficient volume of telegraph business to make it worth while employing them.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK TRANSMITTED OVER THE ELECTROGRAPH.

THE ELECTROGRAPH.

BEFORE concluding the subject of the writing telegraphy a few words might be added regarding its first cousin the electrograph. Pictures transmitted by instruments have been produced sufficiently clear for reproduction at the receiving end of the circuit. When operating the electrograph, the photograph or drawing to be transmitted is first made into an ordinary half-tone plate. The plate is flooded with metal wax, and then rubbed to a smooth surface. This fills the depressed portions with an insulating material, leaving all other parts smooth and clean. The plate is then bent around the cylinder of the transmitting machine, the operator closes his key, and the electric current does the rest.

The distant receiving machines have plain white paper wrapped around their cylinders. The closing of the circuit by the transmitting operator starts all machines at once, and in six to ten minutes the picture is completed.

The automatic operation is really a very simple one, though the results are almost beyond belief. The transmitting stylus, a fine steel point, traces a spiral upon the zinc plate, while the wax dots, rapidly breaking the circuit, cause electrical pulsations upon the connecting wire, which pulsations are recorded on the receivers by special electro-magnets actuating steel pens which trace corresponding spirals upon the recording papers. These spirals, broken into dots similar to the waxed depressions in the zinc plate, build themselves up automatically and the pictures unfold gradually, being composed of thousands of dots. An exact copy is thus made of the zinc plate which in itself is a perfect half-tone of the original picture when completed. The transmitting operator then opens his key, stopping all the machines on the line. The electrograph is reversible—that is, the machine

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is either a transmitter or a receiver. The simple changing of a switch and substitution of a pen for the stylus makes the change. Sitting at his machine the receiving operator sees the face before him develop in a few moments from an imperfect outline to a human likeness which is startling. The effect is somewhat similar to the development of a photographic negative, pens acting instead of the chemical.

The electrograph has been operated over lines ranging from a few miles to 1,100, portraits being transmitted the longer distance successfully. An idea of the value of the apparatus for news service can be gained when it is stated that the Washington correspondent of a metropolitan daily paper, for instance, can keep one wire "hot" with the text of an interview or an account of some sensational episode, while by another he is transmitting portraits of persons prominently concerned and photographs of scenes connected with his story. It is not an exaggeration to predict that a year or so may see the writing telegraph and the electrograph side by side in the larger newspaper offices of the country, each doing its part in mechanical news-gathering.

What once was fiction may soon be fact.

AN AFTERNOON MIRACLE.

By O. Henry.

At the United States end of an international river bridge, four armed rangers sweltered in a little 'dobe hut, keeping a fairly faithful espionage upon the lagging trail of passengers from the Mexican side.

Bud Dawson, proprietor of the Top Notch saloon, had, on the evening previous, violently ejected from his premises one Leandro Garcia, for alleged violation of the Top Notch code of behavior. Garcia had mentioned twenty-four hours as a limit, by which time he would call and collect a plentiful indemnity for personal satisfaction.

This Mexican, although a tremendous braggart, was thoroughly courageous, and each side of the river respected him for one of these attributes. He and a following of similar bravoes were addicted to the pastime of retrieving towns from stagnation.

The day designated by Garcia for retribution was to be further signalized on the American side by a cattleman's convention, a bull fight, and an old settler's barbecue and picnic. Knowing the avenger to be a man of his word, and believing it prudent to court peace while three such gently social relaxations were in progress, Captain McNulty, of the ranger company stationed there, detailed his lieutenant and three men for duty at the end of the bridge. Their instructions were to prevent the invasion of Garcia, either alone or attended by his gang.

Travel was slight that sultry afternoon, and the rangers swore gently, and mopped their brows in their convenient but close quarters. For an hour no one had crossed save an old woman enveloped in a brown wrapper and a black mantilla, driving before her a burro loaded with kindling wood tied in small bundles for peddling. Then three shots were fired down the street, the sound coming clear and snappy through the still air.

The four rangers quickened from sprawling, symbolic figures of indolence to alert life, but only one rose to his feet. Three turned their eyes beseechingly but hopelessly upon the fourth, who had gotten nimbly up and was buckling his cartridge-belt around him. The three knew that Lieutenant Bob Buckley, in command, would allow no man of them the privilege of investigating a row when he himself might go.

The agile, broad-chested lieutenant, without a change of expression in his smooth, yellow-brown, melancholy face, shot the belt strap through the guard of the buckle,

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hefted his sixes in their holsters as a belle gives the finishing touches to her toilette, caught up his Winchester, and dived for the door. There he paused long enough to caution his comrades to maintain their watch upon the bridge, and then plunged into the broiling highway.

The three relapsed into resigned inertia and plaintive comment.

"I've heard of fellows," grumbled Broncho Leathers, "what was wedded to danger, but if Bob Buckley ain't committed bigamy with trouble, I'm a son of a gun."

"Peculiarness of Bob is," inserted the Nueces Kid, "he ain't had proper trainin'. He never learned how to git skeered. Now, a man ought to be skeered enough when he tackles a fuss to hanker after readin' his name on the list of survivors, anyway."

"Buckley," commented ranger No. 3, who was a misguided Eastern man, burdened with an education, "scraps in such a solemn manner, that I have been led to doubt its spontaneity. I'm not quite onto his system, but he fights, like Tybalt, by the book of arithmetic."

"I never heard," mentioned Broncho, "about any of Dibble's ways of mixin' scrappin' and cipherin'."

"Triggernometry?" suggested the Nueces infant.

"That's rather better than I hoped from you," nodded the Easterner, approvingly. "The other meaning is that Buckley never goes into a fight without giving away weight. He seems to dread taking the slightest advantage. That's quite close to foolhardiness when you are dealing with horse-thieves and fence-cutters who would ambush you any night, and shoot you in the back if they could. Buckley's too full of sand. He'll play Horatius and hold the bridge once too often some day."

"I'm on there," drawled the Kid; "I mind that bridge gang in the reader. Me, I go instructed for the other chap—Spurious Somebody—the one that fought and pulled his freight, to fight 'em on some other date."

"Anyway," summed up Broncho, "Bob's about the gamest man I ever see along the Rio Bravo. Great Sam Houston! If she gets any hotter she'll sizzle!" Broncho whacked at a scorpion with his four-pound Stetson felt, and the three watchers relapsed into comfortless silence.

How well Bob Buckley had kept his secret, since these men, for two years his side comrades in countless border raids and dangers, thus spake of him, not knowing that he was the most arrant physical coward in all that Rio Bravo country! Neither his friends nor his enemies had suspected him of aught else than the finest courage. It was purely a physical cowardice, and only by an extreme, grim effort of will had he forced his craven body to do the bravest deeds. Scourging himself always, as a monk whips his besetting sin, Buckley threw himself with apparent recklessnes into every danger, with the hope of some day ridding himself of the despised affliction. But each successive test brought no relief, and the ranger's face, by nature adapted to cheerfulness and good humor, became set to the guise of gloomy melancholy. Thus, while the frontier admired his deeds, and his prowess was celebrated in print and by word of mouth in many camp-fires in the valley of the Bravo, his heart was sick within him. Only himself knew of the horrible tightening of the chest, the dry mouth, the weakening of the spine, the agony of the strung nerves—the never-failing symptoms of his shameful malady.

One mere boy in his company was wont to enter a fray with a leg perched flippantly about the horn of his saddle, a cigarette hanging from his lips, which emitted smoke and original slogans of clever invention. Buckley would have given a year's pay to have attained that devil-may-care method. Once the debonair youth said to him: "Buck, you go into a scrap like it was a funeral. Not," he added, with a complimentary wave of his tin cup, "but what it generally is."

Buckley's conscience was of the New England order with Western adjustments, and he continued to get his rebellious body into as many difficulties as possible; wherefore, on that sultry afternoon he chose to drive his own protesting limbs to investigation of that sudden alarm that had startled the peace and dignity of the State.

Two squares down the street stood the Top Notch saloon. Here Buckley came upon signs of recent upheaval. A few curious spectators pressed about its front entrance, grinding beneath their heels the fragments of a plate-glass window. Inside, Buckley found Bud Dawson utterly ignoring a bullet wound in his shoulder, while he feelingly wept at having to explain why he failed to drop the "blamed masque-

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rooter" who shot him. At the entrance of the ranger, Bud turned appealingly to him for confirmation of the devastation he might have dealt.

"You know, Buck, I'd 'a' plum got him, first rattle, if I'd thought a minute. Comin' a-masquerootin', playin' female till he got the drop, and turned loose. I never reached for a gun, thinkin' it was sure Chihuahua Betty, or Mrs. Atwater, or anyhow one of the Mayfield girls comin' a-gunnin', which they might, liable as not. I never thought of that blamed Garcia until——"

"Garcia!" snapped Buckley. "How did he get over here?"

Bud's bartender took the ranger by the arm and led him to the side door. There stood a patient gray burro cropping the grass along the gutter, with a load of kindling wood tied across its back. On the ground lay a black shawl and a voluminous brown dress.

"Masquerootin' in them things," called Bud, still resisting attempted ministrations to his wound. "Thought he was a lady till he give a yell and winged me."

"He went down this side street," said the bartender. "He was alone, and he'll hide out till night when his gang comes over. You ought to find him in that Mexican lay-out below the depot. He's got a girl down there—Pancha Sales."

"How was he armed?" asked Buckley.

"Two pearl-handled sixes, and a knife."

"Keep this for me, Billy," said the ranger, handing over his Winchester. Quixotic, perhaps, but it was Bob Buckley's way. Another man—and a braver one—might have raised a posse to accompany him. It was Buckley's rule to discard all preliminary advantage.

The Mexican had left behind him a wake of closed doors and an empty street, but now people were beginning to emerge from their places of refuge with assumed unconsciousness of anything having happened. Many citizens who knew the ranger, pointed out to him with alacrity the course of Garcia's retreat.

As Buckley swung along upon the trail he felt the beginning of the suffocating constriction about his throat, the cold sweat under the brim of his hat, the old, shameful, dreaded sinking of his heart as it went down, down, down in his bosom.

. . . . . .

The morning train of the Mexican Central had that day been three hours late, thus failing to connect with the I. and G. N. on the other side of the river. Passengers for Los Estados Unidos grumblingly sought entertainment in the little swaggering mongrel town of two nations, for, until the morrow, no other train would come to rescue them. Grumblingly, because two days later would begin the great fair and races in San Antone. Consider that at that time San Antone was the hub of the wheel of Fortune, and the names of its spokes were Cattle, Wool, Faro, Running Horses, and Ozone. In those times cattlemen played at crack-loo on the sidewalks with double-eagles, and gentlemen backed their conception of the fortuitous card with stacks limited in height only by the interference of gravity. Wherefore, thither journeyed the sowers and the reapers—they who stampeded the dollars, and they who rounded them up. Especially did the caterers to the amusement of the people haste to San Antone. Two greatest shows on earth were already there, and dozens of smallest ones were on the way.

On a side track near the mean little 'dobe depot stood a private car, left there by the Mexican train that morning and doomed by an ineffectual schedule to ignobly await, amid squalid surroundings, connection with the next day's regular.

The car had been once a common day-coach, but those who had sat in it and cringed to the conductor's hat-band slips would never have recognized it in its transformation. Paint and gilding and certain domestic touches had liberated it from any suspicion of public servitude. The whitest of lace curtains judiciously screened its windows. From its fore end drooped in the torrid air the flag of Mexico. From its rear projected the Stars and Stripes and a busy stove-pipe; the latter reënforcing in its suggestion of culinary comforts the general suggestion of privacy and ease. The beholder's eye, regarding its gorgeous sides, found interest to culminate in a single name in gold and blue letters extending almost its entire length—a single name, the audacious privilege of royalty and genius. Doubly, then, was this arrogant nomenclature here justified; for the name was that of "Alvarita, Queen of the Serpent Tribe." This, her car, was back from a triumphant tour of the principal Mexican cities, and now headed for San Antone, where, according to prom-

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issory advertisement, she would exhibit her "Marvellous Dominion and Fearless Control over Deadly and Venemous Serpents, Handling them with Ease as they Coil and Hiss to the Terror of Thousands of Tongue-tied Tremblers!"

One hundred in the shade kept the vicinity somewhat depeopled. This quarter of the town was a ragged edge; its denizens, the bubbling froth of five nations; its architecture, tent, jacal, and 'dobe; its distractions; the hurdy-gurdy and the informal contribution to the sudden stranger's store of experience. Beyond this dishonorable fringe upon the old town's jowl rose a dense mass of trees, surmounting and filling a little hollow. Through this bickered a small stream that perished down the sheer and disconcerting side of the great cañon of the Rio Bravo del Norte.

In this sordid spot was condemned to remain for certain hours the impotent transport of the Queen of the Serpent Tribe.

The front door of the car was open. Its forward end was curtained off into a small reception-room. Here the admiring and propitiatory reporters were wont to sit and transpose the music of Señorita Alvarita's talk into the more florid key of the press. A picture of Abraham Lincoln hung against a wall; one of a cluster of school-girls grouped upon stone steps was in another place; a third was Easter lilies in a blood-red frame. A neat carpet was under foot. A pitcher, sweating cold drops, and a glass stood upon a fragile stand. In a willow rocker, reading a newspaper, sat Alvarita.

Spanish, you would say; Andalusian, or, better still, Basque; that compound, like the diamond, of darkness and fire. Hair, the shade of purple grapes viewed at midnight. Eyes, long, dusky, and disquieting with their untroubled directness of gaze. Face, haughty and bold, touched with a pretty insolence that gave it life. To hasten conviction of her charm, but glance at the stacks of handbills in the corner, green, and yellow, and white. Upon them you see an incompetent presentment of the señorita in her professional garb and pose. Irresistible, in black lace and yellow ribbons, she faces you; a blue racer is spiralled upon each bare arm; coiled twice about her waist and once about her neck, his horrid head close to hers, you perceive Kuku, the great eleven-foot Asian python.

A hand drew aside the curtain that partitioned the car, and a middle-aged, faded woman holding a knife and a half-peeled potato looked in and said:

"Alviry, are you right busy?"

"I'm reading the home paper, ma. What do you think! that pale, tow-headed Matilda Price got the most votes in the *News* for the prettiest girl in Gallipo—*lees*."

"Shuh! She wouldn't of done it if *you'd* been home, Alviry. Lord knows, I hope we'll be there before fall's over. I'm tired gallopin' round the world playin' we are dagoes, and givin' snake shows. But that ain't what I wanted to say. That there biggest snake's gone agin. I've looked all over the car and can't find him. He must have been gone an hour. I remember hearin' somethin' rustlin' along the floor, but I thought it was you."

"Oh, blame that old rascal!" exclaimed the Queen, throwing down her paper. "This is the third time he's got away. George never *will* fasten down the lid to his box properly. I do believe he's *afraid* of Kuku. Now I've got to go hunt him."

"Better hurry; somebody might hurt him."

The Queen's teeth showed in a gleaming, contemptuous smile. "No danger. When they see Kuku outside they simply scoot away and buy bromides. There's a crick over between here and the river. That old scamp'd swap his skin any time for a drink of running water. I guess I'll find him there, all right."

A few minutes later Alvarita stepped upon the forward platform, ready for her quest. Her handsome black skirt was shaped to the most recent proclamation of fashion. Her spotless shirt-waist gladdened the eye in that desert of sunshine, a swelling oasis, cool and fresh. A man's split-straw hat sat firmly upon her coiled, abundant hair. Beneath her serene, round, impudent chin a man's four-in-hand tie was jauntily knotted about a man's high, stiff collar. A parasol she carried, of white silk, and its fringe was lace, yellowly genuine.

I will grant Gallipolis as to her costume, but firmly to Seville or Valladolid I am held by her eyes; castanets, balconies, mantillas, serenades, ambuscades, escapades—all these their dark depths guaranteed.

"Ain't you afraid to go out alone, Alviry?" queried the Queen-mother anxiously. "There's so many rough people about. Mebbe you'd better——"

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"I never saw anything I was afraid of yet, ma. 'Specially people. And men in particular. Don't you fret. I'll trot along back as soon as I find that runaway scamp."

The dust lay thick upon the bare ground near the tracks. Alvarita's eye soon discovered the serrated trail of the escaped python. It led across the depot grounds and away down a smaller street in the direction of the little cañon, as predicted by her. A stillness and lack of excitement in the neighborhood encouraged the hope that, as yet, the inhabitants were unaware that so formidable a guest traversed their highways. The heat had driven them indoors, whence outdrifted occasional shrill laughs, or the depressing whine of a maltreated concertina. In the shade a few Mexican children, like vivified stolid idols in clay, stared from their play, vision-struck and silent, as Alvarita came and went. Here and there a woman peeped from a door and stood dumb, reduced to silence by the aspect of the white silk parasol.

A hundred yards and the limits of the town were passed, scattered chaparral succeeding, and then a noble grove, overflowing the bijou cañon. Through this a small bright stream meandered. Park-like it was, with a kind of cockney ruralness further endorsed by the waste papers and rifled tins of picnickers. Up this stream, and down it, among its pseudo-sylvan glades and depressions, wandered the bright and unruffled Alvarita. Once she saw evidence of the recreant reptile's progress in his distinctive trail across a spread of fine sand in the arroyo. The living water was bound to lure him; he could not be far away.

So sure was she of his immediate proximity that she perched herself to idle for a time in the curve of a great creeper that looped down from a giant water-elm. To reach this she climbed from the pathway a little distance up the side of a steep and rugged incline. Around her chaparral grew thick and high. A late-blooming ratama tree dispensed from its yellow petals a sweet and persistent odor. Adown the ravine rustled a sedative wind, melancholy with the taste of sodden, fallen leaves.

Alvarita removed her hat, and undoing the oppressive convolutions of her hair, began to slowly arrange it in two long, dusky plaits.

From the obscure depths of a thick clump of evergreen shrubs five feet away, two small jewel-bright eyes were steadfastly regarding her. Coiled there lay Kuku, the great python; Kuku, the magnificent, he of the plated muzzle, the grooved lips, the eleven-foot stretch of elegantly and brilliantly mottled skin. The great python was viewing his mistress without a sound or motion to disclose his presence. Perhaps the splendid truant forefelt his capture, but, screened by the foliage, thought to prolong the delight of his escapade. What pleasure it was, after the hot and dusty car, to lie thus, smelling the running water, and feeling the agreeable roughness of the earth and stones against his body! Soon, very soon the Queen would find him, and he, powerless as a worm in her audacious hands, would be returned to the dark chest in the narrow house that ran on wheels.

Alvarita heard a sudden crunching of the gravel below her. Turning her head she saw a big, swarthy Mexican, with a daring and evil expression, contemplating her with an ominous, dull eye.

"What do you want?" she asked as sharply as five hairpins between her lips would permit, continuing to plait her hair, and looking him over with placid contempt. The Mexican continued to gaze at her, and showed his teeth in a white, jagged smile.

"I no hurt-y you, Señorita," he said.

"You bet you won't," answered the Queen, shaking back one finished, massive plait. "But don't you think you'd better move on?"

"Not hurt-y you—no. But maybeso take one *beso*—one li'l kees, you call him."

The man smiled again, and set his foot to ascend the slope. Alvarita leaned swiftly and picked up a stone the size of a cocoanut.

"Vamoose, quick," she ordered peremptorily, "you *coon!*"

The red of insult burned through the Mexican's dark skin.

"*Hidalgo, Yo!*" he shot between his fangs. "I am not neg-r-ro! *Diabla bonita*, for that you shall pay me."

He made two quick upward steps this time, but the stone, hurled by no weak arm, struck him square in the chest. He staggered back to the footway, swerved half around, and met another sight that drove all thoughts of the girl from his head. She turned her eyes to see what had diverted his interest. A man with red-brown, curling hair, and a melancholy, sunburned,

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smooth-shaven face was coming up the path, twenty yards away. Around the Mexican's waist was buckled a pistol belt with two empty scabbards. He had laid aside his sixes—possibly in the jacal of the fair Pancha—and had forgotten them when the passing of the fairer Alvarita had enticed him to her trail. His hands now flew instinctively to the scabbards, but finding the weapons gone, he spread his fingers outward with the eloquent, abjuring, deprecating Latin gesture, and stood like a rock. Seeing his plight, the newcomer unbuckled his own belt containing two revolvers, threw it upon the ground, and continued to advance.

"Splendid!" murmured Alvarita, with flashing eyes.

As Bob Buckley, according to the mad code of bravery that his sensitive conscience imposed upon his cowardly nerves, abandoned his guns and closed in upon his enemy, the old, inevitable nausea of abject fear wrung him. His breath whistled through his constricted air passages. His feet seemed like lumps of lead. His mouth was dry as dust. His heart, congested with blood, hurt his ribs as it thumped against them. The hot June day turned to moist November. And still he advanced, spurred by a mandatory pride that strained its uttermost against his weakling flesh.

The distance between the two men slowly lessened. The Mexican stood, immovable, waiting. When scarce five yards separated them, a little shower of loosened gravel rattled down from above to the ranger's feet. He glanced upward with instinctive caution. A pair of dark eyes, brilliantly soft, and fierily tender, encountered and held his own. The most fearful heart and the boldest one in all the Rio Bravo country exchanged a silent and inscrutable communication. Alvarita, still seated within her vine, leaned forward above the breast-high chaparral. One hand was laid across her bosom. One great dark braid curved forward over her shoulder. Her lips were parted; her face was lit with what seemed but wonder—great and absolute wonder. Her eyes lingered upon Buckley's. Let no one ask or presume to tell through what subtle medium the miracle was performed. As by a lightning flash two clouds will accomplish counterpoise and compensation of electric surcharge, so on that eye-glance the man received his complement of manhood, and the maid conceded what enriched her womanly grace by its loss.

The Mexican, suddenly stirring, ventilated his attitude of apathetic waiting by conjuring swiftly from his boot-leg a long knife. Buckley cast aside his hat, and laughed once aloud, like a happy schoolboy at a frolic. Then, empty-handed, he sprang nimbly, and Garcia met him without default.

So soon was the engagement ended that disappointment imposed upon the ranger's warlike ecstasy. Instead of dealing the traditional downward stroke, the Mexican lunged straight with his knife. Buckley took the precarious chance, and caught his wrist, fair and firm. Then he delivered the good Saxon knock-out blow—always so pathetically disastrous to the fistless Latin races—and Garcia was down and out, with his head under a clump of prickly pears. The ranger looked up again to the Queen of the Serpents.

Alvarita scrambled down to the path.

"I'm mighty glad I happened along when I did," said the ranger.

"He—he frightened me so!" cooed Alvarita.

They did not hear the long, low hiss of the python under the shrubs. Wiliest of the beasts, no doubt he was expressing the humiliation he felt at having so long dwelt in subjection to this trembling and coloring mistress of his whom he had deemed so strong and potent and fearsome.

Slowly, slowly they walked. The ranger regained his belt of weapons. With a fine timidity she begged the indulgence of fingering the great .045's, with little "Ohs" and "Ahs" of new-born, delicious shyness.

The *cañoncito* was growing dusky. Beyond its terminus in the river bluff they could see the outer world yet suffused with the waning glory of sunset.

A scream—a piercing scream of fright from Alvarita. Back she cowered, and the ready, protecting arm of Buckley formed her refuge. What terror so dire as to thus beset the close of the reign of the never-before-daunted Queen?

Across the path there crawled a *caterpillar*—a horrid, fuzzy, two-inch caterpillar! Truly, Kuku, thou wert avenged. Thus abdicated the Queen of the Serpent Tribe—*viva la reina!*

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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, with Decorations by Joseph E. Laub.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Atossa, daughter of Cyrus, King of Persia, betrothed to Belshazzar, King of Babylon, now attended hither by her young lover, Darius, with other Persian Princes, is received by Avil-Marduk, Chief Priest of Bel, and his hated foe, Daniel, the Jew, the "Civil Minister," now old in the service of Belshazzar, and much honored by the people. Proceeding in pomp to the palace, they are brought to a stand by the sudden peril of Daniel's daughter, Ruth, through the fury of an escaped royal lion, which Darius quickly pierces with an arrow. Thus, saving Ruth from the lion, and incidentally from the King, Darius finds a friend in her betrothed, Isaiah, the young Jew, while Ruth herself is kept hidden in the country. Daniel, Darius, and Isaiah, thus closely brought together, are not long in learning that the king has attempted, by this marriage with a daughter of Cyrus, to avert suspicion of his Egyptian league against Persia.

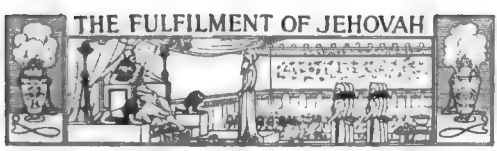
One Gudea, a crafty exorcist, whose murderous profession Isaiah has discredited, seeks redress of Avil-Marduk, claiming that it was Isaiah who had murdered Saruch, a rich merchant and pious servant of the gods. The High Priest, therefore, easily bribes Gudea to collect evidence against the Jews, meaning Isaiah and his father-in-law, Daniel.

At this time Darius is warned by the Lady Atossa to be on his guard against the morrow's hunt; but he, disregarding, narrowly escapes treachery in the royal forest, thus showing the king's hand, and is thrown into prison, where Avil-Marduk has also succeeded by this time in putting Daniel.

Mysteriously as he disappeared, Isaiah now reappears, during the great procession of Bel, at the head of the temple steps, foretelling the doom of Babylon; the people, meanwhile, crying out in fear, "The gods are angry on account of Daniel. Spare Daniel," while the priests of Bel reply with "Death to the Jews," and set upon Isaiah. A riot follows. Isaiah, given by Atossa a talisman which shall vouch for the tidings he is about to carry to Susa, once more disappears. The king, meanwhile, having quelled the riot and granted amnesty to all save Isaiah, accuses Darius of plotting against Babylon, condemns him to death, yet sends, withal, by Gobryas, the General, veiled protests of peace to Cyrus. While the latter takes counsel with his princes, Isaiah, appearing at Susa with tidings of Belshazzar's double-dealing toward Darius and Atossa, promises to deliver the captives in safety to Cyrus, if the King of Persia will aid him in liberating the Jews by making war on the King of Babylon. Cyrus then declares war, and Isaiah returns secretly, as he came, to Babylon, and makes preparations for the escape of Daniel and Darius. One night, the guards being drugged, Isaiah, Daniel, Darius, and Zerubabel, an apostate Jew, making their way through the tunnel under the Euphrates, are stopped by the guards, now roused by the barking of dogs, and Daniel is retaken, while the others, escaping through the tunnel under the Euphrates, arrive at the camp of Cyrus, pitched before the captured city of Kuthra. Thus Isaiah fulfils his promise to Cyrus, delivering Atossa's letter to her father and begging the latter to make all speed against Babylon ere she becomes the wife of Belshazzar. Isaiah's reward, the deliverance of the Jews, must be brought about by the same means; thus Cyrus encamps before Babylon.

Since Atossa's betrothal to Belshazzar, a year has now passed, and Belshazzar, growing merry over the withdrawal of Cyrus's host, the approach of his own wedding-day and the finding of Ruth, proclaims a feast. But Avil-Marduk, secretly aspiring to the throne, fears exceedingly the result of the King's marriage, when suddenly at the feast appears the writing on the wall.

CHAPTER XVI.



WHILE Belshazzar looked, his bronzed cheeks turned ashen. The awful hand had vanished the instant the sentence was written—gone, whither? The lord of the Chaldees gazed upon his servants, and they—back at their master, while none spoke. But the letters did not vanish: their steadfast light burned calmly on. Belshazzar caught the golden cup that had fallen from his hand, and dashed it against the wall. A great square of the plaster fell, but lo! the letters were burning still. Then new silence, while every man heard the beatings of his heart, and thought on his unholy deeds.

Belshazzar, the pallor still on his face, was kinglier than the rest, even in his fear—for he at least was brave enough for speech.

"Ho! captains of Babylon! A notable miracle from the gods! Some new favor, no doubt, vouchsafed by Marduk!"

No one answered. All strength had fled from the stoutest sword-hand. Belshazzar's voice rose to a sterner pitch as he faced the array of priests.

"What mean these letters? They are not the characters of the Chaldee. Their meaning? Here are learned men, wise in every tongue. Translate to us!"

Still no answer; and the king's wrath now mastered all his fears. "Fools!"—his hand was on his sword-hilt—"Marduk has not added to the miracle by smiting all dumb." He confronted the "chief of the omen-revealers," who stood close to the dais.

"Here, Gamilu, this falls within your duties. Look on the writing. Interpret without delay; or, as Marduk is god, another has your office!"

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Gamilu, a venerable pontiff, lifted his head, and stared at the inscription. He mumbled inaudibly, but the royal eye was on him. With vain show of confidence he commenced:

"Live forever, lord of the Chaldees! A fortunate sign, on a doubly fortunate day! This is the word which Bel, the sovereign god, has sent to his dearly loved son, the ever-victorious king, Belshazzar——"

But here he stopped, bravado failing. Thrice he muttered wildly, then fell on his knees, tearing his beard. His one groan was, "Mercy!"

A second wretch cast himself before the king. "Pity, Ocean of Generosity, pity! I do not know!"

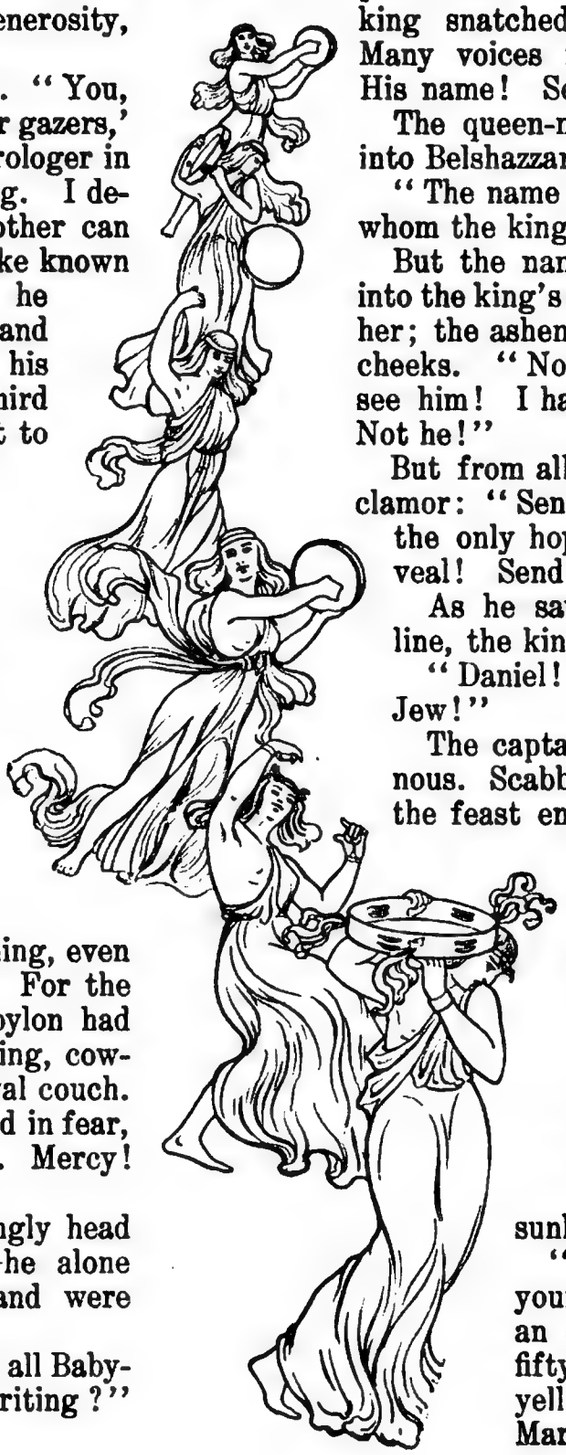
The king wasted no curse. "You, Kalduin, 'master of the star gazers,' who boast to be wisest astrologer in Babylon, look on the writing. I declare that if you or any other can read these letters and make known to me the interpretation, he shall be clothed in scarlet, and a chain of gold put about his neck, and he shall be third ruler of the kingdom, next to Avil and myself."

But Kalduin also fell on his knees, groaning and moaning. Belshazzar turned to Avil-Marduk, who had not spoken since the apparition, and who was still exceeding pale. "Avil!"—the accent of the king was icy chill—"if you are truly the mouthpiece of your god, prove your power. Interpret!"

Then came a wondrous thing, even on that night of wonders. For the chief priest, to whom Babylon had cringed almost as to the king, cowered on the rugs by the royal couch. "Lord! Lord!" he moaned in fear, "I know not. I cannot tell. Mercy! Spare!"

Belshazzar shook his kingly head as might a desert lion—he alone steadfast, while a thousand were trembling.

"And is there no man in all Babylon who can read this writing?" was his thunder.



There was a rustling beside him. From her chair the aged queen-mother, Tavat-Hasina, leaned forward. "Your Majesty," she whispered from pale lips, "live forever. Let not your thoughts trouble you. There *is* a man in your kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods! In the days of your father, light and understanding like the wisdom of the gods were found in him; and King Nebuchadnezzar made him master of the magicians and soothsayers, because an excellent knowledge and interpretation of dreams and dissolving of doubts was found in him."

"Aye! The man! His name!" The king snatched her wrist roughly. Many voices reëchoed, "The man! His name! Send for him! Send!"

The queen-mother looked steadily into Belshazzar's eyes.

"The name of the man is Daniel, whom the king called Belteshazzar."

But the name was like fire thrust into the king's face. He recoiled from her; the ashen-gray came back to his cheeks. "Not Daniel! I will never see him! I have sworn it! Not he! Not he!"

But from all the captains rose one clamor: "Send for Daniel! He is the only hope! He alone can reveal! Send! Send!"

As he saw again that burning line, the king grew yet paler.

"Daniel! Daniel! Send for the Jew!"

The captains were waxing mutinous. Scabbards clattered. Would the feast end in rebellion? Belshazzar addressed Mermaza. "Eunuch, go to the innermost prison and bring Daniel hither without delay."

"Hold!" cried Avil, at the top of his voice; "what god can speak through *his* lips? Is the King of Babylon sunk so low——"

"Read and interpret yourself, priest," bawled an old officer; and from fifty of his fellows rose the yell: "Away with Avil-Marduk!"

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"Shall I go, Lord?" questioned Mermaza, and Belshazzar only nodded his head.

Then there was silence once more, while monarch and servants watched those letters burning on the wall. Presently—after how long!—feet were heard in the outer court, the clanking of chains; then right into the glare and glitter came Mermaza, followed by two soldiers; and betwixt these an old man, squalid, unkempt, clothed in rags, the fetters still on wrist and ankle. But at sight of him a hundred knelt to worship.

Daniel heeded nothing until he stood before the king.

As Belshazzar rose from his couch to speak, he tried vainly to meet the piercing eye of the Jew.

"Are you that Daniel, of the captive Hebrews, whom Nebuchadnezzar brought out of Judea? I have heard that the spirit of the gods is in you, and light and understanding, and excellent wisdom. And now the wise men and astrologers have been brought to read this writing, and to interpret, but they could not. And I have heard that you can make interpretations and dissolve doubts." The king's voice faltered. He would have given a thousand talents not to be driven to speak the rest. "Now, if you are able to read the writing, and make known the interpretation, you shall be clothed in scarlet, and have a chain of gold about your neck, and be the third ruler of the kingdom."

No response. Daniel looked straight upon Belshazzar, and again Belshazzar strove to shun the captive's gaze.

"Will you not speak?" demanded the king. "Speak!"

"Will you have me speak? For this is not the word of Bel."

All saw Avil leap up, as if in creature fear; but Belshazzar, at least, faced Daniel steadily, with all save his eyes.

"Answer me truly—be it good or ill. But answer!"

The king stretched forth his hands to the Jew, imploring. The prophecy was fulfilled,—Belshazzar the king supplicating Daniel the captive! The old man's form straightened; he swept his gaze around the company, every eye obedient to his. His voice was low; yet in that silence each whisper swelled to loudness.

"Let your gifts be for another, O King; give your rewards to another, but I will read the writing to the king, and make known the interpretation."

Then he told the tale all Babylon knew so well: how, when the mighty Nebuchadnezzar hardened his heart in kingly pride, madness smote him, and made him no better than the beasts, till, after seven years, thus humbled, he came to himself, and knew that the Most High was above all kings. And by the time the tale was ended the silence was so great that even the sputtering torches were loud to hear. Daniel stood directly before the dais; the chains rattled as he stretched forth a finger, and pointed into the king's face.

"But you, O Belshazzar, have not humbled your heart though you knew all this, but have lifted yourself up against the Lord of Heaven; and they have brought the vessels of His house before you, and you, and your lords, and your women, have drunk wine in them; and you have praised the gods of silver, of gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand your breath is you have not glorified. Then was the hand sent from Him." The finger pointed toward the glowing character upon the wall. "And this is the writing that was written: '*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*' And this is the interpretation: '*Mene*'—God

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has numbered your kingdom and finished it. '*Tekel*'—you are weighed in the balances and are found wanting. '*Upharsin*,' which is otherwise '*Peres*'—your kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and the Persians."

A fearful cry was rising. Captains were on their faces, groaning to Samas, to Istar, to Ramman—"Save! Save! From the wrath of Jehovah!" The workings of Belshazzar's features were terrible to behold. Thrice he strove to speak; his lips moved dumbly. Then, as the king looked, lo! another wonder. The fiery words were gone, and only the shattered plaster showed where they had burned. "Woe! Woe!" all were moaning; but the vanishing of the letters gave back to Avil his courage. He leaned over, whispering to the king. In an instant Belshazzar uttered a hideous laugh.

"Good! By Istar—the Jew has me fairly on the hip! Clever jugglery, I swear, to contrive a trick that could chase the blood from the cheeks of the stoutest captains of the Chaldees! Show me the conjurer: I will pardon and reward. A clever jest, my princes, a clever jest!"

The shout died away in profound silence. The king grasped a goblet once more. "By Nabu—the jest is so well played, you still wander for wits. Daniel must have reward. Ho! Mermaza; the robe of honor and the chain of gold. Off with these rags and fetters. Behold in Daniel the third prince of the kingdom. Set a new seat on the dais. A health to his Highness!" He drained the cup; then, in a darker tone, directly at the Hebrew: "This is the promised reward. But when at midnight I quit the feast, if your prophecy is not fulfilled, you die the perjurer's death for mocking thus your king."

Daniel answered nothing. The eunuchs pried off his fetters, and put on him the robe and the golden chain. They set him in a chair beside Belshazzar, offering a jewelled goblet. He took it, tasting only once. Avil had risen in vain effort to fuse the company with the same mad merriment affected by himself and the king.

"I congratulate Prince Daniel, my colleague in government! Another health to him, and to our 'ever-to-be-adored' Queen Atossa. Strike up, harpers; raise the triumph-hymn to Bel once more."

With reluctant fingers the musicians smote harp and zither; the choir of priests and maidens, with quavering voices, sang a few measures; the weak notes died away into ghastly stillness.

Every eye crept furtively up to the square of shattered plaster. Then, as if in desperation, and bound to hide his mastering fears, a "captain-of-a-hundred" motioned to a eunuch.

"Wine, fellow, wine."

"Wine!" echoed all. "More wine! Surely the Jew has lied. Forget him!"

The revels were resumed. The torches flared above the king of the Chaldees and all his lords draining their liquor, beaker on beaker, in one mad, vain hope—to drown deep their own dark thoughts. The fiery apparition had vanished from the plaster, only to glow the more before the uncertain vision of each and all. Soon rose drunken laughter, more fearful than any scream or moaning.

Avil at least kept sober. Once he turned to Mermaza.

"What are these flashes? The lamps cast shadow. And this rumbling?"

"A storm approaches, though still far off."

"Foul omen at this season!" answered Avil, and under breath—scoffer that he was—he muttered a spell against the "rain-fiends."

Atossa sat on her own high seat, watching, waiting, wondering. One can hardly say whether she had hopes or fears. She had not spoken since the miracle. What followed seemed to her afterwards like some dim memory of long ago. Daniel was sitting by her side. Once she ventured—despite Belshazzar's frown—to speak to him.

"My father, the spirit of the holy Ahura is on you. Tell me, shall we be saved, you, and Ruth, and I, from the power of these 'Lovers of Night'?"

And Daniel, calm, unblenching, sober, amid a hundred gibbering drunkards, an-

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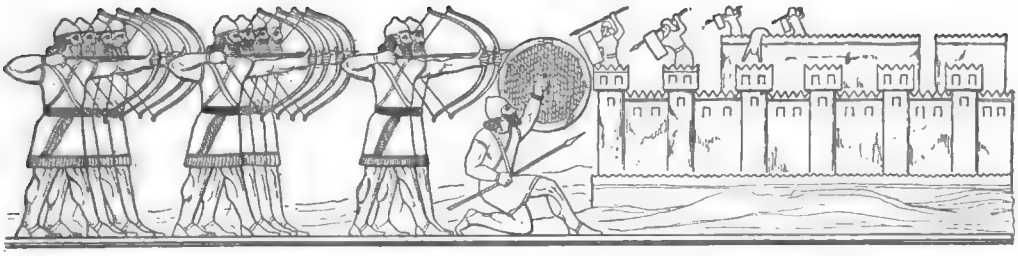

swered with a confidence not of this world: "My child, we shall be saved. Doubt it not. But whether we be saved in this body, or depart to see Jehovah's face, He knoweth—not I. But His will is ever good."

Deeper the drinking; madder the revelling. From the outer palace rose the laughter of soldiers and the city folk. The priests of Bel at length gathered courage from their wine. They roared out their hymn, and the dancing-girls caught up red torches, with brandishing and shrieking—one lurid whirl of uncaged demons. In the reaction after the portent, the scene became an orgy. The king's cheek was flushed; his voice was loud and high. Tavat, the queen-mother, quitted the feast; and Atossa would have given all she possessed—how little!—to be suffered to follow. She had hardly tasted the cups pressed on her. She was utterly weary. The gold and jewels on her head seemed an intolerable weight. O to be away—to have that scene blotted out, even by death's long slumber! Her head fell forward. Ahura was kind. Did she sleep? Suddenly Belshazzar's voice aroused her.

"Midnight. The feast ends; and you, O Jew, have lost!"

The king was standing. The lamps were smoking low; the noise of the feasters was failing, as the wine accomplished its work. The tipsy priests had quavered out their last triumph song:

> "Bel-Marduk who rulest forever,
> Thee, thee we praise!"

Belshazzar addressed Mermaza: "Eunuch, deliver Daniel the Jew to Khatin for instant death. His mummery turns to his own ruin. *Now* truly let his weak God save!"

Even as he spoke there was a strange clamor rising in the palace without—a headlong gallop; a shouting, not of mirth, but of alarm. None yet heeded.

"Your Majesty," Daniel was answering steadily, "suffer me only this: let me embrace my daughter Ruth."

The king nodded. "Be brief, for you have vexed me long!" Then turning to Atossa: "Ah! Lady, Queen—at last! To the harem!"

Atossa knew she was being taken by the hand; she saw all things dimly as through darkened glass. Nearer the gallop without, louder the shouting, and through it and behind a jar and a crashing—not of the elements surely. Daniel had clasped Ruth to his breast. His words were heard only by her and by another. The king gestured impatiently, "Enough! Away!" But no more. There was a panic cry at the portal, the howl of fifty voices in dismay; and right into the great hall, over the priceless carpets, through that revelling throng, spurred a rider in armor, two arrows sticking in target, blood on crest, blood streaming from the great wound in the horse's side. Up to the very dais he thundered, and there, in sight of all, the beast staggered, fell, while Igas-Ramman, the captain, struggled from beneath and stood before the king.

"*All is lost, Lord of the Chaldees!*" and then he gasped for breath. But already in the outer palace was a fearful shout. "Arms! Rescue! The foe!"

Belshazzar tottered as he stood, caught the arm of the throne; his face was not ashen, but black as the clouds on high.

"O king, Sirusur and Bilsandan are traitors. The retreat of Cyrus was a ruse. By night his host has returned. Imbi-Ilu, the exile, has tampered with the priests of Nabu, and they have opened the Borsippa water-gate. Sirusur has withdrawn the garrisons from the chief defences; Bilsandan has released the Persian prisoners, and with them overpowered the guard at the Northern Citadel. Prince Darius is speeding to the palace."

The king drew his sword, flinging far the scabbard.

"Up, princes of the Chaldees, up!" he trumpeted, above the shriekings all around. "All is not lost! We will still prove the

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Jew the liar! Whosoever dares follow me! All Babylon is not turned traitor."

Yet while he cried it a second messenger panted into the great hall.

"The outer defences of the palace are forced, O king! The foe are everywhere!"

But Belshazzar leaped down from the dais, and sped about one lightning glance.

"Here, Khatin, stand by these women and this Jew! See that they do not flee. I will yet live to teach them fear."

A crash without made the casements shiver. Belshazzar sprang forward. "At them, men of Babylon; all is not yet lost!"

And spurred by his example, the feasters rushed after. The cups lay on the tables, the lamps flickered overhead, the storm wind was shaking the broad canopy; but Atossa knew only one thing—the raging din that ever swelled louder. Then a second crash, mightier than the first, and out of it a shout in her own tongue of Iran.

"For Ahura—for Atossa!"

The battle-cry of the Persians: and Atossa knew that Darius, son of Hystaspes, was not far away.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE citadel was betrayed: Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel betrayed. The giant-built walls frowned down, but the massy gates were wide open, and through them streamed the foe. Right down the length of broad Nana street, under the shadow of the ziggurats and the great warehouses, had charged the Persian cuirassiers, the finest cavalry in all the East. Through the Gate of Istar poured Harpagus and the Median chivalry; through the Gate of the Chaldees swept Hystaspes with the "Immortals," Cyrus's own life-guard, the stoutest spearmen in wide Iran. They met files of tipsy sword-hands—men who fought without order, without commanders. The howls of the slaves and women were on every hand. The light of burning houses brightened the invaders' pathway; and so the Aryan host fought onward, brushing resistance from its way as the torrent sweeps on the pebbles, their ranks straining towards one point—the palace. For the hour of reckoning had come to the "City of the Lie."

Atossa sat upon the dais, looking upon the scene below. The great hall was still around her—still the pictured walls, with the shadows darkening upon their enamels, as the lamps and torches burned lower. The tables were there, and the remnants of the feast. The floor was strewn with torn garlands and trampled roses; but the company—the wanton dancing-women, the sleek eunuchs, the lordly priests, the yet more lordly captains—where were they? Fled—all save the last—to the innermost palace, there to moan, while the noise of the avenger was nearing.

Atossa arose, shook herself, stared once more about the hall. At the foot of the dais lay the dead charger. On a seat at her side sat Ruth, her head bowed on her hands, her lithe form quivering with fear. Beside his daughter was the old Hebrew, calm, steadfast, seemingly passionless—looking straight before, as if his sight could pass through wall and battlement, beholding the far-off peace of the upper heavens. But in the outer palace, as the din surged in and out like some raging sea, the princess heard her own name alone shouted. Dared she believe she knew the voice?

"Atossa! Atossa!"

Then a new crash that drowned all else, and the whirl of a thousand feet. Men and women, cursing, howling, were rushing back into the hall. In an instant the empty scene became a chaos of forms, all the gibbering palace folk fleeing thither.

"Lost! The gate is carried! The palace is taken!"

But the end had not yet come. Another voice was thundering in the Chaldee—Belshazzar's voice:

"Rally again! All is not yet lost! We will defend the palace room by room!"

"Forward, sons of Iran!" sped back the answer; and a shout followed it, at the very entrance of the hall.

"For Ahura—for Atossa!"

"Darius!" cried Atossa, "Darius! Here am I!"

Her cry was drowned in the chaos of battle. And then, for the first time, fear smote the princess. Outside those doors fought the son of Hystaspes, perilling himself in the press—and for her sake.

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"Darius," she cried again, "I come! Save!"

She leaped from the dais; in her madness she would have plunged into the riot below, when a heavy hand fell on her. She struggled; was helpless. Above her towered Khatin.

"It is commanded, lady," quoth the headsman, gruffly, "that you abide here till the king order otherwise."

"Fool!" she cried, shrinking at his impure touch, "do you seek death? A moment more and your life is in my power. Release, and you shall live."

"Ah, my bright-eyed rabbit," answered he dryly, unmoved by all the terrors about, "I have sent too many better men than I to the 'world-mountain' to dread the journey thither. All the Chaldees have not turned traitor, nor have I. Wait."

He forced her back upon her seat, and stood guard beside her. Drunk or sober, the nobles of Babylon proved their lordly birth that night. Twice Atossa's heart sank when a triumph-cry rang through the palace.

"Glory to Marduk! Drive them forth! Victory!"

But each time the Persians swept back to the charge, and still the clamor rose. The swarm of frenzied palace folk was growing denser. They sprang upon the dais, threatening Atossa, in their witless fear; but gave back at sight of Khatin's bared sword-blade. Then forth rushed a single man, Avil-Marduk, his face blanched, his teeth a-chatter, and cast himself at Daniel's feet.

"Save, generous lord! Save me from death! For you are merciful, and the Persians will hear you! Beseech your Jehovah that He may not let me die!"

Before the Jew could answer, Khatin dragged the suppliant from his knees. "Peace, babbler; if Marduk is a great god, let *him* save; if not, die like a man. But take not even life from one you have reviled, like the god of Daniel!" And he cast the priest headlong from the dais. Ruth had lifted her head, and stared about vacantly, till her gaze lit on the Persian. Then she flung herself into the arms of Atossa.

"Ah! lady," she cried, the hot tears falling fast, "I see all as in a frightful dream! When will this tumult end? I can bear no more!"

But Atossa answered in her queenly pride:

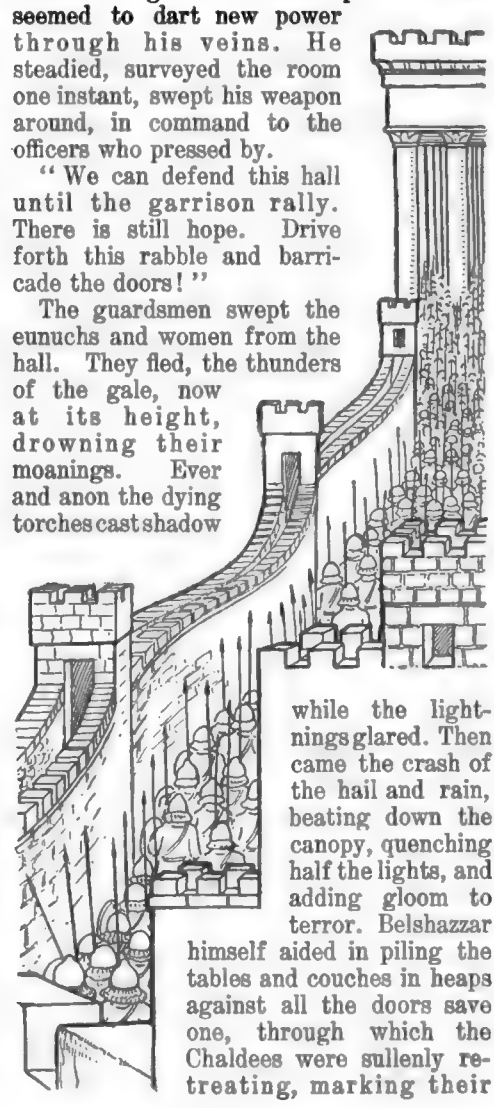
"Peace, Jewess; be strong. For this is the hour for which we cried to Ahura together. He is trampling down the 'People of the Lie,' and this sound arises from the men we love."

But as she spoke the mob below swayed with new terror. For a third time the great palace quaked. The door was again darkened by many men—and in their midst they saw the king. . . .

Belshazzar was covered with blood—whether his own or the foeman's, who might say? His mantle was in tatters; the tiara smitten from his head; on his arm a shivered shield. The king staggered; then the sight of Atossa upon the dais seemed to dart new power through his veins. He steadied, surveyed the room one instant, swept his weapon around, in command to the officers who pressed by.

"We can defend this hall until the garrison rally. There is still hope. Drive forth this rabble and barricade the doors!"

The guardsmen swept the eunuchs and women from the hall. They fled, the thunders of the gale, now at its height, drowning their moanings. Ever and anon the dying torches cast shadow



while the lightnings glared. Then came the crash of the hail and rain, beating down the canopy, quenching half the lights, and adding gloom to terror. Belshazzar himself aided in piling the tables and couches in heaps against all the doors save one, through which the Chaldees were sullenly retreating, marking their

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pathway by the Persian dead. Once again Atossa leaped from her seat. Despite her brave words to Ruth, more of this chaos would strike her mad. She

slipped from the grasp of Khatin, and flew towards the entrance. For the instant all were too intent on their fearful tasks to heed.

"Darius! I come!" cried she in her Persian, and a shout without was answering, when a clutch, mighty as Khatin's, halted her. She was in Belshazzar's own hands.

"Back, girl! I am still the king, and I command!"

But Atossa struggled desperately. "Away! Take me away!" rang her plea. "Slay this instant if you will, but I can bear no more."

"Take her to the dais," shouted the king to two guardsmen. "Watch her preciously; her life is dearer to us now than gold."

The two had need of their strength; but she was thrust again to her hated station. This time cords were knotted around her arms, and she was held fast. She looked to Daniel. There he sat, serene and silent, the only calm object in that scene of furies.

"Father," she moaned, "pray to Khatin—to any—that they strike once, and let me die! All the *daevas* are loose, and drive me mad!"

"Peace, my child"—he spoke mildly, yet amid all that storm she heard him—"we shall full soon know what is the will of God!"

But she had started, despite the bands. The last Babylonians had been brushed from the portal; a rush of feet, a battle-cry, the loudest of the night; and right in the entrance, sword in hand and looking upon Atossa, was the son of Hystaspes, at his side Isaiah, at his back the stoutest veterans of Cyrus the Conqueror.

There was silence for an instant. Then the Babylonish officers by sheer force drew their king behind them, and formed in close array before the dais.

"Stand fast, Chaldees!" rang the voice of Igas-Ramman. "While the king lives Babylon is not truly lost."

The Persians were entering slowly, grimly. Their prey was in their clutch; they were too old in war to let him slip by untimely triumph. The rain beat down in one continuous roar, amid ceaseless peals of thunder. Yet, despite the elements, they heard the clamor of distant conflict. At the temple of Bel, at the palace of Nabupolassar, the fight was still desperate.

Darius had advanced from his company half-way across the hall. He addressed the king.

"Live forever, Lord of Babylon! Live forever. I have bayed a fairer game, this night, than an auroch or a lion; but I have brought him to the net at last. Too noble, truly, to slay. Let him be wise. He will find my master merciful."

"Yield to Cyrus? Let the dogs eat first our bodies!" So cried Igas, and all the Babylonians yelled like answer.

Darius did not retire. "We Persians honor kings, though once our foes. Croesus the Lydian is Cyrus's friend. Be wise—Bel, your god, may not save you. Craft and strength alike have failed. Yield on fair quarter. Do not sacrifice these gallant men."

But he ended swiftly, for the king had leaped upon the dais, and his voice sounded amid the thunder. "Look! with all your eyes look, Persians! Behold the daughter of Cyrus." Atossa had been upborne upon his strong arms and those of Khatin, and stood upon the royal couch before the gaze of all. And at sight of her a tremor thrilled through the Persians.

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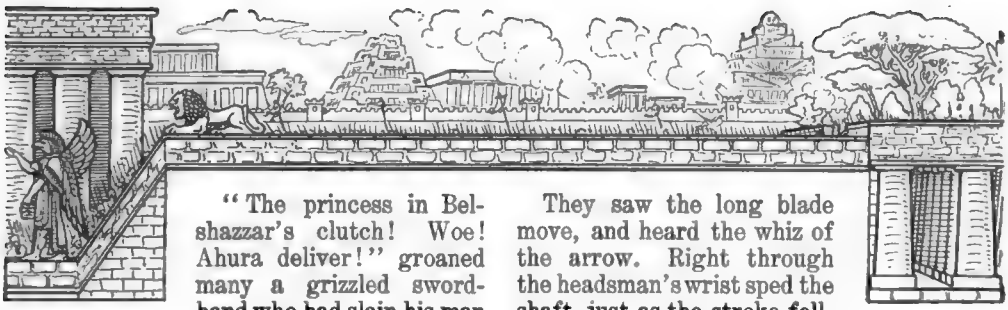

"The princess in Belshazzar's clutch! Woe! Ahura deliver!" groaned many a grizzled sword-hand who had slain his man that night. But the king swept on: "I say to you, that as the first arrow flies, or sword-stroke falls, the blade enters the breast of the child of Cyrus. Get you gone, and that instantly, if you would not see her die!"

They saw the steel glancing in Khatin's hand—no idle threat. And for a moment longer Persian and Chaldee looked on one another, while the storm screamed its wild music. But now Atossa spoke, her voice clear as Belshazzar's.

"And I, daughter of your king, command that you hold back in nothing for my sake. For to an Aryan maid of pure heart death is no great thing, when she knows behind it speeds the vengeance."

"Not so! We may not!" moaned Persian to Persian; and Darius sprang back among his men.

"Lord," cried a captain from the rear, "the garrison is rallying. A little longer, and many companies come to Belshazzar's aid. We may yet be undone!"

Darius had flung away his target. His hands had snatched something—a quiver, a bow. He leaped before them all, while Belshazzar's voice again was rising. "Back, Persians, or, as Bel is god of Babylon, the maid dies, and you are her murderers!" He sprang down from beside her, leaving Khatin standing.

But the prince drew the shaft to the head, and sent his eye along the arrow. Did he level at Atossa's own breast? So thought she, with all the others, and her cry rang shrilly.

"Shoot! In Ahura's great name, shoot! Death at your hands is sweet!"

They saw her close her eyes, and strong men turned away their faces. But Belshazzar, looking on his foe, was startled—*he had seen him shoot before.*

"Strike!" he commanded Khatin, "swiftly!"

They saw the long blade move, and heard the whiz of the arrow. Right through the headsman's wrist sped the shaft, just as the stroke fell. The sword turned in impotent fingers and fell upon the floor. And still Atossa stood.

She trembled, moved, made to spring from her station; but Darius's voice in turn was thunder.

"Move not! There alone is safety where I cover you! And now—on them, men of Iran!"

The Persians had sprung upon their prey, and never relaxed their death-grip; but the Babylonians ringed round their king with a living wall and fought in silence, for all was near the end. Then the rush of numbers forced the defenders away from the dais. Atossa saw the arrow of Darius sink; saw him bounding forward. But saw no more. For in mercy sense forsook her. She felt two strong arms, and then, for long, lay motionless as the dead.

The prince laid her upon the royal couch at the extremity of the dais. Beside her he set Ruth, who had long since ceased crying through very weight of fear. Back to the combat then, and the last agony of the king; when from under the shivered tables crawled one who groaned and kissed his feet—Avil-Marduk. Darius spurned him. The next instant two tall Medians were hailing the wretch away. A noble spectacle he would be for triumphing Ecbatana, before they crucified. But a nobler spoil remained. Darius flung himself upon the Chaldee nobles. Igas-Ramman was down, and Khatin, whose left arm had smitten many a foe while his right hung helpless. The king still fought—ten swords seeking his life, and he parrying all. Suddenly the desperate defenders turned at bay, and charged their foes with a mad fury that made even the stoutest Aryans give ground. One final lull, in which they heard the beating of the rain. Then, right betwixt raging Persian and raging Chaldee, sprang a figure—an old man in hoary majesty—Daniel the Jew.

"Peace"—and for that instant every

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man hearkened—"your god is helpless, O Belshazzar, your idol mute. Your power is sped, but bow to the will of the Most High. He will still pity the penitent. Do not cast your life away——"

But at the word the king lifted his last javelin.

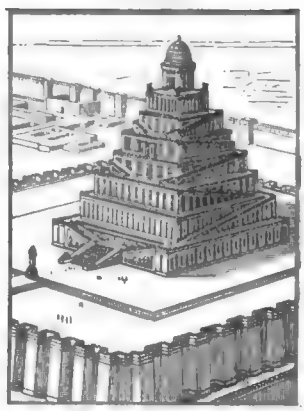
"Be this my answer to your god!"

The missile brushed the white lock on the old man's forehead, and fell harmless.

The Babylonians retreated sullenly to the wall; set their backs against it. Then, with death in the face of each, the men who had fought so long and well to save their king and city, raised their song—the pæan of the vanquished to the god whose power that night had passed:

"Bel-Marduk, sovereign of archers!
Bel-Marduk, spoiler of cities,
Bel-Marduk, lord of all gods,
Bel-Marduk, who rulest forever,
Thee, thee we praise!"

ZIGGURAT



At the last note the Persians closed around them, and each Chaldee as he stood fought to the end, selling his life full dear; but about the king the strife raged fiercest, for Darius had commanded, "Slay not! Take living!" Long after the last of his servants had sped from the fury of man, Belshazzar beat back all who pressed him. But the sword was beaten from his grasp. Twenty hands stretched out to seize him. He buffeted all away, leaped to one side, and before any could hinder, drew the dagger from his girdle and sheathed it in his own breast. He staggered. Isaiah upbore him. The king saw in whose arms he was. The Hebrew felt a spasm of agony pass through Belshazzar's frame.

"Bel is dead!" he cried, his voice never louder. "*Bel is dead! O God of the Jews, Thou hast conquered!*"

Then came a dazzling bolt. The wide canopy fell. The rush of rain drowned every torch, and all was blackness.

Darius groped his way to Belshazzar's side, and spread his mantle across the king's face to shield it from the rain.

Soon the great court was empty—the victors gone, the vanquished cold and still. But till dawn the tempest held its carnival above the towers of the palace. And the winds had one cry, the beat of the rain one burden to those who were wise to hear—a burden heavy with long years of wrong.

"Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, is fallen! The Lady of Kingdoms is fallen, is fallen, is fallen! She will oppress the weak no more, will slay the innocent no more, will blaspheme God no more! Fallen is Babylon, the Chaldees' crown and glory."

In a greater book than this is written how Cyrus the Persian made good his vow to Isaiah and restored the Hebrews to their own land, raising Jerusalem out of her dust and ashes. Elsewhere also is told how Darius and Atossa fared together onward, until the son of Hystaspes sat on Cyrus's own throne, and gave law to all the nations. And to Isaiah, Jehovah granted that he should become a mighty prophet among his people, and see wrapt visions of the "King-who-was-to-Be." But as for Babylon the Great, the traveller who wanders through the desert beside the brimming Euphrates looks upon the mounds of sand and rubbish, and thinks on the word of the Hebrew seer of long ago:

"And Babylon the glory of the kingdoms,
Shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gommorah.
It shall never be inhabited,
Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there:
Neither shall shepherds make their fold there;
But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there,
And owls shall dwell there,
And satyrs shall dance there,
And wild beasts of the islands
Shall cry in their desolate houses;
Her days shall not be prolonged."

THE END.

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THE MONTMORENCI ELECTION.

By William Henry Drummond.

Author of "Johnnie Courteau and other Poems," "The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems"

[Dr. Drummond was born in Ireland, but at the age of ten came to Canada, where his people settled at Bord à Plouffe, on the Isle Jésu (near Montreal). The inn at Bord à Plouffe was then kept by one Le May, and most of the raftsmen on the rafts of square timber coming from the north by way of the Ottawa and the Riviere des Prairies tied up there for a drink and chat. There were all sorts of raftsmen: Indians; métis; men with rings on their toes and in their ears and knives in their belts—these latter seldom used in warfare. From his early impressions of these people Dr. Drummond has evolved his two remarkable books of verse. Montmorenci, of the following story, is an election county near Quebec, embracing the famous miracle-working shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré —Editor.]

"WALL! I dunno 'bout tolin' you dat story, for I don't t'ink it's good wan, an' de young man wat's mak' dat funny beez-nesse, dey're very bad man, but if I don't tole you, I s'pose you go off mad, an' of course dat's not pleasan' t'ing, so hooraw! away she go.

Dere was beeg 'lection on county of Montmorenci some year ago, an' crowd come on de church door ev'ry Sunday morning for learn all 'bout how de habitant mus' mak' hees vote on de las' day, but long before dat, dem feller on Kebeck dey want to know if de habitant on our place was go en bloc for de Rouge, dat's de Laurier man, or for de Bleu, dat's de Toppeur (Tupper) Conservateur. An' it's not easy job fin' out, for de habitant he's poor man, an' don't lak' tole ev'rybody jus' how he vote. So affer some talk on de meeting dat's call for want to know 'bout dem habitant, dere was young feller he's nam' Ducharme (maudit! he's bad young man) stan' up on de meeting an' say,—"Look at me,—here I am, an' I bet you I can go on dat Montmorenci—yass sir, an' on two t'ree week I'm back on Kebeck wit' all de news 'bout dem habitant on de con-tree, w'at dey say, w'at de t'ink, an' how dey vote—an' if you want tak' up dat bet, now's your tam', yass sir." Den some de wise ole man was on de meeting, get up an' say, "Young feller, we get plaintee experience on dat beez-nesse for many year, an' we know dis: w'en de stranger go roun' 'mong de habitant an' say he's Laurier, de habitant say 'Dat's me too,' an' w'en he say 'I'm for de Bleu,' de habitant say he's Bleu also—oh, yass, de peop' on de con-tree was very polite, tak' off de hat an' so on, an' alway say 'oui, oui, non, non,' jus' sam' lak' de stranger man, an' you t'ink dey're all right, but wait till she come 'lection day. Oho! dat's diffren' t'ing. So young man, wat you goin' to do fin' out how de cat jump on de fence?"

An' de young man say, "Very quick I tole you how de cat jump on de fence. But dere's no use goin' dere wit new spring suit, lak' man from Unite' State—I feex up lak' de beggar-man on church door roun' de cornerre—I get w'at you call de crutch too, wit' de rheumateez an' some bad cole on de lung, den I will travel for ma healt' on Montmorenci—after dat you will see me on de meeting speciale extraordinaire, wit' full report on de politique of Montmorenci—dat's w'at I do, an' ma frien' Alphonse Beauchemin, was study law sam' place wit' me, he will come too, an' we will be de firse prize beggar-man double team on de con-tree."

So all de wise ole man say, "Dat's purty smart t'ing, we never t'ink of dat, you're goin' to be great lawyer, sure."

Wall! off dey go, dem bad young man along de road, an' bimeby pass on de county of Montmorenci. If dere's wan place on Canadaw w'ere de poor hongry man stan' good chance for somet'ing to eat, dat's were I leev', on Montmorenci, an well dem young feller know dat. So w'en dey see nice house of riche habitant on de roadside an' it's 'bout tam for milk de cow on de evening, Ducharme say, "Alphonse, I go dere firse, me, an' you can sit on de fence leetle w'ile for geev' me chance get all right wit' de ole man, den bimeby you can pass on de sam' place, an' we will have good talk 'bout de 'lection." "All right," so Ducharme he come along, can hardly walk at all, an' rap on de door wit' his stick. "Hello, who's dere?" "It's me, poor man from Riviere du Loup, been sick all winter on de hos-pee-tal Kebeck, an' doctor say he can't cure me no more, so out I go. Mebbe you got leetle somet'ing for eat an' place on de barn for sleep tonight an' I pray for you all I can, garantie." An' de habitant say, "Come in, come in," an' tole hees wife bring some black bread, sirop d'erable (maple syrup) new milk an fresh onion, (dat's good for bad cole on de lung) an' hooraw! it's bully tam for dat maudit Ducharme! Den affer w'ile, bimeby, dere's 'noder rap on de door an' in come Alphonse l'autre maudit cochon! an' de ole habitant say, "W'at's dat? some more beggar man from Riviere du Loup?" An' down he sit lak hees frien' Ducharme an' have de good tam also, an' bote dem feller eat an' talk, an' smoke, lak' dey never meet before, an' purty soon Ducharme begin to sing an' de ole habitant an' hees wife Azilda, dey sit dere lak two fool, an' laugh an' cry an' hol' each oder's han' jus' de sam' as w'en dey're boy an' girl togeder. Oh dat Ducharme he have no heart at all, he mak' de good lawyer sure. Wall! by de tam de lamp's lit, ev'ry t'ing 's goin' firse class, an' mebbe ten twelve de neighbor come in for hear de story, an' lissen de song, an' affer w'ile Ducharme commence talk de politique wit' Alphonse.—Oho! dat's w'en de fun begin. Ducharme he say, "Toppeur was de mos' bes 'man for de con-tree, cos' w'y, he wear de ole bleu over-coat of John A. Mac Donal," an' Alphonse he say, "Non, non, Laurier was de mos' bes' man, he's Canayen comme nous autres; (like ourselves) 'sides dat, he tak' de job run de gouvernment for tousan' dollar a year. So w'at you t'ink of dat?"

An' Ducharme he say, "W'at I t'ink of dat? I tole you purty quick. Dat's true Toppeur he ax twelve hon-

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der dollar, but he only kip 'tousan' dollar hese'f, an' pay de res' on hees boy, so you get two smart men work hard for twelve honder dollar, an' I t'ink dat's better trade dan tousan' dollar only wan man. 'Sides dat all de pries' an' de wise ole habitant, dey vote for Toppeur an' hees boy, an' I t'ink dey ought to know somet'ing 'bout de bes' kin' of politique for de con-tree." But dat's good chance for Alphonse an' he say, "I don't care—w'en I was habitant mese'f on Chateaugay, I mak' wan mistake on de farm, an' dat's de reason I'm poor man an' walk de road today, an' glad for sleep on de barn tonight. I don't kip not'ing but de ole blood on ma place—never no new blood on de live stock—I see it now, but she's too late, so I say dis: w'at's bad for de farm is bad for Canadaw—an' w'at's good for de farm is good for Canadaw. So if you excuse me, I say we mus' have new blood on de Gouvernement, an' Laurier arrange for all dat an' only t'ing I'm sorry for now, I got no vote—me—an' can't mak' de cross for de new blood."

Mon Dieu! dat's mak' Ducharme mad, an' he say, "We'll tak' de vote on dis house, dat's bes' way." So some vote rouge for Laurier, an' some vote bleu for Toppeur an' hees boy, but Laurier he have de majorité on dat place. Ducharme purten' he's very sorry, but he say, "We're all good frien' togeder, an' dere's no use mak' de row," so he sing de leetle song some more, an' ev'rybody go home on hees bed moche please wit' de beggar-man. Wall, sir! two week dey work lak dat, an' all de news dey hear down she go on de book; but bes' place on de whole con-tree, an' dat's w'at I don't lak' talk 'bout, is Ste. Anne de Beaupré were dere's beeg crowd come on de church for get cure ev'ryt'ing. Dat's w'en dey're busy, dem bad young man! Walk roun', sing outside hotel, get plaintee monee, hear all 'bout how de peop' was goin' vote on de 'lection—an' mak' frien' wit' ev'rybody. So wan night Ducharme he say, "Alphonse, I t'ink we get all de news we want, an' if I don't come off dat crutch purty soon, I can't walk at all. Tomorrow morning I see good chance get away from dem ole stick, an' den hooraw for Kebeck." "How you do dat?" Alphonse is ax, "ev'ry wan know you're lame man an' if you're lame man today, an' jump roun' lak' spring lamb get los' on de bush tomorrow look out for row on de camp sure, beeg row too." "Wall! wall! Alphonse, I alway s'pose you're smart boy an' mak' de good lawyer, but now I see you're sapree fou. You watch me on de morning dat's all." So very nex' day w'at you t'ink he do, dat cochon Ducharme? He pass wit' de grande procession right on de church—yass sir, an' affer leetle w'ile w'en it's come good chance, he holler out, "I'm cure, I'm cure." So of course all hees frien' come quick, an' feel heem here, an' feel heem dere, an' feel heem all de place, an' sure enough Ducharme he stan' up straight lak' sojer man w'en he's off for de war—"Hooraw! tak' heem out on de fresh air." "No sir-ee! you don't tak' me no fresh air, not before I lef' behin' dis poor ole crutch was carry me so long." An' down he t'row hees crutch on de floor. Wall sir! affer dis you can bet Ducharme he's de mos' populaire young man on Montmorenci, don't care he never sing an' tole de story no more—an' dere was two tree peop', smart man too, want to run heem for de politique, but no use, he's boun' for go on hees place near Riviere du Loup, an' work on de farm, now he's cure on de lame leg, de bad lung an' de rheumateez. Wat's happen affer dat? Jus' wait a minute—Ducharme w'en he's ready start for Kebeck, say to hees frien'—"Alphonse, it's funny t'ing how I'm homesick for dat ole crutch I t'row away on de church, an' I mus' get it back before I lef' de place, sides dat, I want to show it on ma Kebeck frien', or dey won't b'lieve me." Alphonse say, "You tole me yesterday I'm sapree fou, now I tole you today you're de beeges' fool I never see—dat's not your crutch now—soon as you work de cure, dat crutch belong on de church, an' if you mak' troub' 'bout leetle t'ing not wort' ten cent, look out for some more row on de camp." But Ducharme got de beeg swell head, an' won't lissen no advice, so nex' night w'en de moon's behin' de cloud, w'at you t'ink he do, dat wicked feller? He wait till de bedeau what you call de sexton, go sleep on de porch: den he sneak roun', open some winder, pass inside on de church, w'ere purty soon he fin' hees ole crutch, an' back he came on de winder once more—but I'm glad I arrive on dis part of de story, for dat's de tam de moon commence for shine, an' all de beeg dog, an' leetle dog too, start off to bark, de bedeau on de porch wake up, an' dere's dat maudit Ducharme ready for jump off de winder wit' hees crutch was look lak' gun for kill somebody, an' w'en he see dat de bedeau began for holler an' yell, "Police-man, fire-man, ev'rybody come quick, don't wait." So of course Ducharme get ketch right off, an' very nex' morning de judge place heem on de jail for six mont' cos he steal hees own crutch off de church. Yass sir, an' it's good t'ing too, bad man lak dat, an' dat's how dem politique feller on Kebeck know all 'bout de vote on de con-tree, but affer dat, an' 'specially near 'lection tam, de poor beggar-man don't have such good tam on Montmorenci No, sir!

LITTLE STORIES OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

THAT extraordinary lady, the Comptesse Greffulthe, who at her Chateau de Bois Boudran has received all the royalties and half the notabilities of Europe, employs in arranging fetes a marvellous genius for organization. The details of her rôle as a leader of the *grande monde*, the breathless round of gaieties, charities, demonstrations, politics, visits, patronage of artistic and musical novelties—enough, seemingly, to exhaust the energies of a teamster—represent only a phase of her activities. At the Chateau de Bois Boudran she has arranged for distinguished guests the most remarkable *battues* on record. At one of these there was a drive of 15,000 partridges, and the papers were filled with tales of the great bags made by the Highnesses present. Her latest achievement is a private production of Wagner's "Gotterdammerung" on such a scale of magnificence as to outshine the best performances at Baireuth The Theatre de Chateau d'Eau has been hired for a series of twenty performances; arrangements have been made with the greatest singers to participate; the three best conductors in the world are succes-

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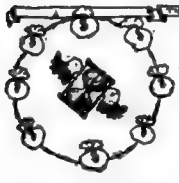
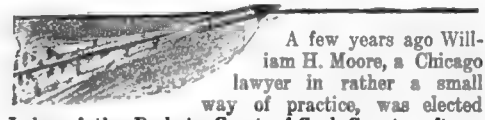
sively to wield the orchestral baton—one of them-Cordot, being a musical discovery of Madame Greffulthe's own. Costumes, accessories, scenery—all are to be admirable, and there is also promised the first view of a new system of electric lighting called *Eclairage par le fond*, which gives a delicious illusion of atmosphere to a stage setting. Canvas skies and trees, waving architecture, obtrusive background, are endowed with a magical air of reality. Such high talents are surely wasted on society—in America Madame Greffulthe might win us to woman suffrage.

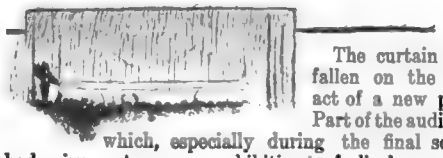
Invited to dinner at the home of Lord Westerley in London, Dean Stanley arrived very late, and with his collar unfastened. The effect was curious, for the ends vibrated round his chin like little white wings about the head of a cherub. With due precaution Lady Westerley asked if he knew that his collar had broken adrift. "Oh yes," said the Dean. "Do you mind?" "Not at all," the lady replied. "Then I don't mind either," answered the Dean; "the button dropped off while I was dressing," and he went on with the conversation.



The generals of finance who make Wall Street their headquarters are regular in their comings and goings, and while at work exhibit rare concentration and industry. For instance, Mr. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank and one of the dominant factors in American commerce, arrives in his office at ten every morning after a walk from his home in East Fortieth Street. Rather a stern, frugal, exact man is Mr. Stillman and the soul of accuracy and care in all his business dealings, demanding from his employees an equal conscientiousness. He does not take the time to go out to lunch, but a plain, substantial meal is brought to him at the bank. Russell Sage arrives at his office promptly at 9.30 and leaves at 3.30 P. M. An apple and a bowl of crackers and milk constitute his lunch. John D. Rockefeller, when his health permits attendance at his office in the Standard Oil Building, is notable for his ability to deal rapidly with great affairs, and is usually at his desk at 10 A. M., lunches most sparingly at 1 o'clock and at 4 leaves his office, walking part of the way to his residence. Darius Ogden Mills still gives close personal attention to his great business interests, and is a consistent exemplar of the economy he preaches. Most people, Mr. Mills declares, are too extravagant, and wealth being a matter of proportion, the clerk who spends twenty cents daily on tobacco is a greater spendthrift than the millionaire who keeps his steam yacht. H. H. Rogers, vice-president of the Standard Oil, is at his office often before his helpers, and remains long after business hours. E. H. Harriman works at all hours, almost savagely, and exhibits an extraordinary ability to carry in his mind the details of his great systems. He knows railroading from the foundation, understands everything that happens or is done on his thousands of miles of lines, and his chief employeés are literally kept jumping to be abreast of his innumerable activities. Henry Clews declares that few successful men take stimulants in the daytime, not even tea or coffee. The wise man knows that to spend one hour or more over wines and rich food at a time when affairs prove hardest is fatal to holding a grip on his possessions.



A few years ago William H. Moore, a Chicago lawyer in rather a small way of practice, was elected Judge of the Probate Court of Cook County, after a red-hot canvass. He had never been before the public previously and during his term seems to have kept sedulously out of the limelight. Yet within the legal profession his ability had attracted attention. One big man, at the Chicago Club, on a wet night, confided to another big man that there was a Judge Moore he had heard delivering a decision in Court that day who had brains all over his head. "You'll hear from him," he prophesied. Then it became whispered around that this Judge Moore was really a great corporation lawyer. Suddenly he emerged as organizer of the Damond Match Trust, and for awhile figured as a power in Chicago finance. He followed with a consolidation of the principal Cracker Manufactories of the States into the American Biscuit Company, and then he failed for nine millions. This set-back may have fazed him for a week but for no longer, for we find him at once reorganizing the Biscuit Company, this time on a sound basis, and then he proceeds to get into iron, creating the American Tin Plate Company and the American Steel Hoop Company. In the inital plan for the U. S. Steel Company it had not been proposed to include these corporations, but Judge Moore called on J. Pierpont Morgan, and after a conference it was agreed that they should be part of the Billion Dollar concern. How he did it, deponent sayeth not, but he has a quiet convincing way with him, this Judge Moore. An organizer and a constructor extraordinarily astute, for speculative purposes, with a curiously clear, penetrating mind, and a steel will, he is characterized on Wall Street as a modified type of Jay Gould, but less violent, kinder, more cautious, more conciliatory. He goes after what he wants, but invariably offers a fair price on it and tries hard to succeed by diplomacy before he engages as a competitor. His latest deal has given him control of the Rock Island system, and though he failed for nine millions only four years ago, he is commonly reputed to be worth ten millions to-day.



The curtain had fallen on the last act of a new play. Part of the audience which, especially during the final scene, had given strenuous exhibitions of displeasure remained seated. There were loud cries of "Author! Author!" The manager appeared at the farthest corner of the stage: "Ladies and gentlemen, the author takes the liberty of asking what you want of him," he said. "To kill him right here!" responded a voice from the gallery. "Then I regret to say that the author is not present in the house."

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are pleased to find the interest in this department growing with every month, and trust that the suggestions we are enabled to make may be of benefit to those of our readers who earnestly desire to add to their usefulness in life. Correspondence should reach us before the fifteenth of a month to insure attention in this department the second month thereafter; for instance, interesting items received before June 15th, will be noted in the August number. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, "Money" Department, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, 88 E. 9th Street, New York.

The ventures in money-making that are actually launched (up to the time of going to press) we have tabulated as follows:

Entertainment and Care of Small Children
Mrs. John Stark, Geneva, Ala.

Women as Guides
Mrs. B. A. Redpath, 103 West Ninety-third Street, New York.
Miss Helen Hoel, 205 West Eightieth Street, New York.
Miss Robena Atkinson, 21 Quincy Street, N. E. Washington, D. C.

The Travelling Milliner
Madame Leech, 155 East Eighty-fifth Street, New York.

Apron Making
Miss Hattie E. Forbes, Buckingham, Va.
Mrs. Oliver App, 224 East First Street, Dixon, Ills.
Miss Alice Perkins, Fowler, Ind.

Fishing Flies Made to Order
Mrs. Cora B. Wright, 56 Hollywood Street, Worcester, Mass.
Miss M. M. Welch, Ware Neck, Gloucester Co., Va.
Mrs. B. M. Francis, Missoula, Montana.
Mrs. Frances Patterson, New Milford, Pa.
Mrs. Anna M. Sweney, Black Gap, Pa.
Mrs. Ada Brown, Harrington, Lincoln Co., Wash.

Demonstrators
Miss Ellen Cronin, 521 Madison Avenue, New York.
Mrs. G. W. Hodges, Ashville, Ala.

Wild Flowers for Schools and Colleges
Miss Bertha B. Gordon, Fillmore, Allegheny Co., N. Y.
The Misses Hodges, Neola, Iowa.
Miss S. Adelaide Beatty, Lacy, Thurston Co., Wash.

Sewing Class for Girls
Mrs. J. E. Tindale, 890 Dauphin St, Mobile, Ala.

Several inquiries have been received about the "Home Laundry" plan—all of them, curiously, from the far Eastern States.

The gathering and pressing of wild flowers has been started by the Misses Hodges of Neola, Iowa. They report a collection of over a hundred specimens pressed; and the planting of a wild flower garden for future use.

Miss S. Adelaide Beatty writes from Lacey, Thornton County, Washington, that the wild flower suggestion is thoroughly adapted to that locality, over a hundred and fifty different blossoms being found on her ranch. She is experienced in pressing and commenced gathering two months ago. She can furnish beautiful varieties of wood mosses, and makes attractive holiday flower booklets.

Miss Tillie A. Winehill is starting a shopping agency at Seattle, Washington, for the city and the adjacent small towns.

Mrs. Sarah M. Scott, Ozalalla, Keith County, Nebraska, tells us that a woman with artistic tendencies can earn a good living by making "wax work." She can give explicit directions for making at home.

The paragraph from "A. S. M." printed in the May number has brought several replies to this office, which may be of interest to her. If she will kindly forward her address, we shall be glad to send her some information about the "old fashioned housekeeper." Mrs. Mary E. Scarborough, Fitzgerald, Georgia, knows of several, and will be glad to hear from anyone desiring such services.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN

THE following titles show plans which have been outlined in previous numbers of the Magazine, and which may be of interest to our new readers.

September, 1901
A Private Librarian | Cleaning Women's Shoes

October
Training Little Housewives | Story Telling as a Profession

November
Bachelor's Mending | The Passe-partout that Will Sell
Shopping Classes
Polishing Silver and Brasses

December
Business Luncheon Service | Grinding Scissors and Knives
Home Care of Pets | A Private Library

January, 1902
Mending China and Bric-a-brac | Company or Emergency Maid
A Maid Substitute | Observation Classes in Housekeeping
A Professional Packer

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February	
Women as Guides	Magazine and Music Exchange
A Hotel "Assistant" Guest	
March	
Entertainment and Care of Small Children	Professional Bathing
	Apron Making
Palmistry	Amateur Photography
Small Livery	Reading to Convalescents
Preparing for Dressmakers	The Modern Basket Maker
The Travelling Milliner	
April	
Newspaper Collections	Sewing Class for Girls
Demonstrators	The Care of Lawns
A Dentist's Solicitor	Flies Made to Order
A Novel Shopping Plan	A Paradise Inn*
May	
Caretaker of Graves	Wild Flowers
Home Laundry	Work Wanted
June	
An Amateur Baker	The Care of Plants
Profitable Gardening	Butter and Eggs
Entertainments for Children	A Woman Upholsterer
A Visiting Nurse	A Visiting Chiropodist
Baby Lingerie	Polishing Golf Irons

*In our April issue this idea was printed by error "A Paradise in June."

THE CHILDREN'S CLUB.

TO extend home amusement for children after school hours a woman with leisure suggested that two rooms in her house might be arranged as "club rooms," with books and games galore, and the yard fitted up with swings, spring board, seesaw, and other contrivances for outdoor amusement. A set of rules would be made, and children forced to adhere to them; anyone having an unenviable record for rudeness or naughtiness of any kind would be expelled. If made attractive, children would take pride in belonging to a "real" club and in earning the money for membership.

ELIZABETH LEGARE.

BLUE CLOTH PHOTOGRAPHS.

BLUE photographs printed on cloth are now in great demand for sofa pillows and numerous fancy articles.

When bought from professionals or in the stores these prints are quite expensive, while the actual cost of making them is very small.

The formula for sensitizing cloth for photos is as follows:

Citrate of iron and ammonium....1½ ozs.
Potassium ferricyanide.....1½ ozs

Dissolve each chemical separately in eight ounces of water and mix the two only just before using; float the white cotton or linen cloth in the liquid until saturated, then wring out a little between two sticks and hang up in a dark place to dry without rinsing.

The chemicals for this formula cost about twenty-five cents and will sensitize enough cloth for nine or ten pillows, if you do not waste too much while dipping the cloth by not wringing it out enough. Be careful to keep your hands out of the liquid, if you have any open sores, as the chemical is poisonous. This work must be done by lamplight, never in sunlight. You do not need a dark room lantern, ordinary lamp light being sufficient. The best kind of cloth to use is fine cambric. After the sensitized cloth is dry it is ready for use, and should be packed away in a light-proof box, as light will soon spoil it if it is exposed.

Select a bright sunny day to print. Cut the cloth the size of the negative you wish to print from, and put in the printing frame as you would any other print. Print until details are clear. After the cloth is printed, rinse in three waters scalding hot, then let stand in clear cold water for a few moments, after which iron dry between sheets of paper, with a moderately hot iron. If you print the photos the size of your negatives it will take less than half a yard of goods to make a good sized pillow. They can be joined in any style fancied. If you wish to print the pillow top all in one piece you must have a printing frame made, with a glass fitted the size you wish your pillow. Arrange your plates in the frame the way you wish them; then cut a mask from dark paper, cutting out the spaces where the negatives are to print, lay it on the negatives, put on your cloth and print. In printing this way you will have to time your negatives, and if some require longer printing than others put a piece of dark paper over the thinner ones until the more dense ones have finished printing. To get an artistic arrangement in this style of printing you will perhaps have to cut the corners from some of your negatives to make them fit closer together and so avoid awkward spaces.

MRS. J. H.

CONVALESCENT CHILDREN.

WHEN a child is recovering from an illness the days of convalescence pass very slowly, and the mother is at her wits' end to know what she shall do to help the little patient to "pass away the time." If a bright young woman could come in for an hour, with a sweet smile and some new and interesting diversion, the little patient's pain would be softened and the day shortened.

Some knowledge of kindergarten methods and simple puzzles and songs are an aid.

As to charges, they, of course, would vary somewhat with the locality, but should be by the hour.

One should secure work of this sort through physicians and trained nurses in cities or large towns.

J. E. BAKER.

AN INNOVATOR.

WOMEN are often at a loss to know what to offer their guests in the way of entertainment. It seems to me that any woman with a streak of originality in her make-up could do something "worth while" as an "Innovator" (one who introduces novelties).

First, let me say that a High School education would give a firm foundation upon which to work; but at the very least, the Innovator must have a good, thorough grammar-school education, for it is essential for her to use good English, to write, to spell, and to punctuate properly, and to figure correctly and to the best advantage. Most important, however, is originality and the knack of developing unique ideas from little "straws" of thought or suggestion. She must be able, if asked to do so, to write for the papers a description of the party she has planned.

Never destroy a rejected plan of an entertainment; the whole or part of it may be available at some future time. Do not submit the same plan to two patrons unless they are widely separated.

An Innovator might charge $2 for simply planning and thoroughly explaining the affair in writing.

For $3.50 the Innovator might write and send the invitations (not including stamps, however), purchase or assist in purchasing the prizes, see to the rental of tables and chairs.

If the presence of the Innovator were needed during the entertainment a charge of $5 might be made for services.

FRANK BENJAMIN.

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GRAND PRIX DAY.

THE TOILETTES WORN AT THE CLIMAX OF THE FRENCH RACING SEASON.

JUNE has come and gone. Grand Prix is over; and, with it, the Paris season. The fashionable set has scattered, but the nucleus of it has as usual begun its Summer circuit with Trouville.

If Auteuil is the triumphal introduction to the Paris season, the Grand Prix is the dramatic conclusion. It is the climax to which Auteuil, St. Cloud, the Concours Hippique, and all the other race meetings have led—for the horse dominates the French social world. New Yorkers have Horse Show week, and a few scattering races; Parisians round their calendar with the jockeys and the horses of the famous French stables. They literally follow the races through the Paris season and then around the courses where the Summer meetings are held.

Autueil is likely to be stormy. One expects that,—but bad weather for the Grand Prix is a tragedy.

For weeks, months, before, dressmakers and milliners have been at work upon Grand Prix toilettes. Certain fair Parisiennes famed for their beauty and the inimitable grace with which they wear their clothes might have the most elaborate costumes from the most ultra swell *ateliers*, merely for the morning on Grand Prix day, if they chose to accept the favor and organize themselves into advertising agencies.

Every woman with dollars to spend puts as many of them as she can spare into her toilette for this one occasion. She will blossom out gorgeously for Grand Prix, if she goes shabby for the rest of the season to pay for it.

Oh, the heart-burnings, the jealousies, the tragedies that are woven around those costumes,—the solemn injunctions laid upon the great dress-makers, the whispers and rumors about the gowns of rival beauties, the eager interest of all the Parisian world! They take their clothes seriously, these dear Parisians.

THE GRAND PARADE TO LONGCHAMPS.

When the eventful morning arrives, and toilettes have been made, the fair ladies set out for Longchamps, leaving behind them a host of exhausted ladies' maids who have hardly enough energy left to hurry them into street attire, and out to the Bois where they can watch the show.

It is well worth seeing, that parade to the Grand Prix—coaches, automobiles, traps of all kinds, high-stepping horses, dapper drivers, exquisitely gowned women, gaiety, laughter, greetings, flowers, sunshine—such a mad, merry world as only Paris can know.

Up the Champs Elysées streams the procession, out through the Bois, past d'Armanonville, past the cascades, on to Longchamps. There is the smooth green stretch; there is the Passage, already crowded with fashionable men and women, jockeys, sports, "gee gees," (as the French bookies are called); there is the Tribune, closely packed and glowing like a Dutch tulip garden with color. Everywhere flutter the colors of the various starters, colors associated with great families, for the Grand Prix is run under the auspices of the Jockey Club of France, and that is the gentlemen's racing club *par excellence*.

Perhaps it is because the horses belong, as it were, in their own set, perhaps, because they and their world follow the racing season so closely, that the French women of society know more about the horses than American women or even English women do about any race entries, and place their bets right cannily. Even if they know nothing at all about the horses, they still put up their money. The Parisienne bets on the Grand Prix if never again in her life; and a host of stories apropos of feminine plunging go the round each year.

Down in the Passage or paddock, one sees the best-known women of Paris, and not only of Paris but of Europe. Homburg empties its cosmopolitan smart set into Paris for the Grand Prix. St. Petersburg always sends a large contingent. The racing folk of England are out in force. Americans are numerous but most notable of all are the Viennese. The Viennese women are marvels. They can meet Parisians on their own ground and carry off the honors. They have a genius for dress, superb figures, and with all that, a certain vivacity, dash, vivid charm that makes them the most fascinating women of Europe.

This year, the crowd that thronged the Passage was more brilliant, more amazing than ever. The season's fashions lend themselves to picturesque effect, and the women had not allowed the opportunities to be lost.

The automobile was the vehicle of the day, and the road to Longchamps for several hours before the races were called had presented the spectacle of a great automobile parade. This had necessitated certain feminine concessions in the matter of cloaks, but the automobile cloaks worn that day were fearful and wonderful confections, recklessly defiant of ordinary automobile requirements but marvellously becoming. White and palest biscuit held first place among cloak colors, but all the pale pastel tints were out, and the audaciously brilliant blue, red, green and rose coats, plainly tailored, were worn by many a *chic chauffeuse*.

Under the cloaks were elaborate gowns which were displayed in the Passage, and later at the restaurant dinner which is the natural sequence to Grand Prix afternoon.

THE CAFES—THE GRAND PRIX DINNER—THE THEATRES—THE END.

For weeks beforehand, every table in the fashionable restaurants is reserved. The Café de Paris and d'Armanonville are crowded to their limits. So is Durand's, the comparatively new Café des Fleurs, the Elysées Palace Hotel, the Ritz.

The Cafés de Paris and d'Armanonville are under the same management and for some inexplicable reason hold Parisian favor firmly. The latter was originally made famous by Rigo and his Tziganes, but now there are other cafés where the music is better. The Café des

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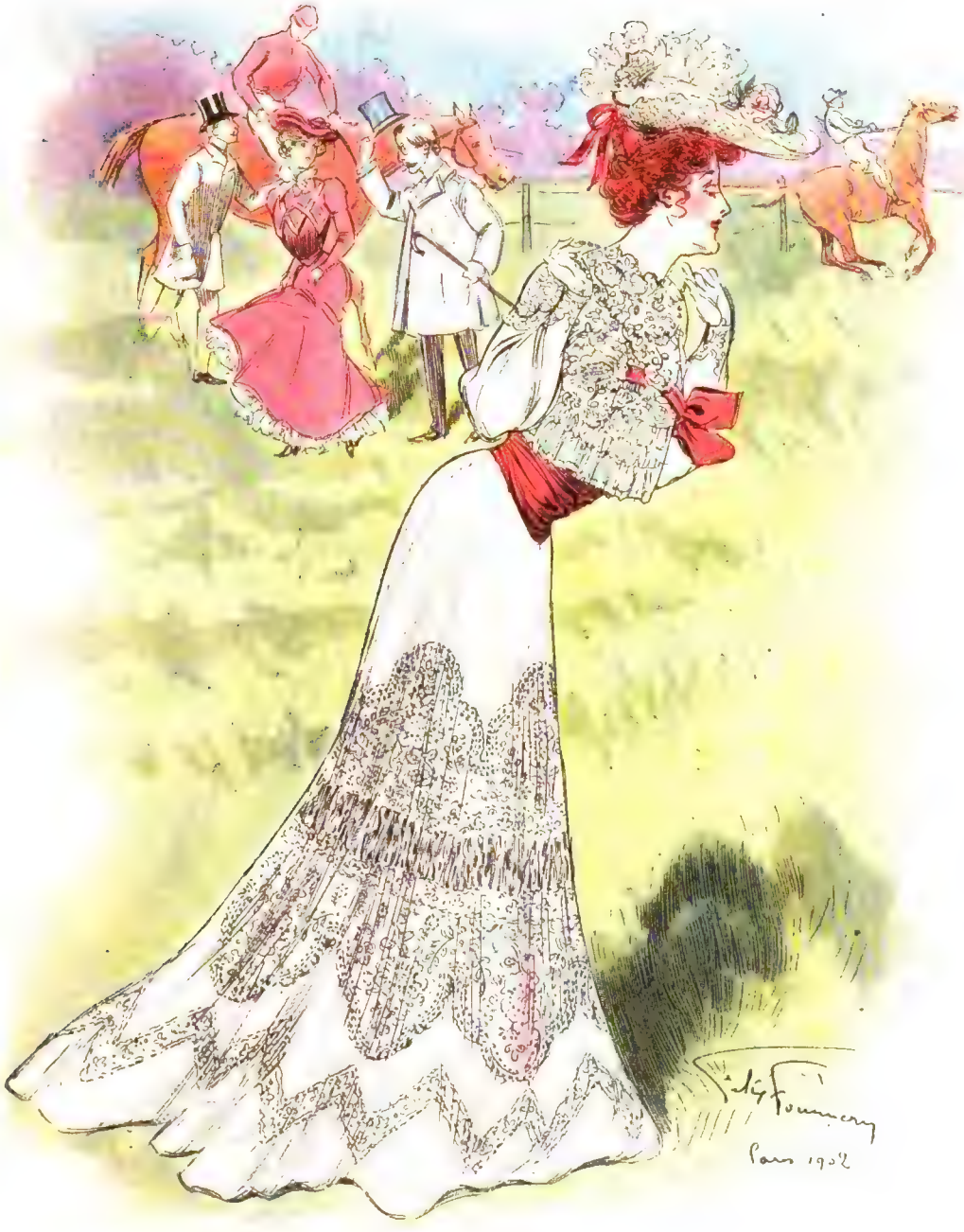

PAQUIN

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Fleurs has a Hungarian orchestra that casts d'Armanonville into the shade, yet still the swell crowd flocks to the old restaurant.

The ultra ultra swell and exclusive of the Grand Prix crowd are likely to go to Durand's opposite the Madeleine, where the cellars and cuisine are a proverb; where objectionable patrons are frozen out so relentlessly that they never return, and where, consequently, the cream of Parisian society may find elbow room.

But the Ritz and the Palace have one great advantage. Their corridors and promenades offer the best places in Paris for the showing off of costumes,—and against that inducement, what do music or cuisine or exclusiveness count with the average woman? During this last season, afternoon teas, inaugurated at the two hotels, attained tremendous vogue and five o'clock of each day saw a dazzling fashion parade in the great corridors; but when one could buy tea and a place in the show for fifty cents, exclusiveness was an impossibilty, and the teas soon took on so promiscuous and vulgar a tone that fastidious women abandoned them.

Dinners at the hotels were, however, quite another matter and Grand Prix night crowded both restaurants to their full capacity.

After the Grand Prix dinner, the theatre,—but no serious drama. Glitter, gaiety, frivolity are the keynote of this June day from start to finish. The staid Comédie Française is left high and dry, but all the "tingle tangles" are crowded. The Ambassadeurs, the Alcazar, the Jardin de Paris, every famous café chantant of the city reaps a harvest; and, when theatre is over, all the Grand Prix world brings up at Maxim's. People who go there at no other time, go that night. The crowd is a motley one, a conglomeration of types, the concentrated distillation of the vanity, the extravagance, the gaiety of Paris—reckless, feverish, pleasure-mad Paris.

So Grand Prix day ends. The fashionable women take their gowns and hats and frivolity to Trouville, Homburg, Eltretat, where they will; Paris is given over to *bourgeoisie* and to tourists.

TWO GRAND PRIX GOWNS BY PAQUIN AND BLANCHE LEBOUVRIER—ILLUSTRATED BY FOURNERRY.

Fournerry has sketched for this number two gowns that were designed especially for Grand Prix, in two of the best ateliers of Paris and were considered particularly successful.

Paquin's model is of white silk batiste, hand embroidered in a floral design. The entire bodice is of the embroidered batiste, made collarless, and with a full jacket effect over a deep girdle of cherry-colored taffetas. A scarf of the cherry silk, interlaced through the embroidery at the bust line and knotted at the left side, gives another touch of color. The sleeves have caps of the embroidery with the lower sleeve composed of plain material gathered into an embroidery wristband. The skirt explains itself.

The other gown, made by Blanche Lebouvrier, is in white chiffon embroidered in Marquise bouquets of roses. The skirt has the triple flaring flounces, so highly favored this season, and each flounce is bordered with creamy lace appliqué.

The bodice, fastening in the back, is made in blouse fashion, with a girdle of rose-colored taffetas. The lace yoke and collar are are in one piece and the sleeve, full above the elbow and close-fitting below, is appliquéd with lace.

A soft, insistent note of white and cream and beige ran through Grand Prix costumes this year, with an accompaniment of pastel shades in blue rose, mauve and green, and occasional fortissimo passages of brilliant red. On the whole, the gowns inclined to neutral tints, and the burden of audacity was left to the hats which blossomed into a riot of color.

GARDEN HATS FOR THE STREET, AND OTHER HATS.

The all-red hats so popular earlier in the season have lost much of their vogue, yet some of the elegantes still affect them and the scarlet poppies which have taken the place of geraniums are exceedingly effective. Field flowers, daisies, clover, clematis, honeysuckle, are much used on the picturesque hats which in other seasons were called garden hats, but now are seen with street costumes and visiting toilettes. There are many new straws for these hats—loose, light, coarse, pliable straws that lend themselves to graceful curves. The blue and green straw that was a fad in the Spring is still seen in street hats, though the blue and green furor has subsided and the emerald green now finds its favorite combination with white. Grand Prix brought out a large number of white hats with color motifs of emerald green velvet.

The big black picture hat in bass or ribbon straw or in Leghorn has been found particularly effective with the clinging, drooping, artistic gowns of the Summer, and is enjoying a new lease of life. There are lace hats galore, many of them merely handsome lace plateaus drooped softly over *mousseline* or chiffon and drooping slightly over the edge of the rim. Hats considered remarkably *chic* are of gauged *mousseline de soie* in white shaped into good lines that will exactly suit the face of the wearer and without trimming save for little bunches of white flowers that are hardly noticeable against the *mousseline*. The making of such a hat demands genuine art, for a false line will altogether ruin its charm. Large buckles made of tiny flowers are a delightful feature of some of the newest lace and *mousseline* hats, and pearl bosses have elbowed last season's paste hat ornaments aside.

The floral *toques*, though worn so long, keep a distinct popularity. One of the best-dressed women at the Ritz on Grand Prix night wore, with a gown of ivory cloth and lace, a low broad *toque* of blue forget-me-nots with drooping ends of lace, and another attractive floral *toque* was of purplish thistles and their gray-green leaves. The *cache peignes* or drooping bows, scarves, laces, at the back of hats were a novel and becoming note of Spring millinery, but have been so hopelessly overdone and so burlesqued by cheap milliners that, among the fastidious, there is now a prejudice against them.

FRILLS ABOUT THE FEET.

The laces and *mousselines* are the most charming of the Summer gowns, but *voile* holds its own, taffetas will not down, and *foulard* has, figuratively speaking, risen from its ashes. The new *foulards* are in inconspicuous patterns, and the smartest of the *foulard* gowns have skirts, sun pleated and without trains, excessively long in front and on the sides, and merely rounded at the back.

The taffetas gowns range from strapped and stitched tailor suits to elaborate costumes almost hidden under

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lace appliqué and cut out in open-work designs to show under veilings of chiffon or *mousseline*. White taffetas frocks, tailored and worn over thin blouses of *mousseline* and lace, are to be much worn at the Summer resorts, as are gowns of white, ivory, and oatmeal cloth.

The *mousselines*, plain or daintily flowered in Marquise fashion, are indescribably filmy, vaporous. Substance is given to them by using many layers of diaphanous stuff, *mousseline* over *mousseline*, lace over lace, flounce upon flounce, until the gown breaks into multitudinous foaming billows around the wearer's feet. This effect is the crucial test of the Summer's mode. A woman may achieve distinction this year in a single flowered muslin but she must not spare material in the making of its flounces and she positively must have petticoats soft and sheer, and all afoam with frills.

In the most extravagant Summer gowns, mixed laces play star roles. Irish point is combined with Alencon, Point d'Angleterre with Renaissance, etc., but all good lace is the highest expression of the season's fashion and few elaborate gowns can dispense with it.

THE NEW GOWNS.

Coats and cloaks of all kinds are worn, with a preference shown to the flowing lines of the loose long or the three-quarter garment. The tailor costumes still display short coats, but they are in blouse or Eton shapes with belts and basques or postillion backs. Short fitted coats of flowered silk or taffeta are also used with soft, filmy skirts.

A lustrous champagne silk strewn with sprays of flowers in faint tints that give the impression of being seen through a mist, is liked for such a coat over petticoats of creamy *mousseline* and lace; and one Grand Prix gown showed a short coat of white taffeta with a broad soft girdle of Marquise silk and full blouse vest of chiffon and lace, to be worn with an accordion pleated skirt of chiffon encircled by three broad horizontal bands of lace.

At first glance, the most extravagant of the new gowns give an impression of simplicity; but examination reveals a wealth of needlework, embroidery on embroidery, lace on lace, pleats, tucks, open-work, fancy stitches. Ribbon work, appliqué chiffon and lace motifs, intricate needlework, are all combined in one trimming, and yet the result looks simple and harmonious. That is the perfection of dressmaking art.

Even the morning frocks of lawn and linen, etc., show much hand work. The smartest of the thinner frocks are made entirely by hand. A stylish white linen is trimmed with incrustations of China blue cambric, fine feather stitching and embroidery. All of its seams are finished with open-work stitch over a lining of the blue cambric, and the yoke and cuffs are of blue embroidered and buttoned-holed around the edge in white. The favorite white lawns rely for trimming upon innumerable tucks and incrustations of lace. Many of the fashionable skirts in thin materials finish at the bottom with a broad group of tiny overlapping tucks running around the skirt, and effective lawn and organdy frocks are shown trimmed entirely with such groups of tucks and with hemstitched hems and sporting not even an inch of lace or embroidery. Artificial flowers are a popular trimming for evening gowns, but the newest fancy is to use small flowers and set them in prim little bunches around flounces and corsage. This is a revival of an 1830 style and in line with the use of bunched small flowers in this Summer's millinery. The effect is not so graceful as was that of last season's trailing sprays and garlands, but it is new and it has the indorsement of the greatest Parisian dressmakers.

Apropos of artificial flowers, head dresses grow more elaborate. Wreaths of tiny flowers are worn a great deal and the wreath of ivy leaves is especially favored.

A DISTINCTION IN NECKWEAR—SASHES

Broad collars of lace are not seen on the smartest street gowns now, but are as much in evidence as ever upon theatre and dinner blouses. The coat without revers is the popular thing for promenade toilette, and the soft cravat, preferably in black, with very long ends tipped with gold or silver balls is a *chic* detail of the street costume.

Floating *echarpes* or scarves appear with the thin gowns and, when gracefully, worn, are a deliciously artistic and feminine accessory for Summer afternoon or evening frocks. They are made in *mousseline*, chiffon, mulle; but the most expensive and coveted are of fine needle point lace.

Neck ruches are as popular as ever, but they have changed in form; and, though picturesque, are hardly as becoming as when they stood up fluffily against the wearer's face and hair. Now they are more like a pelerine, made of chiffon, *mousseline* or lace pleated flat, and broad enough to droop over the shoulders. The fronts finish with long floating scarves or cascades that reach almost to the bottom of the gown. Soft girdles in Marquise silk are on many of the Summer gowns. Flowered sashes, too, are in evidence, tied at the back with two stiff little upright loops and long ends. The day of the lace mitts has dawned triumphantly once more, with the vogue of the elbow sleeve, and the woman with pretty hands and arms hails the fashion joyfully, while the woman whose hands and arms are not charming, consoles herself with the fact that mitts afford splendid opportunity for the display of handsome rings. The mitts considered most desirable are of Chantilly lace; and, when white, often have inset designs of black chantilly.

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BLANCHE LEBOUVIER

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